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KING OF GREECE

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THE  
GREECE  
OF  
THE GREEKS:

*Gregory* BY  
G. A. PERDICARIS, A.M.

LATE  
Consul of the United States at Athens.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

"The Deity has changed to nothing these cities; but I am not surprised thereby, for I know that Destiny is ever striving to produce something new, and changes the weak as well as the strong, by the power of Necessity."

PAUSANIAS.

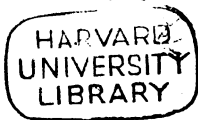
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....  
1845.



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*Handwritten notes, possibly "The Constitution" and "The Declaration of Independence"*



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,

BY G. A. PERDICARIS, A.M.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of N. York.

*Handwritten numbers: 29, 39, 49, 59*

# TURKEY

## NAMES OF 1

1. Pireaus.
2. Athens.
3. Bactria.
4. Chalcis.
5. Aegina.
6. Ephesus.
7. Xerobori.
8. Castamotiz.
9. Orovics.
10. Thebes.
11. Livadia.
12. Arachova.
13. Amphylssi.
14. Galaxidi.
15. Vitriontz.
16. Epactus.
17. Mission.
18. Agrenium.
19. Brusso.
20. Carpenisi.
21. Ilypate.
22. Lania.
23. Andera.
24. Alalante.
25. Kalyvia.

## PELOPONNESUS.

## MAP of CONTINENTAL GREECE.





**D D I C A T E D**  
**T O T H O S E**  
**W H O A R E I N T E R E S T E D**  
**I N T H E**  
**F A T E O F G R E E C E .**

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IN submitting to you the following pages, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that the subject is neither new nor neglected. Before and since the revolution of 1821, it gave rise to many and important works. The well-known and justly-appreciated researches of Col. Leake, embody all that was known—in the beginning of the present century—of the topography and the antiquities of Greece; and so thorough has he done his work, that apparently there is hardly a sheaf or an ear for the hand of the gleaner. Since the days of Col.

Leak, however, and those illustrious scholars who preceded him, Greece has become the theatre of great and important events. The struggle and the subsequent independence of the Greeks, called into existence new objects of interest, and a new order of writers. But these, like those who went before them, appear to be better acquainted with the ancient than the modern Greeks, and—with a few honourable exceptions—they belong to that noble band who have been valorously engaged in fighting over the memorable battles of Platea and of Marathon. It is not, of course, intended, by these remarks, to convey the idea that the works alluded to are deficient in merit, or wanting in interest; they are all excellent in their way, but their authors, though imbued, to a greater or less degree, with the spirit of ancient Greece, were but little acquainted with the language and the genius of the modern Greeks; and their books are but ill calculated to supply us with a work, the avowed object of which, would be to acquaint us with the present condition of

Greece and the Greeks. This is the main object of the following work, and the reader will allow me to remark—by way of explanation—that on my return to my native land, and during my residence in the capital of the kingdom as American Consul, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with almost all the noted Greeks of the day, and through them with the events of the past and the prospects of the future. Mere historical facts are the property of all, but my views and opinions on men and things, though expressed by myself, are to be regarded as the views and the opinions of the Greeks in general—in this respect my Greece is “the Greece of the Greeks.”

It was not, of course, possible, while travelling over the classical and hallowed scenes of ancient Greece, to resist the temptation of paying them a passing tribute. This was neither possible nor desirable, but my main object being the condition of modern Greece, I have confined myself to the narration of such events as form a portion of her history, and to the

description of those institutions and internal resources, by means of which she must subsist or perish.

My residence in Greece was prior to the adoption of her constitution, but I have watched the changes that have taken place, and the more important events of the day are embodied in the notes of this work.

*N. B. It was the intention of the author and his publishers to have printed the first and second volumes of this work simultaneously, but unfortunately the fire of the 20th October destroyed the copy, proof-sheets, and plates, and has thus rendered it necessary to postpone its publication for a few weeks. It is in progress, and will be out as soon as possible.*

## INTRODUCTORY.

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As a preliminary step to what is to follow, it may be well to preface my remarks by a few comments on the history of the existing government, which it will be recollected was imposed upon the country, not so much by the choice of the Greeks, as by a combination of circumstances they could not well avoid,—by their exhausted condition, their dissensions, and their proximity to those powerful monarchies, who, having failed to subject the rebels to their lawful masters, assumed the character of friends, and used their efforts not only in bringing the struggle to a close, but in establishing the divine institution of kings in Greece; an enterprise to the accomplishment of which, they were greatly aided by the unfortunate failures of those provisional governments which rose and sank at different times in the course of the revolution.

Count Capodistrias was provisionally the governor of Greece. While the choice of a king for the newly established state was being made, the Allied



Powers having failed\* in their negotiations with Prince Leopold, turned their attention to other quarters; and on the seventh of May, 1832, "the courts of France, England, and Russia, exercising the power, conveyed to them by the Greek nation to make choice of a sovereign—raised to the rank of an independent state—and being desirous to give to that country a fresh proof of their friendly disposition, by the election of a prince descended from a royal house, the friendship and alliance of which cannot fail to be of essential service to Greece, and which has already acquired claims to her esteem and gratitude, have resolved to offer the crown of the new Greek State to the Prince Frederick Otho, of Bavaria, second son of His Majesty the King of Bavaria."

In perusing the above preamble of the treaty, by virtue of which the sovereignty of Greece was conferred upon King Otho, one is led to believe that the rights and the interests of the people would occupy a prominent place in the body of this important state paper, but from the preamble to the closing sentence he finds, that while the privileges and the prerogatives of the throne and the monarch, are described and defined with tedious circumlocution, the unalienable rights of Greece and the Greeks are passed in silence, and that too by those who were

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\* Prince Leopold though willing to be the king of Greece was not willing to be imposed upon the Greeks, and it was on this ground that he resigned the crown which he at first accepted.

“desirous to give to that country a fresh proof of their friendly disposition.”

It is not to be supposed for a moment that the Greeks could be so indifferent to their interests, so lost to national pride, as to transfer themselves from Sultan Mahmoud to King Otho unconditionally, nor is it to be taken for granted that the Protecting Powers were left in ignorance as to the wishes of the Greeks on this subject; on the contrary, the people of that country had no idea of exchanging masters, and the language of the European Representatives, who held their conference at Poros subsequent to the battle of Navarino, and who were the medium of communication between the Greek nation and the Allies, is clear and comprehensive. “The Representatives,” say they to these courts, “in proposing the establishment of an hereditary government in Greece, do not mean to say that the Greeks shall have no part in the Legislative branch; because even during the days of the Turks they had the right of choosing their legal authorities, and their Primates enjoyed in general the right of apportioning the taxes, which were levied upon the country by the Porte. Finally the principle of representative government has been adhered to for the last eight years, and it has blended itself with their new existence. The Representatives think that it will be both *unjust* and *dangerous* to deprive the people of this right; and it is believed, that by connecting it with the succession of the highest au-

thority in the state, the *desires* of the Greeks will be complied with to the utmost, and the public order—the great object of the Allies in behalf of Greece—will then be established on a permanent basis.”\*

These views and suggestions were made the subject of deliberations between the contracting parties—i. e. the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies and the minister of Bavaria, and in addition to the promises of the king of Bavaria to the Greeks, that their government was to be based on representative principles, the assurances of his minister to the members of the conference strengthens the assumption that the government of Greece was to be a Constitutional Monarchy,—“The individuals,” he says, “who are to surround the monarch, and the principles in which he will be instructed, will give the pledge, that instead of wishing to establish in Greece an absolute and despotic government, he will consider it his glory to rule by just laws.”

Agreeably to this understanding on the part of the contracting parties, the foreign ministers at Napoli were informed by their superiors, “that one of the first objects of the Regency would be to convoke the national assembly, in order to receive the King, to express to him the devotion of Greece, and to unite her with him who is to rule her destinies. This assembly can choose from its members a com-

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\* The above, and the extracts that are to follow, are translated from the Greek, the original not being at hand.

mittee in order to prepare, together with the Regency, the definite constitution of the kingdom, which being regulated by the joint consent of the nation and the king—when the boundaries of Greece shall have been definitively settled, and her resources better known,—will justify without any doubt her necessities, her prayers, and her interests.”

The Regency, however, whose first object, according to the language of the Protocols, was the convocation of the national assembly and the subsequent formation of the Constitution, thought fit to take a somewhat circuitous route, and contrary to the *belief* of the Protecting Powers, and the expectations of the Greeks, they directed their attention to the establishment of an irresponsible and absolute monarchy, which, however well it may be adapted to the temper and the interest of such a people as the Bavarians, was so foreign to the feelings and the genius of the Greeks as to awaken the indignation of the people, and give rise to a desperate and systematic opposition.

To the opposition of the Greeks was added the intrigues and the machinations of the foreign Representatives, who fortunately happened to differ with the Regency and each other in matters wherein they chose to consider themselves as parties, and in process of time this overthrew the Regency and the Premier, but while the members of the Regency—Count Armandsparg and his successor—departed the country, with a goodly portion of gold and

glory, the evils they had imported from their hyperborean father-land were left behind them for the special benefit of the Greeks, and "after the lapse of more than ten years, and an expenditure of thirty millions of dollars, the interests of the country were so completely neglected, that to this moment (1842) Greece is left with the old foot-paths for public roads—with her forts filled with mud—with the greater part of her domain uncultivated—with many of her rich plains and valleys in a state of progressive desolation—with some few schools and seminaries of learning, supported principally by private contribution, and denied the benefit of a vigilant superintendence; with churches more fit for stables than for temples of religion—with suppressed monasteries—with a clergy in rags—with a navy inferior to the one in the days of Capodistrias—with a population small enough, and yet diminishing by constant emigrations to Turkey—with many and rich uniforms, but without a manufacturing establishment—with plenty of commercial treaties, but with a commerce more poor and more insignificant than ever—with a bank which promises wonders, and on the other hand with no resources and no public credit."—MINERVA.

The above picture of Greece, though somewhat overdrawn and highly coloured in its general outlines, is by no means at variance with the actual state of things at the time; and the crisis which it foretold was so near and so unavoidable, that the budget for

1843 showed a revenue of 15,669,795 drachmas against an expenditure of 18,666,582 drachmas, thus leaving a deficit of 2,996,637 drachmas, which it was feared would be increased to more than 6,000,000 of drachmas, inasmuch as it was thought that the government would hardly realize more than 12,000,000 of drachmas from the revenue of the realm.

To the question of Constitution or no Constitution, was added the stubborn inquiry, how and where was a million of dollars to be found? To increase the revenue by additional taxation or diminish the expenditure to that amount, was thought equally dangerous and equally unadvisable; and the only remedy was to make use of the public credit which Mr. Ralli, the then minister of finance considered "as the great economical principle of modern civilization." The report of this ingenious functionary was very convincing, and when the time of meeting the payment for the interest and sinking fund of the 60,000,000 of francs had arrived, and the ministers of the Allied Powers began to press the claims of their respective courts, the government of Greece thought it a fitting opportunity to essay the application of the great principle which was so happily and so opportunely discovered by Mr. Ralli, and accordingly, it hastened to inform its royal creditors first, that the government of His Hellenic Majesty was not in condition to meet the payment of the instalments due on the first of March,

1843, and second, that in order to meet them hereafter it was necessary to be aided by a new loan in the name of Greece, and under the guarantee of her Protectors.

This was at best but an indirect intimation that the continuance of the monarchy, and with it the interest of the creditors, could not be maintained without further aid from those who were supposed to be deeply concerned in the maintenance of her authority and credit. This was both ingenious and just, but at the time the Allied Powers happened to be out of humour and while conjointly they refused their compliance to this first demand, the Russian Court took occasion to advise the government of His Hellenic Majesty to anticipate the interference of the Protecting Powers by a prompt discharge of its obligations, for its inability or unwillingness to pay its debts would impose upon the Allied Powers the painful necessity of taking into consideration not only the *Present*, which was a mere money question, but the *Future*, which involved greater and more serious questions; for the Protecting Powers "would never consent to abandon to the caprices of fortune a work which they themselves had created, and for the continuance of which they had pledged their joint support!"

The import of this remarkable note was too pointed and too menacing to be mistaken, and while the Greek government was endeavouring to equal-

ize its expenses with its revenue, the cabinets of England, France, and Russia were in no way disposed to await the result, and the affairs of Greece, after the lapse of ten years, became once more the subject of foreign interference, and consequently, her liberties—such as they were—once more in danger!

The Greeks, though they had no objection to a crisis, the natural consequence of which, would result in teaching the government its dependence upon the people, were by no means willing to find themselves in the hands of their Protectors, and therefore, as soon as they found out that *their* confidence in the existing system had given way, the Greeks very adroitly took the matter into their *own* hands, and by one master stroke saved their country from its perilous and degraded condition.

The revolution of September 3, 1843, was an act worthy the better days of Greece. It accomplished a great good without giving rise to evil consequences, and while the moderation of the people was happily seconded by the wisdom of their youthful king, the great popular movement of a single day ended in the acquisition of a social compact, which is destined to protect, for ages to come, the prerogatives of the throne and the rights of the nation.

The change from an absolute to a constitutional government is as great as it is important, and it is to be hoped that the operation of the new system, will be such as to justify the expectations of its



authors and their friends. In expressing this hope we are not without our misgivings. The experience of all ages has shown, that the adaptation is by far more difficult than the framing of a Constitution, and this is the more so in the case of the Greeks, who, with an expensive government, have to contend with a public debt amounting to fifty-four millions of dollars, and, what is still worse than this, with the manifold and degrading evils of foreign interference. The same baneful influences which beset the national councils at Prona are coiling their ugly forms around the constitutional government of Greece, and unwilling as we may be, we are compelled to acknowledge that no form of government can give a guarantee for peace and security in Greece, so long as her people, her assemblies, and her courts are distracted by the Machiavalian intrigues of the foreign diplomatists.

Previous to the revolution of 1843, and during the impending danger of an approaching crisis, the Greeks sought to explain the causes of their misfortunes, and for reasons better known to them than to us,—they chose to whip the saddle when the donkey was in fault. They laid the blame upon the Bavarians, upon those “who”—to use the language of “Minerva”—“disbanded the veterans of Greece, and gave the bread of her liberators to worthless mercenaries, who led to the slaughter-house the heroes of her revolution, and exiled in foreign missions the best of her statesmen,—who

shackled the press, oppressed the people with taxes, wasted the loan and the revenue, gave the national lands to strangers, weakened the interest of her Protectors, dampened the sympathies of her friends, disregarded the Protocols, despised the advice of kings, persecuted the Constitution, and introduced into the country that system of government, which their sovereign, the King of Bavaria, stigmatized as 'absolute and despotic.' ”

The Bavarians and their worthless partizans, many of whom we regret to say were Greeks, were undoubtedly the agents, but they cannot be mistaken for the authors of this miserable and disgraceful farce : the real causes are to be sought in the memorable treaty of the 7th of May, 1832, between the Minister of Bavaria on one part, and the Plenipotentiaries of England, France, and Russia on the other. By virtue of this memorable state paper the sovereignty of Greece was conferred upon King Otho, and it was further agreed between the contracting parties, that His Majesty, being then a minor, was to proceed to his kingdom under the tutelage of *three* Regents, not one of whom was to be a Greek, who besides a loan of sixty millions of francs, were to have a mercenary army of four thousand men ! In the meantime Greece and the Greeks, who occupy so prominent a place in the preamble of the treaty, are excluded from the body of the instrument. We know by *whom* they are to be governed, but so far as the treaty is concern-

ed, there is no express stipulation, no, not even a distant intimation *how* they are to be governed, and in scrutinizing the instrument by which they are bound over like West India apprentices, we find little else besides the seeds of military and diplomatic despotism.

It has already been stated that the professed object of the Allies was the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and in support of this fact we have brought in the early portion of these remarks sufficient evidence; but if this were the real object, we ask why and for what purpose was this all-important point excluded from the body of the treaty? Why was Greece sold without a consideration? Was it that she may try the beauties of those chains which were forged in the capital of England, and drawn to the flesh by the master hands of Talleyrand, Lieven, and Palmerston?\*

Admitting that this fatal omission on the part of the above functionaries was an oversight for which the Allies are not to be held as responsible; even then, it is difficult to exculpate the guardians of Greece from the participation in those wrongs and

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\* Previous to the late revolution, Messrs. Boring and Cochran obliged Lord Palmerston to admit "that the sanguine expectation of H. M.'s government had not been fulfilled, as Greece was still without a representative constitution," but it is left to the history of the times to tell him that the "sanguine expectations of H. M. government," and those of the English people were defeated by the neglect and agency of his Lordship.

insults which she suffered, while under the protection of those who on one hand assumed the rights and the obligations of Protectors, and on the other, forgetting what was due to themselves and to poor Greece, allowed her for the space of ten years to wear the polished chains and burnished manacles of civilized servitude and refined degradation, to be blessed with a king—august Protectors,—and yet to have no will and no voice in her own affairs !

Without entering into the why and the wherefore we must be allowed to say that the evil here complained of was not only created but nurtured by the consent of the Allied Powers, and those who are in any way cognizant of the affairs of Greece, are also acquainted with the historical fact that the existence of an irresponsible government,—the iniquitous work of Palmerston, Talleyrand, and Lieven,—would have sunk under its own weight had it been left without farther aid, and without the active co-operation of the respective representatives of France, England and Russia in the Court of Greece, who to other wrongs and other humiliations added their petty intrigues and unwarrantable interference in the affairs of an independent state.

The history of the last fifty years has recorded many wrongs—many acts of oppression and injustice ; but neither the history of the present nor the annals of ancient and modern times can afford us a more terrible example of national vassalage

than that which we see in the case of Greece, and which portrays in such living colours the beauties of an exotic policy which Mr. Macauley has justly characterized as the worst species of slavery. The sacrifices of Greece—the full hecatombs—which she laid on the altar of liberty,—the deep sympathy which her suffering and heroic courage created in the minds of the civilized communities of the world, are still fresh in our memory, and we can hardly dissipate our blush or smother our indignation, when with such glorious antecedents, we find such wretched consequences—when in the place of that substantial good which animated the heroes of Greece, and which was anticipated by her people and her friends, we have a government which requires from two to three millions of dollars for its support, but which at the same time is swayed to and fro by some one of the three potent and irresponsible plenipotentiaries of England, France and Russia! Is there anything more humiliating or more degrading than this?\*

We are unwilling to charge nations and govern-

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\* The wrong is so great and so unjust, that neither of the governments are willing to acknowledge its existence. Lord Aberdeen and Mons. Guizot have both and repeatedly disavowed the right and intention of interference in the affairs of Greece, and yet their respective ministers, who if not recalled would have been dismissed in disgrace, from the seat of our government for one half of their acts in Greece—are to this day allowed to play in the court of King Otho the part of Hercules Furens.

ments who have contributed so largely to the independence of Greece, with ill intentions towards her—we are willing to believe their object was to serve her interests without injury or injustice to themselves—but having done this much, we are not willing to subscribe either to the justice or expediency of a policy which has worked so much of mischief to poor Greece—so much of disgrace to her protectors! The mutual jealousies of the Allied Powers, can in no way be a valid reason for their interference in the affairs of an independent nation, nor can the supposed or real inability of the Greeks to govern themselves, impose upon strangers the necessity of forcing their mischievous aid upon others. The allied sovereigns are in no way responsible for the conduct of Greece: and having no responsibility they have no right of supremacy. It is true they have assumed the title of Protectors, and Greece, in her days of sorrow, submitted to it. But the age of tutelage is over, and it is high time they had from Greece the reply her Diogenes gave to Alexander the Great when he asked what favour he should confer upon the Philosopher.

## CHAPTER I.

### ARRIVAL AT ATHENS.

ON the first of November, 1837, we left the harbour of Boston ; and after a voyage of more than sixty days, interrupted only by a short and pleasant stay of two weeks in the beautiful island of Malta, we were allowed to add to other delights, the pleasure of seeing our long voyage at an end ; of finding ourselves among the islands,

“ Which, seen from far Colona’s height,  
Makes glad the heart that hails the sight.”

In the afternoon of the sixth of January, 1838, we had the island of Salamis before us,—Ægina to the left, and the broken and varied coast of Attica to the right. We were near enough to the island of Ægina to enjoy a passing view of the temple of the Panhellenian Jupiter ; but the light southerly wind, which had been blowing in the early part of the day, had veiled the more distant objects of the coast in a mist, which served to heighten our interest, by giving full scope to our imaginations. We were on the look-out for wonders ; and some

of us were so far excited with the mere idea of being in sight of Attica, that a ruined wind-mill was mistaken for the "Athenian's grave"—the tomb of Themistocles!

It was late in the afternoon when the port of the Piræus opened before us, and we had barely time to see our way through the narrow entrance of this singular but beautiful basin, before we were overtaken by the evening shades. The port of the Piræus is so locked in by the rocky skirts of Munichia and Mount Ægaleos, that, in approaching it, we saw the tall masts of the ships in the port long before we could see how we were to add our Alexandros to their number; and we were not a little surprised and delighted, when a single turn brought us into the port, which stood before us like a revealed mystery. The passage, or space between the two moles, though full sixty yards wide, and deep enough for the largest vessels, appeared exceedingly narrow; and as our ship approached the entrance, we all gathered on the prow, in order to watch its passage through these artificial Symplegadies.

The moles on each side of the entrance are above water, and though there is but little doubt that they belong to the old fortifications, the towers by which they were once surmounted have disappeared, and have given place to the light-houses of the port. Formerly the Piræus consisted of three ports, one within another, viz.: the port of Zea,



the Aphrodisium, and, the innermost of all, the port of Cantharus. It is highly probable that they were all fortified, and so formed as to be easily closed against an enemy; but the only remains of the old fortifications, are the two moles which guarded the principal, or outward, entrance of the port. The innermost of the three inclosures, which is said to have served as the arsenal of the Athenians, was, in process of time, partially filled, and the present government has thought fit to close it entirely. The other two ports, however, have suffered but little, and they both form the present port of the Piræus,—which, though by no means as spacious as other ports in the kingdom of Greece, is certainly one of the safest, and has water enough not only “for vessels as large as frigates,” but for the largest men-of-war.

It being too late to go to Athens, we had to remain on board the *Alexandros*, and amuse ourselves either in making preparations for the event which had been so long anticipated, or in walking up and down the deck, and enjoying a scene which was in perfect contrast with the land on the other side of the Atlantic. The season had advanced into the very heart of winter, since we had left the ice-bound coast of America; and we had reason to believe that our friends on the other side of the waters were bending with idolatrous devotion over their domestic altars, i. e. their firesides and their stoves. Yet at this season, and in this hour, we

were not only without fire, but promenading in the open air, and enjoying the mild seas and serene heavens of a land and a clime where extremes seem to be unknown, or passing short—"where every season smiles."

It was nearly midnight when I retired to my berth; but no effort could put an end "to my waking dreams," and I was only relieved by the bustle and the stir which commenced with the dawn of the day. To our captain and the men of our ship were added some few officers of the port, and a dozen or two of Greek boatmen, every one of whom had a hundred things to say and a thousand questions to ask. Fifty Greek tongues were thus brought into immediate contact, and the result they produced was like the sound of many waters—a perfect Niagara! The arrival of a Greek ship, direct from America, was by no means an every-day event; and our being on board added another element of interest and speculation: the object of my mission, my title, and even my salary! became the objects of their idle curiosity.

As soon as we reached the shore we engaged a hack, and started without delay for Athens. We had scarcely disentangled ourselves from the streets of the Piræus, and the low heights to the north-east of it, when the plain of Athens, with its olive groves and its mountains, with its glories of art and of nature, unrolled themselves to our view. Our attention was, for a while, arrested by the

dark olive grove, which contains 80,000 trees, and also by the public road, which winds its way through groves and vineyards to the city of the "blue eyed goddess." But the farther we progressed into the plain, the more we began to admire its chief characteristics—the more we were impressed by its mountain barriers. "As the city of Athens," says Mr. Wordsworth, "was both protected from external aggression, and also connected with the sea, by means of its long walls, as they were called, which stretched from the town to its harbour, so was the plain of Athens defended from invasion, and maintained its connection with the coast by its own long walls—that is, by its mountain bulwarks, namely, by Parnes and Ægaleos to the west, and by Pentelicus and Hymettus on the east; and thus, the hand of nature had effected for the plain, what was done for the capital of Attica by the genius of Cimon and of Pericles."

Parallel with Mount Hymettus, and at no great distance from it, runs that light and graceful chain of rocks which forms so beautiful a feature in the scenery, and at the same time separates the valley of Illissus from the plain of the Cephissus. The continuation of this chain is exceedingly irregular. In one part it sinks on a level with the valley; in another it rises in precipitous and lofty masses. The highest peak is Mount Anchesmus; but the most abrupt and the most inaccessible is the Acropolis





of Athens. Its high and tabular form seems to have been fashioned by the hand of nature as a scopos, or stage, for the survey of her magnificent works; and the same platform was seized upon by the Athenians, as the most appropriate position for the shrines and the temples which they erected in honour of their guardian gods, and in triumph of their genius.

The glittering Acropolis and Hymettus, to the rear of it, rose above the earth like a vision; they were as full of beauty as they were of novelty. But, notwithstanding our familiarity with some of the more prominent objects in the picture, the general aspect of the country was not only unlike, but in perfect contrast with every thing we had seen. The plain was as soft and as beautiful as the sky above it; but the nakedness of the mountains was so complete and so singular, as to appear defective and unnatural. There is a very prevalent idea with the Greeks, as well as with some of the European residents, that the whole of the country has undergone a great change since the better days of Greece: that the hills and the mountains have lost, by use and misuse, their woods and forests, and that this has been followed by a corresponding change in the climate. To this they attribute the want of rain during the summer season; to this the long lost murmurs of the Illissus. This idea, however, which is brought forward as something new, is, in fact, as old as

the hills. Plato, in his *Critias*, attributes the aridity and the sterility of Attica to the same cause,—to the loss of the woods, which, according to the traditions of *his* times, were swept to the sea by an extraordinary fall of rain. Since the days of Plato, the land has undergone great changes: its verdure and its groves have disappeared with the disappearance of cultivation, and we look in vain for the noble Plane-trees which shaded the banks of the Illissus, and the philosophic walks of the Lyceum; and its mountains, which, to the eyes of the uninitiated, appear so altered, are, perhaps, the only objects that have not altered—the only features of the country that would be recognized by its ancient inhabitants. The mountains of Attica, with their unencumbered forms, like the writings of the classics, require both study and taste, in order to be duly appreciated; but once seen and appreciated, their recollection and effect remain with us through life.

To the left of the road, and between it and the hills of the Phalerum, we noticed the monument of Karaiskaki, and the tumulus which conceals the bones of those who fell in the different battles, near and about Athens, in 1825 and '26. There are few objects more interesting, or more intimately connected with the modern history of the country, than these simple and impressive monuments, and they form an appropriate entrance to the city; but, like most of the travellers to this country, we

swept hurriedly by them,\* and, passing through the olive groves, began to ascend the higher grounds. The Acropolis, with a part of the Parthenon and the Propylæa, had been before us ever since we left the Piræus, but the greater portion of the city had been hidden behind the hills, and the first object which caught our eyes, and for a while fastened our attention, was the temple of Theseus. Before we had time, however, to take even a hasty and general view of its chaste and beautiful proportions, we were hurried in our crazy vehicle into the no less crazy suburbs of modern Athens; and for the first time we found ourselves among realities, too wretched and too miserable not to disappoint and dishearten us: we were willing to attribute our disappointment to the ideal picture we had formed of the city in anticipation, and made every possible excuse for the miserable and poverty-stricken looks of an object, with which we were determined to be pleased: but there was the thing, and neither love nor patriotism could alter or soften its features.

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\* Subsequent to our arrival, I visited the tomb of Karaiskaki repeatedly. Through the iron grate on the side of the monument is seen the rough wood box which contains the remains of this brave chief; and on the surface of the tumulus, near it, lie the bones of two thousand Greeks. Karaiskaki was first buried in the island of Salamis, but, after the restoration of peace, his remains were exhumed and buried on the spot where, in 1826, he received his death wound. It was on this great and solemn occasion that the bones of his brother chiefs and comrades were gathered from the battle fields, and buried near him, in one common mass.



## CHAPTER II.

### MODERN HISTORY OF ATHENS.

IN 1456 Athens was taken from the Franks, by Omer, and three years afterwards was visited by his master, Mohamet II., who, it is said, was greatly struck by "the beauty of the situation and the magnificence of the edifices with which it was crowded." The city had been plundered of its treasures long before its capture by the Turks, and its temples, at this time, were as depopulated of their gods as the schools and porticoes of their masters and philosophers, but the edifices of the city, and the temples of the Acropolis in particular, had suffered but little before the retaking of Athens by the Venetians under Morosini, in 1587. It was during this siege, which preceded the capture of the Acropolis, that the powder which the Turks had deposited for safety in the Parthenon took fire by the explosion of a shell, and the temple—the master-work of antiquity, and the wonder of succeeding ages—was blown asunder. But for this unforeseen catastrophe, and the subsequent pillagings of Elgin, the Parthenon, which had already survived so many

misfortunes, might have come to us in as perfect a state as the temple of Theseus.

The authority of the Turks was re-established six months subsequent to the bombardment of the Acropolis by the Venetians, and after this short interruption, "the humiliation of Athens was complete. Obligated at length to bend her neck to the yoke of the Eastern barbarians, who for more than sixteen centuries had been kept at a distance by the effect of Grecian superiority in all that makes a nation powerful, Athens considered herself fortunate in receiving the orders and protection of the Oriental despot, through the mediation of a black eunuch slave, the guardian of the tyrant's women."

It has been well and feelingly said, by Col. Leak, that after the conquest of this celebrated city by the Turks, her humiliation was complete, but at the same time it ought to have been noticed, in a more bold and prominent form, that the chief glory of Athens consisted in her triumph over her humiliating misfortunes; in her power to instruct and delight those who were either instrumental or indifferent to her suffering and her degradation. It was during the worst, and it is to be hoped, the last of her calamities—at the time when she was governed by the slaves of a "black eunuch," that Athens emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and began to confer upon the, then civilized, world new and important favours. Her altars began to burn anew,

and the labours of such distinguished scholars and artists as Sponn, Wheeler, Stuart, Revett, Pars, and Chandler, supplied us with new light and new models for the study of the literature and the fine arts of Greece.

But how truly humiliating it is to be told that in return for the many obligations which Athens conferred upon the age, she was exposed to the insults of vulgar minds—to the rapacity of men who robbed her of her worth and her beauty for the vilest purposes of prostitution. When we hear of the spoliations committed upon the monuments and the arts of antiquity by such men as Caligula and Sylla; by Roman Greek emperors; by Vandals, Franks, and Venetians, we find some excuse in the characters of the actors—in the ignorance and barbarities of the times; but what excuse or palliation\* can be given in favour of those modern Vandals, who, forgetting what was due to the dignity and the honour of the age, could outrage the feelings and the en-

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\* Colonel Leak thinks that the injury which the edifices in the Acropolis received by the siege of 1587, was “the cause of all the delapidations which they suffered, and which rendered the transportation of the fallen fragments of sculpture out of Turkey their best protection from total destruction.” But the principle of taking what a rightful owner cannot protect is of doubtful authority, and we are inclined to think that the English people would not be willing to extend this right to others—to allow, for example, an Italian or a Frenchman to remove the decorations of St. Paul’s in order to save them from the corroding effect of the English climate.

lightened sense of mankind by such wholesale spoliations as those which, in the beginning of the 19th century, stripped and ruined the matchless temple of Minerva in the Acropolis, and the equally matchless shrine of Apollo in the mountains of Arcadia.

It was the antiquarian and not the conqueror who ruined the temples of antiquity, and despoiled the city of Athens of its treasures. "We can all feel," says the indignant Byron, "or imagine the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires are beheld; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to watch, and valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contentions between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, and triumphs and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigues and perpetual disturbance between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry: 'the wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,' were scarcely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortunes of war incident to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters con-

test the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Syllâ could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens, but it remained for the petty antiquarian and his despicable agents to render her as contemptible as himself and his pursuits."

But while the conqueror and the antiquarian leagued themselves against the monuments of antiquity, neither the one nor the other, nor time, the destroyer of all things, have succeeded to efface the wonders of art; the principal monuments of the city and the Acropolis, with many of their ornaments, were spared, and Athens, even when under the government of a worthless slave, continued to be "the favorite of all those who had an eye for art or for nature."

Among the many who at this time came to visit the "fallen great," there is no one who was so touched and penetrated by the beauty and the misfortunes of this city as the gifted author of "Childe Harold," and the literary world owes him no small obligations for those brief yet living pictures, which are scattered in his works, and which, though without system or order, are more valuable and more interesting than the professed works of travels. They are like the cartoons of the great masters—a few lines here and a few touches there shadow out a picture as true to life as life itself. They are

valuable as copies—the prototypes of which have been lost or impaired.

“ But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
The Queen of Night asserts her silent reign.  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, or gilds her glowing form.  
With cornice glimmering in the moonbeam’s play,  
Where the white column greets her grateful ray,  
And bright around with quivering beams beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o’er the minaret ;  
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,  
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The glimmering turret of the gay kiosk,  
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm  
Near Theseus fane, yon solitary palm,  
All tinged with varied hues, arrests the eye,  
And dull were his heart that passed them heedless by.”

That portion of Athens which belonged to the Christians and the Turks was swept away by the events which commenced with the Greek revolution, and ended with the establishment of the present government. In the beginning of 1821, the modern, like the ancient Athenians, transported their wives and children to the island of Salamis, and after this step of precaution, united themselves with the peasants, and commenced operations against the oppressors of their country. At first they were so successful as to carry the lower town, and force the Turks to betake themselves to the Acropolis; but before they could reduce the be-

sieged to terms, they were driven back to their place of refuge by the sudden appearance of Omer, the Pasha of Eubæa, who hastened to the aid of his Athenian friends.

With the appearance of this able general, the siege of Athens was raised—the whole of Attica was laid waste, and the poor peasants were hunted out of their hiding-places, and shot or cut down by the numerous companies of Turkish horsemen who scoured the country, and who amused themselves by what they and their chief styled the “Greek hunts.” Omer Pasha, however, being recalled to Eubæa, the siege of Athens was recommenced by the Greeks; and the Turks were once more subjected to the manifold evils of war, of sickness, and of famine. To their other misfortunes was added the want of water, and after a resistance of twelve months, they surrendered themselves to the Greeks.

On the 14th of July, 1826, and nearly three years after the Acropolis had been entrusted to Capt. Gouras, Kiutahi Pashaw entered the plain of Athens with an army of 10,000 men. He pitched his tents in sight of the Acropolis, and soon after Gaidari, St. John, Kamatero, Assomato and Piræus, became the successive scenes of bloody and desperate engagements.

But while Kiutahi was pressing the siege of the citadel, with his characteristic obstinacy, Karaiskaki, the then chief of the Greek forces, made his appearance in the stirring scene of action, and began

a series of operations, the object of which was to starve the Turks in the plain. For while Kiutahi was carrying everything before him, near and about Athens, Karaiskaki was equally busy in cutting off the communications of his antagonist with the Turkish provinces to the North, and the defeat of the Turks at Dobrena and Arachova were more complete and more signal victories than those gained by the Turks near Athens.

Seldom, if ever, in the course of the revolution had two more able generals opposed themselves to each other; but at the moment when Kiutahi and Karaiskaki met on the field of battle, and proved so equally balanced in character and circumstances as to give to the contest a personal interest, Lord Cochrane and Sir Richard Church, the one in command of the navy, and the other the generalissimo of the land forces, made their appearance in the scene of action, and gave a new direction to the events of the day. Karaiskaki, the man who had been the life and soul of the contest, was mortally wounded, and removed from the field of usefulness and glory at a time when his country stood most in need of his valuable services.

On the evening of the 5th of May, 1827, the day after the death of Karaiskaki, a disembarcation commenced on Cape Colias, and by two o'clock in the morning three thousand men were safely landed on the plain, but scarcely had they finished some temporary breastworks when their move-



ments became known to the Turks, who, after the first moment of surprise, put themselves in motion. Kiutahi saw at a glance the advantage he had over his enemy, and his triumph was complete; fifteen hundred Greeks were left on the field of battle, while four hundred were taken alive and beheaded before the tent of the Turkish general. The 6th of May, 1827, was one of the darkest days in the history of Modern Greece and Athens.

After this disaster, the Acropolis, and with it the city, both of which were strewn with the bones of their citizens and their defenders, passed to the hands of the Turks, who re-established the authority of the Voivoda and the Disdar, and remained with them from the 5th of June,\* 1827, to the 1st of April, 1833, when they were finally surrendered to the Greek authorities. It is said that on the arrival of the government troops at Athens, the Turkish garrison came to the city without waiting to go through the humiliating formalities attending such occasions, and when His Majesty's officers entered the Acropolis they found no other tenant but a grave looking donkey. He was the last of the Disdars!

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\* Voivoda is the Turkish title of the governor of a city—Disdar, the commandant of a fortress.

## CHAPTER III.

### ATHENS IN ITS PRESENT STATE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the events of 1827, the monuments of Athens were left much in the same condition to which they had been reduced by the pillagings of the notorious Elgin ; but the habitations of the people were swept away during the siege, and the whole of the city continued in a ruined and deserted state till after the arrival of King Otho in Greece, when Athens began to be considered as the most favourable locality for the capitol of the kingdom. Napoli, the then seat of the government, was neither convenient in itself, nor sufficiently central for such a purpose, and the Greeks were convinced of the necessity of transferring the capitol to some more eligible position ; but while the people and its rulers were unanimous as to the necessity of making the contemplated change, they were by no means so as to the particular place. The Isthmus of Corinth, Piræus and Athens, were successively proposed as fitting localities, and though in this, as in other questions of importance, there was some difference of opinion, still Corinth had so many ad-

vantages over her illustrious competitors, that if the views and the wishes of the people in general had been consulted, the government would have been obliged to give its consent in favour of the Isthmus; but the government suffered itself to be influenced by the absurd notions of men who ought to have had no voice in the matter. They thought that in settling this great question, they ought to make a choice which would be agreeable to the views of the foreign ambassadors in the court of King Otho; pleasing to the savans of Europe; promising to the plans of some few speculators, and above all, in conformity with the wishes and the orders of the *crowned antiquarian*, to whom the members of the Regency owed their appointment. What could be then more suitable to all parties,—except to the Greeks who had no right to be consulted—and more flattering to the age which witnessed so many wonders, than the magnificent project of closing the splendid events of the Greek revolution with the *restoration of Athens!* In the meantime, as soon as it became known that the restoration of Athens was ultimately fixed upon, instead of witnessing the rise of temples and the return of their marble gods from the museum of London, there was only a flood of speculators and a rush for house lots. Before the arrival of King Otho in his capital, Athens was as busy a scene as was ever witnessed in the old or the new world. The work of buying, planning and building, went

on. Edifices, private and public, rose apace, and though the flute of Orpheus was not heard, Hy-mettus and Lycabetus were set in motion by the magic agency of Drachmas, and the whole city of Athens rose to view like a newly-created wonder, under the enlivening and all-confounding genius of the Bavarian architects.

One building after another rose upon the site of temples, and many venerable ruins were given up to vile purposes by the hands of those who were to restore them. The stoa of Hadrian, which, according to Pausanias, "was resplendent with alabaster and gildings, and adorned with pictures and with statues," was turned to a *fish market*, and to stables for the horses of the troops. In a word, the first sound of the hammer upon the foundations of modern Athens, was the last funeral knell over the ruins of the venerable city which was to be restored to beauty and life!

Nor was the destruction of the ancient edifices the only injury to the interests of the country. The prospects of modern Greece suffered as much as the antiquities of Athens, for in choosing an inland town for the capital of a maritime and commercial nation, at a time when the enlightened communities of the earth are aroused to the importance of easy communications, they committed too great an error—for men who were born and educated in the very heart of civilized Europe—and inflicted a lasting injury on the commerce of Greece. It was well to

be at a respectful distance from the sea and the pirates who infested the seas in the days of Cecrops, but what possible reason could they have for such a choice in the days of Armansperg?

One can hardly turn his attention to this state of things without suspecting the existence of something more culpable than honest stupidity—and it does appear as if the projectors of this specious scheme were actuated, not so much by their veneration for the monuments they have ruined, as by their desire to fetter the enterprising genius of the Greeks, and make them as dull as the Beotians of antiquity or the Bavarians of our day. One is the more inclined to suspect something of the kind, inasmuch as it was so easy to restore—so far as it was practicable—the monuments of Athens, and at the same time give to modern Greece a capital adapted in some measure to her condition—to her wants and her prospects!

Piræus, is now admitted by many sensible men, that in addition to the paramount advantages of a fine port, held out the equally great advantage of being national property, and this ought to have been a consideration with a government which commenced its existence with a debt of 60,000,000 francs, and which ought to have had some regard to economy. Nor is it to be supposed that this plan would have been prejudicial to the “restoration of Athens,” for had Piræus been fixed upon for the seat of government, Athens would

have been the most eligible situation for the schools and the literary institutions of the nation. It being sufficiently near to enjoy the advantages and far enough to avoid the inconveniences of a commercial city, it would have suffered less by the progress of modern improvements, and might have preserved more of its original features. It might have remained as nearly the old Athens as possible, and with time and care, might have regained some of its lost splendours. Under this arrangement the capital of Greece, without being in Athens, would have lost nothing of the influence of that great city; but as it is, we have impaired the interest of the one and the other—we have buried the old city of Athens and have gained a very indifferent capital.

The growth of the new city was so prejudicial to the monuments of the old, that half an hour's stay by moonlight in the Acropolis, with the faint tinklings of the sheep bells in the valley of the Illissus, and the loud hootings of the owls among the ruins, with night and solitude around the fallen pillars of the Parthenon, would afford to the traveller more real pleasure and enjoyment than whole days or a month's rambling among the din and the dust of the city by daylight. While the injury, however, to the ruins of the city was inevitable, the government and the people could not be wholly indifferent to the preservation of those monuments of antiquity which are scattered throughout Greece, and associated with her history and her glory.

The Archæological Society of Athens, which has for its object the discovery and preservation of the antiquities, was formed as early as 1837, and while the government of the country placed the monuments of Greece under the protection of the laws, the members of the Society undertook the work of excavations. The Society has more than 800 honorary and regular members, and if its resources had been properly managed, its usefulness might have been commensurate with its importance; but its President, Mons. J. R. Nerulos, and its Secretary, Mr. R. Ranghabe\* have been too inefficient, and have done little else besides inflicting long speeches upon the members and their friends, who, once a year, assemble under the columns of the Parthenon for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the Society. Owing to the inertness of its chief officers, the Society has lost much of its life, and the interest of the antiquities might have suffered still more had it not been for the energy, the zeal, and untiring effort of Mr. Pittakes, a member of the Society, and "Conservator-General of the antiquities of the country."

Mr. Pittakes, who is a native of Athens, is almost the only man in the city who, by the simplicity of

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\* Mr. Ranghabe, though deficient in that activity which ought to characterize the secretary of so important a society, is nevertheless entitled to great credit for the information he has imbodyed in his annual reports.

his manners and the purity of his patriotism, can lay claim to the enviable distinction of a classic descent. Having spent a great part of his life in the study and the contemplation of the arts and the monuments of ancient Greece, he has caught something of their spirit and life, and looks more like a statue of former ages than like a man of the present times. Under an antiquated coat and a weather-beaten hat, there is a simplicity of taste, a steadiness of purpose, and a glow of enthusiasm, which, when contrasted with the calm and apparent repose of his appearance, is peculiarly interesting.

In the estimation of Mr. Pittakes, a new thing is comparatively of no value, and accordingly, in serving the interests of the antiquities—which term he applies only to the works of the ancient Greeks—he has been more than once engaged in undoing the work of time. The Acropolis in general, and the Parthenon in particular, when contemplated in the condition in which they were left by the Disdars of the Sultan, presented an interesting page of history. The master-works of the ancients were here to be seen side by side with the battlements of the Venetians and the minaret of the Turks. The fallen altars, the half-obliterated saints, and the still glimmering emblem of the moon, were indications of the great changes which this sanctuary of religion had undergone. These accompaniments were also antiquities, and there-



fore interesting to coming generations, but to Mr. Pittakes, and to those who, like him, have conceived the absurd idea of renovating the matchless creations of the ancients, everything but the works of the ancients, and in particular the Turkish minaret and its crescent, were regarded as abominations in holy places, and accordingly they have been cast down, and their very dust has been swept out with a perseverance and a zeal worthy of devout heathens.

But while it is to be regretted that the "Conservator-General," and those whom he represents, should have been so inconsistent as to destroy every vestige of the Turks, when the ancient Greeks preserved every relic of the Persians, and so absurd as to attempt the patching of the temples and the statues of antiquity with interpolations of their own,\* it is but just and due to Mr. Pittakes, and to

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\* The above remark may appear extravagant; but it is well known to all those who have of late visited the city of Athens, that Mr. Pittakes, in restoring some of the temples, and particularly that of the Erechtheum, has allowed the use of more "mortar and bricks" than good taste would well sanction; and it is also known that an Italian artist has been for some time employed in *restoring to life* one of the Chariatedes, who in the course of ages had lost all but her legs! Such interpolations upon the works of antiquity have been attempted before; but the history of the fine arts can hardly show so bold an experiment in patch-work as the one in question, and the half Greek and half Italian Chariates must be classed with those wild eccentricities of the chisel, half of which are divine and the other half human. The Venus

the members of the Archæological Society, to acknowledge their great services to the antiquities of the country, especially as with means hardly worth mentioning an amount of work has been performed, of which we can form no idea without a visit to the Theseum and the Acropolis—the two principal depositories of what is curious and interesting in the discoveries of the last few years. The Theseum, besides being one of the most perfect temples of antiquity, is now used as the National Museum, and is so crowded with works of sculpture, that the inside, like the outside, has not only the appearance but the air of a heathen sanctuary. These works are so broken and mutilated, that in the whole collection there is hardly a perfect statue to be seen, and they form a true picture of the glory and the misfortunes of Greece. In addition to the statues which form the principal part of this collection, and among which are to be found some of the most exquisite and valuable productions of the Grecian chisel, there are to be seen bas-reliefs, monumental tomb-stones, and inscriptions without number. They are all arranged with some regard to taste, but are too numerous to be seen to advantage.

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Calepegeos in the Museum of Naples was found with one of her feet broken, and Canova being invited to repair the loss, refused to touch it; but another artist, with less modesty, and less regard for his reputation, essayed what a master refused to attempt, and his failure is so signal that the interpolated foot is the only mortal part of the goddess.

The collection in the temple of Theseus forms by no means the most important part of the work that has been performed. The temple of Æolus is rescued from the rubbish,\* and the members of the society and Mr. Pittakes can show better evidences of their zeal and successful enterprise in other parts of Athens and its Acropolis. The Propylæa—the first object that meets the eye in ascending

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\* “One of the first monuments which arrested the attention of the Society, and upon which a portion of its means have been spent this year, is what is called the temple of Æolus. This being situated in the midst of the city, alike curious for its entire preservation, as well as for its peculiar form and the Glyptic Zodiacs which adorn it, had, on a former occasion, enlisted the interest of the Board, and was at that time relieved from the rubbish which concealed one half of it. This octagon tower is well known to have been built by Andronicus Kyritzes, one hundred and fifty years before the Christian Era, and for the purpose of serving as a weather vane, a water-clock, and a sun-dial. On its top a brazen Triton veered with the wind, as is described by Vetruvius. The celebrated fountain of Klapsydra was led from the Acropolis to a cistern on the south side of the tower, and from it to a water-clock, which showed the time during night and cloudy weather; while the lines marked upon the eight sides of the tower offer indisputable proofs that this monument served also as a sun-dial. The Society, therefore, conceived the idea of restoring this curious monument, as far as possible, to its ancient use,—to repair it, at least, as a sun-dial, and thus provide the city of Athens with a time-piece both useful and unique, inasmuch as it will serve to show the hours of the day, as it did twenty centuries ago, and perhaps furnish us with a new data for the solution of the great question as to whether the axis of the earth has varied in its inclination for the last two thousand years.”—*From the Report of the Secretary, for 1845*

the Acropolis—have been dug out, and so thoroughly cleaned of the rubbish by which they were almost hid, that we can form not only a tolerably distinct idea of the plan, but of their former proportions and original majesty. The clearing of the Propylæa was preceded by the discovery and the re-construction of the temple of Victory, without wings, which had been so totally lost, that its very position was a matter of doubt. The cella, and the porticoes of this truly beautiful and interesting remnant of antiquity, are nearly complete, and nothing is wanting to its restoration but a small portion of the frieze, now in the British Museum, and some parts of the platfond, which, it is to be feared, are irretrievably lost. Even with these defects and imperfections, the general outlines and proportions of this little gem of art appear complete, and the effect of the whole almost unimpaired.

Had there been nothing else, the clearing of the Propylæa, and the restoration of the temple of Victory, would have been sufficient to entitle Mr. Pittakes and his coadjutors to the gratitude and the praise of all those who are interested in the antiquities of Greece; but to these he has added other services, less apparent, perhaps, to those who have not watched their progress, but not less important or less interesting. Mr. Pittakes has been entrusted with the task of clearing the whole of the Acropolis; and, in the execution of this work, he had to carry out and throw down an immense mass of

rubbish, and a great number of private and public buildings. The task was sufficiently Herculean, and it was rendered the more so by the want of means; for Mr. Pittakes, like the hero of old, had to clear the Augæan mass with little or no aid from the government or the Society. Notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way of the Conservator-General, the whole epipedon or level of the Acropolis has been cleared; every abomination has been thrown out; and so completely has this work been done, that the different divisions and the original pavement of the Acropolis may be now seen, even by the inexperienced in antiquities; and while the ground has been disencumbered of those objects which impaired the proportions of the temples and the monuments, the work has been attended with the further advantage of recovering such fragments of art as had been spared by time and the impious spoilers. Among these are pedestals of statues, friezes, altars, inscriptions, and other relics of art, which, though effaced and mutilated, are in many instances of great historical value. Nor are these fragments few, or altogether deficient in intrinsic merit. The gallery to the left of the Propylæa, two or three rooms to the rear of it, five or six vaulted cells, and a great portion of the open space between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, are literally filled and strewn with the fragments of this great store-house of sculpture. In the upper rooms of one of the private buildings still standing, there

is a large and interesting collection of vases and urns, worthy to stand by the works of the great sculptors. Some of these terracota creations are so light in substance, and so graceful in form, as to claim for the old pot-makers of Greece a place in the pantheon of her artists. In the different collections, and in various parts of the Acropolis, there are many bas-reliefs and alto-relievos of admirable execution. Most of these belong to the ornaments and the friezes of the different temples in the Acropolis, and are therefore doubly interesting; but among them there is one intrinsically and superlatively beautiful. This relieve represents the Goddess of Victory in the attitude of tying her sandal. She has lost her head, and yet she is so perfectly captivating, so like a thing of life and feeling, that the memory of her light and graceful form haunts me like a revealed mystery of the beautiful.

Fortunately, the blocks of marble which were parts of the temples themselves, having nothing to excite the cupidity of the spoilers, and being too heavy for transportation to northern climes, were left to lie among the rubbish, and are now at the disposal of the artist. The shafts of the columns, their capitals, and the blocks which belong to the north and south sides of the Parthenon, lie in one confused mass; and though no effort of man is perhaps sufficient to renovate the "shattered splendour" of this matchless temple, the taste and ingenuity of experienced artists may be so far successful as to

replace the fallen fragments in their original positions, and thus fill out at least, or restore its proportions. This has been successfully attempted with the temple of Victory, and there is no reason why it cannot succeed to a certain degree with that of Minerva.\* The latter, like the former of these temples, is now in a process of restoration, and there is something interesting even in the partial success that has attended the enterprise; there is something both cheering and emblematic in this restoration of the Greek temples by the hands and under the auspices of the modern Greeks. Should the now fallen columns of the Parthenon rise, and the now absent

\* In a late number of the *Αἴων*, an Athenian newspaper, is a very interesting description of the Acropolis, and in connection with it the following remarks on the restoration of the Parthenon: "Mr. Pittakes, our able archæologist, took us to the Parthenon, and after pointing out the position of the Chryselephantine statue of Minerva—the godlike creation of Phidias—and that of the altar in the interior of the shrine, he then showed us the *corner stone* of the Parthenon. This of course lies where it was placed by the hands of Pericles, and conceals under it all those treasures which our ancestors were accustomed to deposit under the corner-stones of their public edifices. Here they have been lying for the last two thousand and three hundred years, and here they will lie till the majestic Parthenon and time will be no more. We can hardly go to the Acropolis without having occasion to wonder at what is going on, and how can it be otherwise when one after another of the fallen pillars are rising under the auspices of the Archæological Society and the exertions of Mr. Pittakes. Two of the fallen pillars, with their capitals, are standing where they were placed by the hand of Ictinus. The idea of restoring the Parthenon is truly a bold and a great idea!"

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gods return to the pedestals they once occupied—as it is to be hoped they may—the whole civilized world will have occasion to rejoice in the triumphs of modern Greece.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

A FEW days after our arrival in the capital of Greece, and while rambling in the suburbs of the town, we had the pleasure of meeting their Majesties; but as they swept by us hurriedly, I only saw that King Otho, who appeared very youthful, wore the Greek dress, and that his Queen sat well on her spirited Arab, and looked both young and pretty. They were accompanied by a few attendants, and the absence of everything like show and stir led me to the conclusion that they were wise enough to conform to the state of the country, and that the novel sight of a king and a queen had grown familiar with the Greeks. But while there were no boisterous "zetos," and no servile prostrations, there was no want of respect or deference on the part of the people. They seemed to be proud of their king and his consort. The degenerated sons of Greece, however, were by no means as obsequious in their salutations to their Majesties as some of the refined Europeans. The Greeks, for example, would stop just at the moment when the royal cortege was

before them, put their hands on their breast, and then pass on; while the Bavarians, who were better trained to such matters, would stop short as soon as the king and queen were in sight, and with heads uncovered and hands bent to the ground, would remain like lifeless posts till their majesties passed them by.

A week after our arrival in the city, I had the honour of being presented to their Majesties. There being no United States minister plenipotentiary at the Court of King Otho, I was necessarily obliged to go through the awkward manœuvre of presenting myself. The difficulty and embarrassment, however, were not so great as I had reason to fear, and I went through the ceremony with less formality, and with more pleasure than I anticipated. King Otho, whose affability and ease of manner are alike remarkable, spoke the modern Greek with facility, and seemed to be better acquainted with the condition of America than some of our presidents are with that of Greece. Our navy and commerce were topics of great interest, and his inquiries respecting them were both apt and pertinent.

My presentation to the queen took place the day after. As soon as I entered the saloon, I felt that I was in the presence of a beautiful and amiable being. My situation, however, was somewhat embarrassing when I found that I had to make myself agreeable through an interpreter, and also in the

presence of two maids of honour and a very ugly-looking master of ceremonies.

Her Majesty, whose personal appearance is exceedingly captivating, and whose blue eyes are as mild as they are eloquent, had little to say about the American commerce or the navy. The appearance of the New World, the grandeur and majesty of its rivers and forests, and the beauty of the American ladies, were the objects in which she felt an evident interest, and about which it was my good fortune to gratify her curiosity. To my account of the American ladies she listened with pleasure, and I had half a mind to tell her that some of them were as beautiful as herself, but recollecting that I was talking through an interpreter, I doubted the propriety of such a compliment, and contented myself by assuring her that the American ladies were deeply interested in Greece, and that they had every reason to hope that the land of all that was beautiful in nature, and interesting in association, would be as happy and as prosperous under the light of Her Majesty's virtues, as it once was under the protecting care of Minerva!

Queen Amelia is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. She was born the 9th of December, 1818, was married on the 22d of November, 1836; she is youthful, and so interesting in her person as to be justly considered the most beautiful queen of the age. She is not indeed one of those dazzling beauties that overwhelm us at first sight, but she

is so very simple and so very amiable in manners and temper, that we are apt to forget the queen in our admiration of those virtues and those graces which belong to a lovely woman. She is just the woman that Titian would have delighted to paint. She has a fine and pliant form, fair hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, and a smile—*Παραγαλμον*.

Otho is surely to be envied both as a king and a husband. With Greece for his kingdom, and with Amelia for his consort, he has all that fortune can give to a monarch,—all that God can bestow upon a happy mortal. King Otho ought to have been something extraordinary both as a king and a man, not to suffer by contrast with his kingdom and his queen. Without being an admirer of his government, I have a higher idea of the king's intellectual abilities, and a greater respect for his moral worth than has been awarded him by those who, unable to be his friends, have resolved to be his enemies, and who see no virtues or redeeming qualities in his mind or heart. He is accused and denounced as an absolute monarch, and I wish he were wise enough to be a constitutional king; but is his present position his fault, or the fault of those who chose him? Much of the opposition to his government owes its origin to those who hate him, not because he governs the Greeks like an absolute king, but because he will not be gov-

erned by some or by all of the Allies and their ambassadors in Athens. The morbid inaction which at present pervades every department of state, is to be sought in the opposition and the intrigues of foreign diplomatists, rather than in the disposition of the king who, encompassed by difficulties, and unable to meet them by open opposition, has been obliged to have recourse to procrastination—to a policy by means of which he has hitherto foiled every opponent and has tired out the most patient of his enemies. The immense amount of labour which he has imposed upon himself—his unwillingness to incur responsibility in matters, the justice and expediency of which may be doubtful, have produced delay, and in many, very many instances, distress; but while some things which ought to have been done have been left undone, a deal of evil has been avoided, and it must be confessed that had the king of Greece been endowed with a greater degree of self-confidence, but with less conscientiousness than King Otho, the amount of mischief might have been incalculable. Greece after all owes much to the wisdom and the goodness of her king.

Otho was only 17 years old when he was chosen as a king, and only twenty when he assumed the reigns of government. During these three years he had to acquaint himself, not only with the language, but with the character and the genius of the people,—to study the interests of Greece in connection with the conflicting interests of other na-

tions, and to learn the great lesson of governing the Greeks, and the equally great secret of submitting to the tutelage of the Protecting Powers. He had moreover to rule by means of a government which was to be framed to his hands, not by the Greeks, but by strangers, who were as ignorant of the Greeks as the Turks themselves. Had King Otho entrusted himself to the Greeks with as little reserve as the Greeks entrusted their country and her destinies to his hands, the difficulties and the obstacles in the way of his usefulness would have been comparatively small. But how was it possible for him to confide in the Greeks, when those who chose him as their king had so little confidence in them? How was it to be expected that he should have the confidence which nobody else had at the time, when he was sent under the guardianship of three strangers?—when it was thought that he could not even go to Greece without the aid and the presence of a mercenary army?—when upon his landing the men who had guided the ship through the storm of the revolution, and who were acquainted with the virtues and the foibles of the people, Mavrocordate, Coletti, Metaxa, and others, were sent into honourable exile;—when the heroes of Greece, Colocotroni and his brave associates in arms, were accused of high treason and condemned to death—in a word, when every event and every circumstance combined to destroy his confidence in and his love for his subjects?

Otho has not proved superior to the will of his fate. He has suffered, and still suffers under it; but while he is not a wonder or a wonder-maker, he is by no means destitute of those high excellencies which are necessary to the formation of a good king. Without being an Alexander or a Napoleon, he is, fortunately for Greece, a man of honest intentions and industrious habits. To his sense of justice, and reliance upon an overruling Providence, which becomes and adorns his exalted station, he adds the humbler, yet equally necessary virtues, of an austere economist. Otho is an upright and religious man: no stain and no immoral intrigues can be said to sully his character or disgrace his household. His court is a model of good order; and the Greeks have reason to bless heaven for having placed before them—before the eyes of their wives and their children—such examples of domestic happiness and virtue as their King and Queen.\*

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\* The events of the third of September, 1843, have shed additional light upon this subject; and the royal speech, which was pronounced at the opening of the National Assembly, and which is here subjoined, is alike creditable to the head and the heart of King Otho.

*Plenipotentiaries of the Nation:*

I come in the midst of you with the gratifying conviction that this assembly will promote the prosperity of our beloved Greece. From the foundation of the monarchy various liberal institutions have been established, to the end of preparing the way for the introduction of a definite constitution. Free municipal laws, provincial councils, and the trial by jury, have been the precursors of the

The King and the Queen of Greece, unlike the the kings and queens of other monarchies, are without the bright creations of nobility, and they are surrounded by persons who, though they are bedecked with crosses, and with orders of knighthood, are, nevertheless, without the sounding titles of dukes or of lords. The king and his consort, however, being the centre of attraction, are necessarily surrounded not only by the courtiers of the day, but by the most illustrious personages of the nation. The royal dinners and royal balls call together an assemblage wherein are to be seen the subtle statesmen and wild warriors of the Greek revolution.

Soon after our arrival in Greece, and a few days after our presentation to their majesties, we had the pleasure of attending one of the royal balls. We

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representative government in Greece. Our task to-day is to crown this edifice, by the introduction and establishment of a Constitution. With the aid of the Almighty, let us unite our efforts for the establishment of a fundamental law conformable to the actual wants and to the situation of the State, and calculated to promote and to assure the true interests of the people. May wisdom and justice have unimpeded control, and may the bonds of reciprocal affection unite us. In forming the constitution of our common country, let us be ready to make mutual concessions, but let a common desire of promoting and consolidating the prosperity of the State alone inspire and guide us. You know, gentlemen, my love for the nation; therein I have never failed in any circumstances; and, animated with these sentiments, I desire neither more nor less of power than is necessary to ensure the prosperity and security of Greece. Let us make a reciprocal contract, which shall establish guaranties of endurance and stability. The civilized world has its eyes fixed upon us, and history will judge of our work by its results. It is with full confidence in your enlightened patriotism that I open this assembly. God, in his infinite mercy, grant that it may lead to the advantage and happiness of Greece! The prosperity of Greece! That is my prayer; that, my glory.



repaired to what is called "the old palace," and passing through a well-furnished suite of rooms, entered the spacious rotunda, which serves the manifold purposes of a levée-room in court fêtes, of a chapel on Sundays, and a ball-room. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and the company, though small in point of numbers, was not less brilliant for variety and novelty of costume and character.

On the right of the hall stood the representatives of the European powers, and to the left were the ministers of the king, while between these two formidable ranks of richly-laced courtiers, appeared the ladies of the court, many of whom, and in particular the black-eyed daughter of Marco Botzaris, were remarkable for taste and beauty. The real point of interest, however, the lions of this brilliant throng, were to be sought among the crowd of civil and military officers—among the heroes of the nation, and the men who can trace their Greek pedigree to the god of thieves, who being born

" At the faint peep of day,  
He began playing on the lyre at noon,  
And the same evening did he steal away  
Apollo's herds."

While I was occupied in examining some of the more prominent characters in this picture, and moralizing on the strange accidents which had gathered them in so strange a place, the dense mass of the crowd gave way, and the royal train entered the hall. King Otho bowed to the right and left, while the

beautiful Amelia glanced a few smiles upon the long lines of gay courtiers and lofty warriors, and then glided to her place at the head of the saloon, like a bright vision. The ball was opened with the Polonaise. The king went the first round with the widow of Marco Botzaris, and the queen was led off by the minister of Russia. The Polonaise was succeeded by the quadrilles, and the waltz with its thousand mazes, in all of which was to be distinguished the light and graceful figure of the queen. Through the whole of the evening, and as late as two o'clock in the morning, there was music and dancing, and eating and drinking, and card-playing and love-making, and (for those who could not take part in the more innocent amusements of the night,) there was scandal and intrigue; in short, it was a night and a scene where all, except some battle-worn Greeks, seemed to be as merry and as contented as if the triple chain of the Protecting Powers was only an ornament, and not a weight upon the neck of the nation.

The present palace consists of two private houses joined by long corridors, and everything but the royal stables are on a moderate scale. It is to be feared, however, that with the completion of "*the new palace*," the king will be obliged to depart, in some respects, from his present simple and unostentatious style of living, and subject himself and the state to new burdens. It is true that among the necessary things a fit residence for their majesties

was perhaps the most necessary, and the work ought to have been supplied before this. A fit palace, however, like a fit shoe, is neither too small nor too large, and if in their present residence their majesties are cramped and pinched, in the future palace they will be lost in space.

It is said, though these "on dits" ought always to be taken with a good discount, that more Pentelic marble has been wasted in the erection of the palace than in the building of the temples and public edifices of the old city, and yet, with the exception of the colonnades and the marble porticoes, the body of the palace had to be stuccoed. The outward appearance of the edifice is too heavy to be in good taste, and even when relieved by its colonnades and porticoes, it will always be in contrast, but never in keeping or in unison with the light and graceful form of the objects around it. No! not even by the aid of the owl they have planted on the front of the pediment. Whatever may be said, however, of the form and size, the situation of the palace is certainly admirable. It stands a little to the north-east of the town, at the foot of Mount Anchesmus, and on a position so elevated that while from its porticoes are seen the valley of the Illissus and the plain of Athens, with the mild seas of Ægina and of Salamis, its windows and porticoes command some of the most splendid views that are to be met with throughout the whole of Greece. There is not a window or a door in the palace that

does not open upon some one of the many interesting objects of nature and of art that spread beneath and beyond it, and were it possible to contain within it half of the beauty and glory it commands, its inmates need never suffer for want of pleasure and enjoyment.

The interior of the palace is finished in costly style. Some of the best artists in Germany are already at work, and the walls of its halls and apartments are beginning to glow with frescoes. The walls of the royal bed-rooms are enlivened with representations from classical scenes, while their ceiling is in imitation of the Grecian heavens, a device in no ways inappropriate when we recollect that the half of their majesties' subjects sleep under the canopy of the heavens. The walls of the council-hall and the royal library, are adorned with the busts of the Greek philosophers and the poets, while the first and second anterooms are decorated with medallion portraits of the modern Greek heroes and civilians. Colocotronis, Condoriotis, Ypsilanti and Karaiskaki, have already taken their places, and there are many in life and in history who are destined and who aspire to become the occupants of those which are still without their tenants. The walls of the great reception room are painted with representations of sieges and battles taken from the stirring events of the Greek revolution, all of which are executed with a truth and a spirit highly creditable to the taste and the genius of the artist. The only viola-

tions of good taste are to be found just where they ought not to be, in her majesty's private rooms, and it is to be regretted that the artist should have been so sparing in the drapery of the Muses. This, however, is but an exception, and the little that is already finished gives good promise of the manner and the taste in which the work is to be executed. The paintings will offer to the modern Greeks an excellent school of taste and a national gallery, the more valuable as the portraits and the scenes that are scattered throughout belong to the history of the times and the country ; the presence of such scenes will not fail to inspire the king and his subjects with something of that devotion and patriotism, of that daring courage, which led the storied heroes to the field of battle and of glory.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE COURT OF GREECE, AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE court of Otho extends beyond the walls of his palace; and, so numerous are its component parts, that, at first sight, it appears as if there were two officers for every citizen in the place. Besides those who are immediately attached to the royal household—the members of the synod, six or seven ministers of state, forty-six counsellors of the realm, and a host of civil and military officers—there is a formidable “corps diplomatique,” and a no less formidable “corps consulaire,”—the former of which comprises four ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary, three resident ministers, and four charges d'affaires, and the latter, six consul generals, nine consuls, and vices without number.

The mere presence of so many diplomatists in so small a court as that of Greece, is sufficient to excite surprise, and we cannot but wonder at the reason which brought so many distinguished idlers into a country with which they must needs have but limited relations. But our wonder ceases when we come to the representatives of the three great

powers, who, having been instrumental in the formation of her government, and having lent her the means (60,000,000 francs) wherewith to be governed, they could not allow her to grow up without their fostering care, and what is more, without a political creed. It became necessary to provide their young ward, or, as they termed it, "the infant state," with experienced "dadas," or nurses.

Hence it comes to pass that the ministers plenipotentiary of the Protecting Powers in the court of Greece, occupy a very different position from that which is occupied by the representatives of the same powers in the courts of independent nations; for, in addition to the privileges given them by the laws of nations, they enjoy here those which they have taken by right of treaties, in which none but the Allies were "the high contracting powers." It is in Greece alone where foreign representatives enjoy the paramount and extraordinary prerogative of interfering with the financial concerns of the nation; so far, at least, as to see "that the actual receipts of the Greek treasury shall be devoted, *first of all*, to the payment of the interest and the sinking fund of the sixty millions loan."

The right of interference, however, is not confined to any particular point; it extends over the whole state. In other courts, the accredited agents of friendly states, however distinguished for their virtues or titles, are, nevertheless, obliged to be a part and portion of society, and in their intercourse

with the people of the country, they necessarily associate with individuals who are their equals, if not in office and station, at least in all the little accidents of birth and fortune. But in Greece, where every thing is as yet in a state of hourly transition, there are few men of fortune, and fewer of those who, on account of their position in society, can claim by right an equality with their excellencies; and accordingly, instead of falling in with this or that circle, they form their own coteries, and give the law to society as they do to the state.

It would have been well for Greece, and equally well for the Allied Powers, if their agents were of a lower grade, and on a less expensive scale. Still, neither Greece nor any body else has the right of dictating to others the course they may please to pursue in matters of taste. But Greece, though small and poor, is nevertheless an independent state, and, whatever else she may have lost, she still enjoys the right of complaining against that policy of interference which has placed her resources, and consequently her laws and liberties, as completely in the hands of the foreign representatives as they were when at the disposal of the Turks.

It is not to be denied that the Greeks are as much to be blamed in this matter as those whose tools they are; at the same time it must not be forgotten that the interference of the Allied Powers is *the*



cause, and to this must be attributed the existence and continuance of those political parties which are marshalled under foreign colours. In every other country there is generally the government and opposition parties, but in Greece we find no less than three factions, not one of which has a national cognomen. The presence and the weight of the allies is seen in the existence of the French, the Russian, and the English parties !

The French party is the smallest, and this is undoubtedly owing to the circumstance that France was anticipated by Russia and England in the formation and support of their respective parties. Accordingly, the force of her adherents is only felt when given in aid of one or the other two great parties, and is extremely useful in balancing the influence of Russia or England. In the meantime the policy of the French government towards Greece has been at all times liberal, and its sacrifices for the independence of the Greeks have been so great, and are so gratefully remembered, that France, as France, is admired by men of all parties; and in this respect she may be considered as the most popular power. In addition to this, she seems to be actuated by a generous and liberal course in all the questions which relate to Greece; and, in the discharge of her duties as one of the protecting powers, France appears to have no other end in view but the true interests of the Greeks. With such advantages on her side,

she might have made better use of her influence in Greece; but, in addition to her wavering policy, she has been particularly unfortunate in the choice of her representatives. Neither Roane nor Lagrene\* were able to manage the Greeks, or cope with their colleagues, the ministers of Russia and England.

Russia, on the other hand, commenced her diplomatic career in Greece with a strong party. She was allied to the Greeks by the ties of religion, and having favoured, on more than one occasion, their expectations of ultimate deliverance from the yoke of the Turks, she was at all times regarded as the natural friend of Greece; and so strong was this belief on the part of the Greeks, that when the revolution broke out it was generally believed that it was not only to be countenanced but aided by Russia. The Autocrat, of course, could not be so impolitic as to give his open support to such a scheme, and he was obliged to disclaim, in the most formal manner, all and every participation in the plans of the rebels. These and the like manifestoes, however, were looked upon by the Greeks in the light of diplomatic evasions; and the efforts of Prince Ypsilanti, and the subsequent appoint-

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\* M. Lagrene has been surperceded by Mons. Piscatore, who is an old Philhellene, and who, during the late events in Greece, has given additional evidences of his attachment to her interests; but his influence, though just at this time paramount, is not destined to be long so.

ment of Count Capodistrias to the presidency, served to strengthen those relations and interests, which, in after years, were carefully nurtured and cultivated by the wise and consummate policy of the Russian cabinet.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the most able and the most enlightened of the Greeks to the policy and the designs of Russia, still with the Church and the people on her side she is omnipotent. This is owing partly to the policy of her cabinet, and partly to the ability of her representative, who, being a Greek by birth, language, and religion, has been enabled to maintain his position in so masterly a manner as to be admired and respected even by those who are opposed to the policy of his government. Monsieur Katakazi, who is represented as subtle, and "as cunning as a Greek," is a diplomatist by nature as well as education, and the interests of Russia, whatever they may be, will not be apt to suffer so long as they are intrusted to the hands of her able, dignified, and courteous representative.\*

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\* Monsieur Katakazi has been recalled since the 3d of September, 1843, and in a manner which bespeaks the displeasure of his superiors for the part he is supposed to have taken in the revolution of the 3d of September. It is not very probable, however, that Mr. Katakazi should have acted, if he acted at all, without orders; and his removal is only intended to satisfy such of the absolute governments as may be disposed to be dissatisfied with the revolutionary movement in Greece, and perhaps to avoid the responsibility of interference in the present state of things. Be the reason what it may, it is greatly to be regretted that the courts

The only obstacle in the way of Russia seems to be the English party. Before and for some time after the commencement of the Greek revolution, England had no party in Greece, and the conduct of the Ionian authorities towards the insurgents was too inhuman to gain her any partizans or adherents there. As soon, however, as it was discovered that the movement of the Greeks had its origin with the people, the cause of Greece was soon identified with the cause of liberty, and its interests were aided not only by the wealth and the influence of England, but by the presence of her distinguished sons, by Stanhope, and Gordon, and Byron, and Hastings, and Church, and Finlay. The efforts of individuals and benevolent societies were followed up by the liberal and enlightened policy of George Canning, by the services of Sir Edward Codrington in the harbour of Navarino, and also by the liberal and enlightened efforts of Sir Stratford Canning in the course of the conferences which preceded the independence of Greece. In the face of such distinguished sacrifices on the part of individuals, and such splendid services on the part of government officers, the most prejudiced of the Greeks were convinced that England and the English were after all the best friends of Greece, and accordingly the

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of France and England should have neglected to follow the example of Russia, by the recall of their ministers from Greece at this crisis.

men who are distinguished for talent or worth are to be found among those who belong to the "English party."

England, however, though superior to Russia in the nature of her influence in Greece, has been neither so politic nor so economical as Russia in the management of her resources. She has all but defeated her objects, 1st, by the change in her policy after the death of the lamented Canning; and 2d, by the tactics of her representatives in the Court of Greece; for in going back to her old policy with regard to the "Greek Question," she lost nearly all that she had gained by the genius of that great statesman, and her influence was still farther impaired by the rash and impolitic measures of those to whose hands she intrusted her interests in Greece. To be more plain: As soon as England began to uphold the "integrity of the Turkish empire," the Greeks began to doubt her integrity towards them, and their doubts in this respect were strengthened still farther by the conduct of Dawkins and Sir Edmond Lyons—the first of whom joined the Russian ambassador in breaking down the assembly of the Constitutionals at Pronea, while his successor added to the discomfiture of the liberals by giving his support and aid to the administration of Count Armandsparg.

Since the deposition of the last mentioned functionary, the English minister has thrown himself into the ranks of the opposition, "et par conse-

quence," on the right side of the question, *i. e.*, in favour of constitutional principles and institutions. This, of course, is a fortunate circumstance, and would have been more welcome had his opposition been less vehement; especially as it is feared that his "assaults and batteries" upon the government will have the tendency to alienate the king from the liberal party. This, however, is of little consequence to the English minister. He is for constitution, and if he cannot lead "the powers that be," why, he must whip them into it.\*

Since the establishment of the present state of things there has arisen a fourth party. This is the government, or rather the court party, and consists partly of Bavarians, and partly of Greeks, who have been bought over by court favours and royal smiles. His Majesty, who is the head of this party, is not over-fond of French politics; he hates the English, and fears the Russians. In the meantime his interests require the co-operation of one or the other of these three parties, and he has thus been obliged to call to his aid men with whom he can have but little sympathy. In so doing, however, he has in no degree sacrificed his policy, and

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\* There are few who have contributed as largely to the late changes in the affairs of Greece as Sir Edmond Lyons, and few who have a better title to her gratitude. But how long will Sir Edmond Lyons continue to be friendly to Greece? just so long as the court of Greece will be willing to submit to the policy of the English minister.

he has succeeded to flatter or foil in turn, Mons. Lagrene, Katekazi, and Sir Edmond Lyons. His Majesty will probably find no insurmountable obstacle to his administration so long as he can take advantage of the disunion of others, but should the heads of the other parties unite, then "God save the King."

In the presence of so many and such parties, our fears may well be aroused for Greece and the Greeks. We almost feel as if the best of them have abandoned the cause of their country in hoisting foreign colours. In the estimation of the Greeks, however, their attachment to either of these parties does not seem to militate with their duties to their country, and it must be admitted that, with the good of their nation at heart, they have made the best of what is a dire necessity; they have succeeded in keeping up the mutual jealousies of the Great Powers, and have not failed to elicit from each of them something good. It is in this respect that the political characters of the country have shown their superiority, and the important changes in the policy of the European cabinets, which resulted in the emancipation of Greece, are principally due to the sagacity and the genius of such men as Mavrocordato, Colleti, Metaxa, and others of the same stamp and ability,\* who, though di-

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\* The late revolution has put an end to the court party, but at the same time it has given fresh vigour to the other three. Rus-

vided in politics, and wanting in that austere patriotism which shuns the aid of foreign influence as the highest of political crimes, are nevertheless honest in their intentions, and in times of great emergencies have had the good sense and the courage to lay aside private views and party feelings, and unite their efforts for the good of the land. In admitting the honest intentions of these distinguished individuals, we do not wish to be understood as approving of the means they have used, and we cannot but hope that Greece and the Greeks are yet to be blessed with patriots, who, considering the *honour* of their country as the highest good, would inculcate the truth, and advocate the necessity of emancipating the land from the thralldom of foreign interference and diplomatic arrogance.

sia has gained by the embodiment of the religious sentiment of the Greeks in the pages of their constitution, and, for the present, she is so satisfied as to remain aloof. The English party, though at first successful, met with a terrible disaster in the defeat of the Mavrocordate ministry; and France, whose influence is at this moment supreme, will soon find herself under the ruins of the Colleti ministry. Greece has gained a great object by the adoption of her constitution, but so long as Russia can find a Metaxa, England a Mavrocordate, and France a Colleti, so long must her ultimate fate remain problematic.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MODERN ATHENIANS.

A MORE strange spectacle than the society of modern Athens is hardly to be met with even in the far East, where every thing is strange. In addition to the Europeans, the French, the English, the Italians, and the Bavarians, who come to the capital of Greece with the hope of making a living or a fortune, and who differ but little from each other in their external appearance, there are to be seen Greeks from every part of Europe and Asia, speaking indeed the same language, but differing in their costumes and habits of life.

The desire of settling for life in the Jerusalem of their nation, brought to the city of modern Athens a great number of the better Greeks, who, during the subjection of their country to the yoke of the Turks, had gone to the different cities of Europe in pursuit of wealth or of science; and in their return the merchant brought his wealth, while the scholar and the professional man brought his knowledge of the sciences and the languages of the civilized nations. Athens, therefore, is a Baby-

lon; for though the modern Greek is the principal medium of communication, the languages of Europe and of Asia are not only understood but spoken and written with ease and elegance by the better educated of the modern Athenians.

The elements of society in Athens, however, are divided and subdivided into as many fractions as there are districts in Greece, and now, as in former times, they continue to be influenced by local interests and sectional prejudices; even those who have returned from Europe, and who ought to be more enlightened, have their partialities in favour of the institutions and the countries in which they have been educated. In the meantime there are certain points of contact in all this apparently incoherent mass: there is the similarity of language and religion, and, with all, there is the deep-rooted feeling of nationality, which, notwithstanding the many difficulties in its way, is the strongest of all agents in facilitating union of sentiment, and uniformity of character among the Greeks of the day. In addition to this new interest, new ties are springing up and forming every day; and Athens is beginning to do for the modern what in former times she failed to do for the ancient Greeks—viz. to unite them into one people.

The powerful influence of modern improvements may be seen by the great changes they have already introduced in the habits and the dress of the better Greeks; for, with the exception of those who are

too old to change, the rest have all adopted the prevailing fashions, and the higher classes of the modern Athenians are as subject to the sway of civilized follies as the dandies and the belles of other European cities. The ease, indeed, with which they take to these badges of civilization, is not the least remarkable feature in their character; it is, perhaps, the point in which they most display their wonderful versatility—the astonishing pliancy of their genius. Theodore Griva, the most noted chief of Acarnania, has learned—and that, too, at a time of his life when it is to be supposed that he had ceased to learn—not only to dance, but to waltz! while Costa Botzaris, the brother of the heroic Marco, wears his military uniform in Athens with all the ease and grace with which he wore his “snowy camese” and his “shaggy capote” among the crags of the wild Suli. Nor are the ladies, especially the young, and those who wish to appear as such, behind the gentlemen in this particular, they are the foremost in the great struggle for fashion!

The Greeks, who but a few years ago were in the habit of seeing their wives and daughters in as simple and as uniform a dress as the marble creations of the ancients, now allow themselves to witness, without a sigh, the form of those they love undergoing the most striking and palpable mutations, and every season now brings with it its appropriate fashions. Love of change and love of dress

falls in with their national characteristics, and were their means equal to their ingenuity, they might dispute the supremacy of fashion with the beauties of greater capitals than that of Greece.

It is in acting upon and in developing this great defect in the character of the Greeks, that the force and influence of the new state of things is principally to be seen, and it does appear as if the great object of those who played the part of reformers was the introduction of idle fashions, and still more idle forms and uniformers, or as Carlisle would say, "the worship of clothes." One of the first things to which the Regency directed its attention was the devising of rich and costly uniforms for the military and civil officers of the state; but those wise legislators of Greece, having omitted to state how long it was lawful to wear one and the same uniform, it is very probable that the uniforms of the civil officers in His Majesty's service, like the armour of the old knights, will descend from sire to son, and when uniforms shall have become as useless as coats of mail, they will then be exhibited, properly stuffed with straw, in the museums of Greece.—Would that that time had come !

The Greeks are GREEKS, even under an uniform. With them, as with the Italians, "it is not the dress that makes the monk;" and it is a fortunate circumstance, that while society in Athens has undergone some changes, these changes have been confined to the élite of the city, and though they have

travelled to some of the principal towns, they have not found their way into the country, nor have they affected the mass of the people in the cities; and if we are surprised at the ease and facility with which the more accomplished of the Greeks have conformed to the new state of things, we are not less so at the pertinacity with which the peasants of the country, and the mass of the people in the cities, have adhered to the customs, the institutions, and the prejudices of their fathers.

The *houte volee* of Athens may be seen almost every day, either at noon, when the music of the royal band calls them before the palace, or when the cool of the evening invites them to their promenades; but the *people* are too busy to join in these recreations, and those who are interested in them, must watch for the occasions when they gather to celebrate their national festivals under the olive groves of the Academy; on the "purple hills of the flowery Hymettus;" before the temple of Theseus; on the banks of the classical Illissus; and under the majestic columns of the Olympian Jupiter. It is at these places, and at stated times of the year, that we see something of the *Greeks*, and are called to witness scenes which remind us of the olden times of Greece.

The public festivals of the modern Athenians are almost all of them connected with religious rites, and though their origin is buried in the depths of antiquity, it is more than probable that they are remains and modified forms of those religious cere-

monies and national festivals which were celebrated in these very regions, and perhaps on these identical localities by the ancient Athenians. The stated pilgrimages of the modern Athenians to the hills of Hymettus; their pic-nic parties to the groves of the Academy, and their dances before the temple of Theseus, are much like the festivals of the olden times, and may be reminiscences—fragments, perhaps, of the Panathenian processions and the Eleusinian mysteries. These are not the only instances of similarity between the popular institutions of the modern and ancient Greeks; and Colonel Leake has justly remarked, that “the classical traveller cannot be many days in Greece without remarking numerous instances in which the present people retain both the *customs* of the earliest ages, and the *modes* of expressing them in language.”

Had the Europeans been half as well acquainted with the character of the modern Greeks as they were with the antiquities of the country, they might have committed fewer political blunders, when they undertook the formation of the laws and the institutions which were to govern the new state. The great statesmen to whose hands this work was entrusted, went to their task as if the mass before them had neither *form* nor consistency; and so stupid were these master minds, that it required the lapse of years and the expense of immense sums before it was discovered that they could stamp no *new* impression upon the character of

the Greeks. What was thought to be the most fickle, was found to be the most stubborn; and the Greeks of the day have resisted the influence of foreign institutions as successfully as when their country was overrun by the Romans and the Turks. The Regency were instrumental in introducing new institutions, and even a new language, but where are they, and where are their schemes? The ministers of state may wear their uniform, but the king flatters the people by wearing their national dress, and his successor will have to do something more—he will have to adopt not only the Greek dress, but the Greek religion.\*

The principal places of amusement in Athens are the coffee-houses and the Leschæ, or the reading-rooms; the former of which are the resort of the many, the latter of the élite. Both are supplied with means of amusement and gratification—with coffee, pipes, newspapers, &c. But the Lesche is provided not only with the local newspapers, but with the journals and the periodicals of the rest of Europe, and it is furnished in a style highly creditable to the taste and the liberality of the Greeks. This establishment is of course open only to its members, and such strangers as may be introduced by them. Thus far it answers a good pur-

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\* The 39th article of the Constitution, which was adopted after the above paragraph was written, says, "Every successor of the Greek throne is required to be a member of the Eastern orthodox Church of Christ."

pose; for besides its being a place of agreeable *reunion* for the inhabitants of the place, it affords to distinguished visitors a good opportunity of seeing the news of the day. The reading-rooms, however, like the coffee-houses of Athens and of Greece, are the favourite resort of loungers; they are to the modern Greeks what the Stoas and the Leschæ were to the ancients; and if it is painful to see the coffee-shops in the best of her cities crowded from morning till midnight with the refuse of their population, or with babbling idlers, whose sole occupation seems to be the business of others; if it is painful to meet with such a sight when Greece is suffering more for want of hands than for want of tongues, it is equally, nay more painful, to see some of her best citizens leaving their wives and their children at home, and resorting night after night to the reading-rooms, to waste their time in descanting upon the affairs of nations—"the balance of power," or the "question of the East." The reading-rooms, indeed, differ from the coffee-houses only in degree, but not in kind—the one is the lower and the other the upper house of parliament.

Neither the coffee-houses nor the reading-rooms can be said to present a promising or even an interesting feature in the social condition of the modern Athenians. This, however, is owing partly to the place, and partly to the people themselves. Athens, it will be recollected, being the capital of the kingdom, is necessarily the resort of many idlers,



who, having little or no occupation, can find at least amusement in the cafés and the leschæ. In addition to this, the whole of the population is exposed to the attractions of a climate whose mildness renders the Greeks less domestic than the English and the Americans, who are kept at home by the charms of woman and the virtues of their snows.

The Greeks, though less domestic, are more social than those who are "cold in clime;" and in this respect they resemble their ancestors, whose whole education and life consisted in talking or listening; whose poetry and philosophy not only flourished beneath the open sky, but were the result of their social habits. Their Plato, their Aristophanes, and their divine Socrates, were among the most illustrious of their he gossips. With such temptations of climate, and with such examples before them, how is it possible for the modern Greeks, and especially for the modern Athenians to be otherwise. It is to be hoped, however, that the progress of education among the female portion of the community, the acquisition of wealth and domestic comforts, and the introduction of better institutions, and greater responsibilities, will modify and improve the coffee-houses and the leschæ: they will always exist: still the first may cease to be a nuisance, and the second may be made to answer their original purpose; that is, to be reading-rooms, and not informal parliaments.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUBURBS OF ATHENS.

*Œdipus.* "Where are we now, my dear Antigone !  
Knowest thou the place ?"

*Antigone.* Far as my eyes can reach I see a city,  
With lofty turrets crowned ; and if I err not,  
This place is sacred ; by the laurel shade,  
Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs  
Of nightingales sweet warbling through the year."

THE vicinity of Athens abounds with eminences, which are interesting on account of their associations, and the extensive and splendid views they command ; but there is perhaps no locality that is so favourably situated as the classical hill of Colonnæus. From it the plain of Attica and the city of Athens, look almost as they did in the days of Sophocles—they welcome one in the same language which was addressed by the Chorus to the blind Œdipus.

#### STROPHE I.

Thou art come in happy time,  
Stranger ! to this blissful clime,

Long for swiftest steeds renown'd,  
Fertilest of the regions round !  
Where, beneath the ivy shade,  
In the dew-besprinkled glade,  
Many a love-lorn nightingale  
Warbles sweet her plaintive tale ;  
Where the vine in clusters pours  
Her sweets, secured from wintry showers ;  
Nor scorching suns nor raging storms  
The beauties of the year deforms.

ANTISTROPHE I.

“ Where the sweet Narcissus growing,  
Where the yellow Crocus blowing,  
Round the sacred altars twine,  
Off'rings to the powers divine ;  
Where the pure springs perpetual flow,  
Wat'ring the verdant meads below,  
Which, with its earth-encircling waves,  
The fair Cephissus ever laves ;  
Where, with his ever-sporting train,  
Bacchus wantons on the plain,  
Pleased with the Muses still to rove,  
And golden Venus, Queen of Love.

STROPHE II.

Alone within this happy land,  
Planted here by nature's hand,  
Which nor Asia's fertile plains,  
Nor Pelops' spacious isle contains,  
Pallas ! thy sacred olive grows,  
Striking terror to our foes ;  
Ever free from hostile rage,  
From wanton youth, or greedy age ;  
Happy in sage Minerva's love,  
And guarded still by Morian Jove.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

But nobler gifts and fairer fame,  
Athens ! yet adorns thy name,  
Such wondrous gifts hath poured on thee  
Thy great protecting deity,  
Here first, obedient to command,  
Form'd by Neptune's skilful hand,  
The steed was taught to know the rein,  
And bear the chariot o'er the plain ;  
Here first, along the rapid tide,  
The stately vessels learn'd to ride,  
And swifter down the current flow,  
Than Nereids cut the waves below."

From Colonæus I passed to the village of Menedhi, which contains about 150 families, all of whom are Albanians. This is the case with the inhabitants of all the villages in this province, and a Greek satirist has asserted that the only autocthones, or cousin-germans to the grasshoppers in Attica, are the owls and the donkeys ! The Albanians who are scattered in different parts of Greece, and who form a portion of its people, are not to be confounded with those of the same race who overran the Morea during the revolt of 1770, and who were afterwards driven out of it. The former are Christians ; the latter were Turks, who came to the country not as emigrants but as conquerors.

"Among the different races," says Dr. K. Mavroyanni,\* "who have emigrated to Attica, there is

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\* Dr. Mavroyanni is a young and promising physician of Athens, a man of literary attainments, and his work "on the climate and

another one which we have not as yet mentioned, and which forms a part of the present inhabitants. These are the Molossians, or as they are now called, the Albanians. It is not in our power to define with exactness the period when they emigrated to Attica. Mr. Guillaume, who visited Greece about two hundred years ago, and who wrote a work on Athens, thinks that the Albanians came from the western frontiers of Macedonia, and also from the Acroceronian Mountains—that the Greek emperors drove them out of those regions during the decline of their empire, and sent them to other parts, in order to improve their character and disposition. They sent the more rebellious of them to the Peloponnesus and to Attica, where, after the death of Skanderbeg, they were joined by others of their compatriots. If these conjectures are true, the emperors were not altogether mistaken in their opinion; for the turbulent Molossians and Chimariotes have not changed materially in their character.”

The Albanians, who are spread over the greater portion of Beotia, Phocis, and Attica, and the Eastern portions of the Peloponnesus, with the islands of Hydra and Spetzia, remained for a long time a distinct race; and though the great struggle of 1821 united them forever with the Greeks, they still adhered to the language of their native land, and to this day they retain some of the customs which

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diseases of Athens and Attica,” is a valuable and interesting production.





PASS OF PHYLLE AND ALBANIAN PEASANTS.

LITH OF C. & W. ENDICOTT N. YORK.

they brought from the Acroceronian Mountains. Their marriage ceremonies last for weeks; and the bridegroom, who comes to the house of the bride like a conqueror, is presented with a loaf of bread, which he breaks and throws at his guests, in token of the plenty he brings and the welcome he gives. The villagers of Menedhi, like the rest of the Albanians, seem to be averse to innovations. Athens, the focus of civilization in this part of the world, is in sight, and yet the mode of living and acting is much the same with that which prevailed in the days of the Turks. They are bent, however, upon improving their fortunes, and their perseverance and industry are above all praise. Our host, who was a good specimen of the hardy Albanians, was quite amused with our undressing before going to bed, and he could not help urging the superiority of their habits, by telling us that with them, when a journey is in contemplation, they tie their sandals before going to bed. Whether he tied his sandals before he went to, or after he left his bed, which was nothing but a bare plank, is more than I can say, but it was hardly two o'clock in the morning when he had us up and on our way to Phyle.

After some trouble and fatigue, which were, however, mitigated by the charms of the loveliest night-scene, we found ourselves before Phyle just at the time when its gray and massive towers were lighted by the rays of the morning sun. We scaled the fortress, and seated ourselves on its ramparts,



while the morning mists were still floating over "the green beauties of the Attic plain." The castle, which is at present used as a sheep-fold, is still in good preservation, and might easily be repaired. "The castle of Phyle," says Leak, "the identity of which is proved by the preservation of its ancient name, by its distance of more than 120 stadia from Athens, as well as by other circumstances related by the historians who have described the celebrated exploit of Thrasybulus, stands upon a precipitous rock, which affords an approach only by a ridge on the eastern side. \* \* \* The pass being very narrow, was effectually defended by this small fortress, which, connected as it is with one of the most remarkable events in Athenian history, furnishes the most interesting accompaniment that can be imagined to the magnificent view which the castle commands." "From Fort Phyle," says Byron, "the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once, in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambul. Not the view from Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent."

From the fortress of Phyle we repaired to the monastic retreat of Agios Klestos, about a mile to the east of Phyle, and found in its terraces and shady vestibule an excellent protection against the rays of the noon-day sun. The church and the

spring were the only objects of interest within, but the monastery, like the fortress in its neighborhood, commanded a prospect which was wanting neither in beauty nor in grandeur. At the foot of the monastery, and away in the depths of the chasm, are the sources of the Yanula, whose waters are carried to the plain of Athens by means of a conduit, which, though a work of modern date, is remarkable for its boldness and extent. On the other side of the sources, and high up among the rocks, is a singular cave; its sides contain niches as well as inscriptions, which render it probable that this is the cave of the nymphs.

Leaving the heights of Mount Parnes, we recrossed the plain of Athens, and reached, late in the evening, the pleasantly situated village of Marousi, which has all the shade, without the unhealthy air of Sipolia, and is considered as one of the best summer retreats in the vicinity of Athens. In ancient times, this romantic little village was consecrated to Diana, and was noted for its olive groves and wild woods, which were adorned and embellished by altars and temples. The protecting deity of Marousi has long since deserted her hunting grounds and her now fallen altars, but the olive and myrtle are still to be seen in their native luxuriance, and the copious spring in the centre of the village continues to be the chief attraction of the place, which, besides the huts of the Albanians, has a good number of neat looking summer-houses.

From Marousi, where we remained for a few days, we repaired to Cephisia, which is only a mile and a half from Marousi, and being situated on a more elevated position, commands a wider horizon and a more interesting prospect, but with this advantage over its less assuming neighbour, it has the disadvantage of being comparatively naked and exposed to the north or Etesian winds. "Cephisia," says Leak, "being one of the few situations in Attica which enjoys the advantage of perennial fountains, together with that of a woody mountain, was a favourite summer retreat of the wealthier Turks of Athens, unworthy successors of those Greeks and Romans who were formerly entertained here in the villa of the illustrious Athenian philosopher, who had adorned the place with gardens, buildings, and statues, and had made it the most agreeable retreat in Attica, in one of the most polished ages of Athenian society."

Since the expulsion of the Turks the Greeks have more than rebuilt the place, and Cephisia holds out again the attractions of cool and shady retreats. The modern Greeks, it is true, have neither the wealth nor the taste of the illustrious Herodes Atticus, and the village has neither temples nor statues for its ornaments, but its gardens are already in a high state of cultivation, and its fountains, during the summer season, present lively and interesting scenes of life.

In our way to Marathon we passed through one

of those sterile and naked regions for which Attica is remarkable. The forms of Mount Parnes and Mount Pendeli, the one of which was to our left, and the other to our right, were both graceful and imposing, but everything else was poor and stunted in the extreme.

We entered the valley of Marathona by way of Inœ, and at the head of the pass we noticed the source of a copious spring, and near it the ruins of a Venetian tower. The pass has gained additional celebrity in consequence of a desperate battle between the Greeks and the Turks, which, in the estimation of the former is justly hallowed, for in addition to the intrinsic importance of the event, its vicinity to the memorable field of Marathon, associates their struggle for liberty with the glorious achievements of their ancestors, with

“ The battle-field, where Persia’s victim horde,  
First bow’d beneath the brunt of Hella’s sword !”

As soon as the force of the noon-day sun was moderated, we left the village of Marathona, and continued in the valley and along the banks of the river till we came to “ where the mountains look on Marathon.” The first object of interest in the midst of its smooth and naked expanse was the tumulus of the Athenians, and in our way to it we had to traverse the rich fields which are remarkable for the want of life and animation, for the stillness and melancholy that reigns over them.

From the crest of the mound we had a full view of the whole panorama. The Greeks and the Persians have both disappeared in the dim distance of time, and there was little else besides some broken records of their actions, but nature was still the same.

“Age shakes Athena’s towers, but spares gray Marathon.”

Marathon, beautiful as it is, owes its celebrity to history, and has preserved not only its bounds but “its boundless fame.” Its memorable battle has been fought so often and so valiantly, that Greeks and Persians are ready to cry “enough.” From the times of Herodotus to the days of Colonel Leake and Mr. Finlay, we have had nothing but the battle of Marathon, and there is reason to believe that the historians have killed more Persians than the Greeks. This, however, proves the value we place upon the heroic actions of man, and shows that the name of this memorable battle-field is as interesting now

“As on the morn to distant glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word,  
Which utter’d, to the hearer’s eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror’s career.

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The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow ;  
The fiery Greek, his red, pursuing spear ;  
Mountains above, earth’s, ocean’s plain below ;  
Death in the front, destruction in the rear !

Such was the scene. Whot now remaineth here ?  
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear,  
The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around !\*

The capital of the Marathonian district being in too sorry a plight to offer us shelter, we sought the monastic establishment to the rear of Vrana, where we were welcomed by its only inmate—the venerable Abbot. The monastery of Vrana is always at the disposal of travellers, but its cells have little else besides a bare floor, and the bed of those who are here provided with “hospitable cheer,” is by no means as soft as the one which Athenian hospitality afforded the Persians. Nor is the want of a bed the only evil to be encountered. It is said by Pausanias, that the slumbers of the travellers who came to visit the plain of Marathon were disturbed by “neighing horses,” and “the sounds of men fighting.” At present, however, the traveller is disturbed neither by the neighing of horses nor by the clashing of arms—the Greeks and the Persians give better indications of their presence—the “shaftless, broken bow” of the one, and the “red, pursuing spear” of the other, are bequeathed to the Marathonii of our times—the fleas and the Corinthians of Vrana. The traveller, like the Strepsiades of the comic poet, may well exclaim, *Iattartai ! iattartai !*\*

Early in the morning of the following day, we

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\* Read the Clouds, Felton's ed., from 706 to 715.

left the monastery of Vrana, and returned to Cephisia and Marousi by the pass of Vrana, which we found more steep and more difficult than that of Ince, but far superior to it as a pass, and far better calculated for entering than for leaving Marathon; for in approaching the plain through the defile of Vrana, the scene of action opens almost simultaneously with the plain of Marathon, and the attention of the traveller, instead of being distracted by objects of minor interest, is concentrated upon Marathon.

From Marousi we returned to Athens, and from thence went to Mount Pendeli and the quarries. The distance from Athens to Mount Pendeli, or its quarries, which are situated about half way up the mountain, is about eleven miles, and yet the clearness and transparency of the atmosphere is such that not only the mountain, but the opening of the old quarries are in sight, and consequently a great temptation to travellers. Mount Pendeli is interesting as a central point in the province, and from its sides and its top may be seen, as on a map, the whole of Attica, with its glories of nature, of history, and of art. The quarry in itself has perhaps nothing remarkable; time has reduced it to a mere cave, whose roof is studded by stalactites, and its entrance adorned by the ever-living garland of the ivy; but there is something touching and sublime in the recollection that out of this subterranean cavern issued the shrines and the gods of Greece.

Having visited most of the objects of interest in the vicinity of Athens, I was invited, in company with Mr. Benjamin, to join Mrs. and Mr. Finlay\* in an excursion to the shrine of the Sunian Minerva. After a ride of two hours, the greater portion of which was over a road supposed to have been the same with that which was used by the Athenians in their way to Marathon, we entered the plain of Messogea. The first objects of interest to the south-east of the pass, between Pendeli and Hymettus, were the remains of the only colossal lion in Attica, whose mutilated form has not entirely lost its expression. We left the lion to guard the pass, and went to the little village of Leopesi to enjoy our dinner during the noon-day heats. The village is situated on the eastern skirt of Mount Hymettus, and is shaded by the olive and the valanidi groves.

From Leopesi we returned to the public road in the plain, and continued over it till we came to the village of Keratia. The plain of Messogea, though more extensive than that of Athens, is far from

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\* Mr. Finlay has been residing in Greece for the last twenty years, and is known, not only by his devotion to the cause of the Greeks, but also by his literary works. He is the author of "Oropia," "Marathon," "Hellenic Kingdom," &c. ; and he is now engaged in preparing a work on the history of modern Greece since the fall of Constantinople. This is a wanting link in the history of ancient and modern Greece ; and though it is a difficult task, the ability and the impartiality of the author give the best promise of success.



being as interesting or as beautiful. It wants the "fair Cephesus" of the Athenian plain, and being bound by mountains, it wants its sea views—the light and life of Athens. Nor is this all; the ravages of war are still to be seen, and in the course of the day's journey we met with nothing but the ruins of its former prosperity. At Keratia, one of the principal villages in Attica, we found a busy and thrifty community of Albanians, whose principal occupation is the cultivation of the vine and the care of the bees, the latter of which are not the least valuable; for

"Still his honied wealth Hymettus yields."

After a night's rest in the miserable hovels of Keratia, we passed by Thorico, where we examined the ruins of its stoa and theatre, which still bear witness to its former wealth and prosperity. The little plain of Thorico, and the port near it, are of themselves sufficient attractions, but the distracted state of the country, and the improvidence of its government, preclude the hope of its becoming soon inhabited.

In leaving Thorico, we took a more southerly direction, and soon began to ascend the ridges of Mount Laurium, which for several centuries furnished large quantities of silver to the Athenian commonwealth, but which at length were entirely exhausted; yet after the lapse of so many ages, the shafts of the mines and the heaps of scorias are still

to be seen in almost every direction. The whole of the southern extremity of Attica is exceedingly mountainous, and the coast on both sides is rugged and precipitous; the hills and the mountains, however, are better clad than those in the vicinity of Athens, and the face of the country, though desolate, wears a more fresh aspect.

After a ride of nearly five hours from Keratia, we met by the way-side with some monumental marbles, and soon after caught the first glimpse of the temple upon the farthestmost extremity of the promontory; its white columns rose over the waters of the sea, and against the blue sky with surprising effect. Athens, and Phyle, and Marathon, are incomparable; and yet there is nothing, even in Attica, that can compare with the magnificence of Sunium, or the beauty of the temple that crowns its heights, and glitters amid the glories and the splendour of nature, like the embodied representation of that religious sense which was excited in the minds and the hearts of the Greeks by the sublime manifestations of the "unknown God."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ISLAND OF EUBŒA.

IN the latter part of July, 1838, the company of Mr. Mansolas, the ex-minister of the interior, and that of Capt. Diamandis, a noted chief of Mount Olympus, afforded me a good opportunity of visiting the island of Eubœa. We left the city late in the afternoon, and before we had time to clear the olive groves of Athens, we were joined by a long caravan of peasants, colliers and merchants, most of whom were for the capital of Eubœa, or for some of the villages on the other side of Mount Parnes, and had joined our escort by way of security against the robbers, who had of late made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Athens. It being too late to reach the kahn, beyond the pass of Decelia, we encamped among the ruins of Ta-toe. This village is situated among the crags of Mount Parnes, and the first scene of our encampment opened with an incident which was becoming its wild situation, and which, but for the coolness of Capt. Diamandis, might have resulted in a disagreeable and perhaps a fatal encounter, between

our men and the government guards, who were so stupid as to mistake us for robbers!

After a cold night, which obliged us to resort to fires, we left the heights of Tatœ with sunrise, and entering the pass of Decelea, descended through a rugged portion of Attica, into the valley on the other side of Mount Parnes, where we lost the sea views, which add so much to the mild beauties of Attica, and where, in the place of the vine and the olive, which encompass the city, we found the corn-field and the valanidi oak, in the neighbourhood of ruined villages.

About eleven o'clock, A. M., we sought the shade of a large valanidi oak, by the side of a little brook, and while a portion of our party wickedly amused themselves in shooting the turtle-doves, another was employed in preparing the more solid pleasures of our repast—the men of Captain D. had prepared a lamb a-la-Kleft: that is, they roasted it on a spit, and served it on the branches of the fern, and having neither knives nor forks to be bothered with, we, like the heroes of Homer,

“Laid our hands upon the meats prepared.”

In the meantime two or three of the Klefts sent round the goblet; and this extempore picnic presented a scene not very different from the one described by the inimitable Chrystopulos, the Anacreon of the modern Greeks:—

“ In this spring so full,  
Set the wine to cool,  
Then comrades our table spread ;  
Spread it in order,  
By the fountain's border,  
With the broad tree over head.

Of the fern-blade cloven,  
Let a napkin be woven,  
Then our lambkin upon it sever ;  
So seated around,  
Our banquet on the ground,  
Let friendship and joy reign forever

At first with light sips,  
We'll flavour our lips,  
Then fuller and faster we'll mount them,  
Till the bumpers we crown,  
And boldly quaff down,  
Would puzzle a mortal to count them.

On our green grassy cushion,  
We'll roll in confusion,  
And tune to the rivulet's gushing,  
Each well-mellowed voice,  
Then sing and rejoice,  
Till slumber our music is hushing.”\*

A little before dinner we had an incident characteristic of the times. The shepherd who sold the lamb refused to give us salt, and Capt. Diamandis, at whose disposal a few years ago, were the lambs and the life of the shepherd, was now obliged to add entreaties to money for a handful of salt.

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\* Translated from the modern Greek, by S. L. Johnson.





ENTRANCE TO CITADEL.

LITH. OF G. B. ENDICOTT.

"The liberty which we lost," said the wild Kleft, "has been found by the cowardly shepherds." "And," said Mr. Mansolas, who was also one of the patriots, "is not this the equality which we sought and promised? Has not the shepherd as good a right to his salt as you have to your sword?" "For all that," rejoined the exasperated chief, "he deserves to lose his ears for his insolence, and he must be thankful to the court of justice for being allowed to wear them from this day and henceforward."

From the hills which separate the inland valleys of Tanagra from the maritime plains of Oropia, we saw the narrows of Eubœa. The bright and mild seas were at one time encompassed by wooded plains and green fields, and at another imbedded in high and rugged mountains. The village huts of Oropus—the ruins of Eretria—the embattled towers at the entrance of the straits, and the events they recalled to mind, peopled the bright seas with the armaments of the Greeks, the Persians, and the Turks.

Passing by the beautiful and now silent ports of Vathe and of Aulis, we came in sight of the towers and the castles which encompass the city of Chalcis, and which rose on the opposite side of the narrows like enchanted creations of the genii. The city, though near enough to be seen distinctly, was, phantom-like, beyond our reach.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to the



straits, and passing over the Euripus by means of a stone bridge, through a tower and over a draw-bridge, we hurried through the castles, and entered the more habitable portion of the town. Here, however, as in the castle, ruin and devastation stared at us on every side, and as the khan to which I was recommended by Capt. Diamandis was all but tenantless, I had every apology for accepting the kind invitation of Mr. B. Drossos, who had already given shelter to his friend, Mr. Mansolas.

The morning after our arrival, Mr. Drossos accompanied me to such parts of the town as I was desirous to see. The lions of St. Mark, and the minarets of the Turks, recalled to mind the nations to whom they owed their origin; but the most curious and the most interesting object was the Euripus; we therefore commenced our morning rambles with a visit to this natural curiosity.

The bridge over the straits is divided into two unequal parts by a castellated tower, which forms of itself a remarkable object in the vicinity of the city. The stone bridge between the mainland and the tower, has a length of seventy feet, while a draw-bridge, of about half that width, spans the narrowest and the deepest part of the Euripus. The depth of the channel under the drawbridge, is from eight to nine feet, and the alternate currents, which are said to change every three or four hours, are now, as in former days, a puzzle and a wonder both to the ignorant and the learned. The current

was now setting in the opposite direction from that of the previous evening, and at both times not only "with a difference of level between the two sides," but with the tumult, with the rush and the roar of a mountain torrent. The passage is generally affected by the aid of the tides, but the hardy sailors of Greece seldom trust themselves over the Euripus when the current is at its highest.

The story that the tides of the Euripus ebb and flow seven times in the course of the day, is as idle as the report respecting the death of Aristotle in the waters, whose laws he could not explain: nor are the accounts of Livy and Babin, or of the travellers who have succeeded them, and who have copied them, more accurate—more in conformity with facts. Their data were taken either from hearsay, or from the reports of ignorant millers; and the united testimony of those who live on the spot is altogether against the theory of those who believe that "the currents change with the winds."

The navigation of the Euripus has become quite difficult, in consequence of obstructions, and the inhabitants of Chalcis are contemplating the plan of deepening the channel: should they succeed in obtaining the permission of the government, their enterprise will not fail to give an additional impetus to the prosperity of their city; and the observations of the scientific men to whom the execution of the work is to be entrusted, may enable us to know

something definite and satisfactory as to the laws which regulate the flux and reflux of the Euripus.

Having visited the Euripus, we next went to pay our respects to Capt. Griziotes. This distinguished individual is a native of Eubœa, and almost the only one of its inhabitants who, by his heroic actions, rose to military distinction. Previous to the revolution, he went to Asia Minor, where he was employed in the humble occupation of a shepherd, and remained there till the commencement of the national struggle, when he returned to his native island; and, in the course of a few years, raised himself among the first chiefs of the land, and among the historical characters of the nation. He is now living in the midst of the very scenes which he rendered memorable; and, as a chief and a large proprietor, he enjoys a consideration not unlike that which was formerly enjoyed by the Turkish Beys.

The residence of Griziotes was not the only thing which recalled to mind the days of the Turks. The latticed window and the double door of the guarded harem were everywhere: the graceful cypress was still in the cemetery, and the high minaret rose by the side of the Turkish sanctuaries; but the secluded chambers of the harem were polluted by the infidels, and the emblem of the Faithful was surmounted by the cross. Though I rejoiced in the triumphs of the Greeks, I could not but sympathise with that portion of the inhabitants who,

having failed to sell their landed estates, were obliged to remain in the city of their fathers, and witness these humiliating insults to their nation and their religion.

As Hassan Bey, the son of the former Pasha, was still in the city, I went to pay him my respects, and in his serai I found the most painful picture of the sad vicissitudes which befell the fortunes of the Osmanlees. The Palace, which was once peopled with a hundred slaves, was deserted; and after rambling through its halls and corridors, we met with a miserable object, who conducted us to a divan equally miserable. The ottomans appeared to have been unmolested ever since the siege, and the spider had mantled with its cobwebs both windows and ceiling; nor was the appearance of the Bey himself less time-worn than the palace of his ancestors : if any thing, his plight was the worse of the two : with the loss of power he seemed to have lost the dignity of his nature.

Hassan Bey, though the son of a pasha, and the brother of the distinguished Hadge Ismail Bey, had ceased to receive the homage which was due to his rank, and our visit therefore was attributed to other motives than respect ; and supposing that we would not purchase his estates without buying his palace, he very politely requested us to examine its premises, and visit the garden, which, being attached to the harem, could not be seen without special permission. We seized upon the

offer of the Bey as the best excuse for shortening our visit, and leaving the halls, descended to the "garden of gule." This, however, was as desolate as the palace; a few cypress and two or three orange trees were yet in bloom, but the rose-bush and the jasmine bower had withered, though the light kiosk was still over the fountain, where

" 'Twas sweet of yore to see its play,  
And chase the sultriness of dāy,  
As springing high the silver dew  
In whirls fantastically flew;  
And flung luxurious coolness round  
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.  
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
To view the wave of watery light,  
And hear its melody by night.  
And oft had Hassan's childhood play'd  
Around the verge of that cascade;  
And oft, upon his mother's breast,  
That sound had harmonized his rest:  
And oft had Hassan's youth, along  
The bank, been soothed by beauty's song.  
And softer seemed each melting tone  
Of music mingled with its own.  
But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose  
Along the banks at twilight's close."

From the palace of Hassan Bey, we went to the church of Agia Paraskeve, which, after the conquest of the place by the Turks, was converted from a Christian church to a Turkish Dzami; and in whose court-yard are reposing the remains of the Turkish Beys and Pashas. Their carved and gilded tomb-stones were an ornament to the city as

well as the church, and ought to have been spared, but the hand of the bigot and the spoiler have been too busy, and the historical relics of the country have been most shockingly injured. In this respect the Christians have proved worse than the Turks, and it is to be regretted that the government failed to interpose its authority in behalf of what may be justly considered as historical monuments.

In our way to the gardens of Chalcis, I passed by the conduit, which stretches in one uninterrupted succession of arches from the neighbouring mountains to the city. In the course of the war, this magnificent work was broken down, and the water was diverted from its original channel; but since the restoration of peace, the conduit has been repaired, to the great advantage of the city and the gardens—the latter of which occupy a portion of Vasilika—the rich and fertile plain to the south of the city. The walls of the towers and the kiosks of the Turks, are still standing, and their ruins are still enveloped by the branches of the olive, the cypress, and the pomegranate, and still shaded by the festoons of the vine and the jasmine. The Greeks, who are the present owners of these gardens, are too poor to indulge in matters of mere taste; but they have not neglected the cultivation of the vine or the olive tree, and the smiling aspect of the gardens speaks well of their industry and enterprise.

The position of Chalcis is favourable both to commerce and agriculture—her good ports render her the depot of the neighbouring provinces, while the rich lands which spread near and about her, promise not only a support, but affluence. Unfortunately the good people of Chalcis have indulged a little too much in speculations, and in their avidity to possess themselves of landed estates, were led into the mistake of buying more than they could pay for, and so it happens, that with large estates in their hands, they are poor, and may become bankrupts.

After a rest of a day and two nights, I left the city for Achmet Aga, in the interior of the island. The first two hours of our journey were over the plains, to the north of the city, which increased in extent and fertility as we approached the limits of Castalia, at the foot of the mountains. While in the plains, and even when we began to ascend the acclivities which succeeded them, the broad masses of Mount Kandeli and the conical form of Mount Delphi—both of which had been before us ever since we left the confines of Attica—rose to the left and right, and added in no small degree to the beauty and magnificence of the landscape.

An hour's ride or so carried us from the olive groves to the pine forests, and brought us to the fountain at the entrance of the Derveni. From this point the features of the country began to alter, and in our descent to the valley, we passed through re-

gions as wild and romantic as are to be met with in the most mountainous provinces of Greece. Our path was shaded by luxuriant forest trees, and the beauty of the scenery was still farther enhanced by the sound of the mountain streams, which accompanied us to the village of Achmet Aga.

Achmet Aga—which is at a distance of nine hours' ride from Chalcis—is situated at the foot of Mount Kandeli, and at the head of one of those valleys which branch from the mountains and open to the sea. The valleys and the little plains are watered by the numerous tributaries of the Bufaris, and the soil produces abundantly both wheat and corn; but with the exception of such parts as open to the sea, the air is far from being so light or so elastic as it is in the more sterile regions of the island. The olive tree is seldom seen, and the climate in certain seasons of the year is anything but healthy.

Achmet Aga and Drazi, two villages in the possession of Messrs. Muller and Noel, have about sixty families, and as their territory—the greater portion of which is mountainous—rises from the level of the sea to the top of Mount Kandeli, it affords sufficient scope for the ideal flights of Mr. Noel, and the terrestrial ploddings of his partner. The lands are cultivated by the peasants, who pay one half of the nett produce. The proprietors receive about five per cent. on the original cost;—their villages, however, are improving under their care, and the country is reaping the advantages of her liberal laws,



which allow to aliens the same rights and privileges with the natives, so far as it regards the tenure of real estates.

From Achmet Aga to Curbatch—a distance of nearly eighteen hours' ride—our path lay principally over mountains partly cultivated and partly in a state of nature; but from this point to Xerochori, and from thence to St. John, the land is rich and well watered; but with the exception of the little cultivation near and about the villages, the rest appeared to be not only in a state of wilderness, but abandoned and depopulated.

The island of Eubœa, which, in the better days of Greece contained as large a population as that which is now spread over the whole kingdom, and which was very appropriately denominated the granary of Attica, has now a sparse population of 43,342; its only advantage over other portions of the country, is the comparative absence of national estates, and the hope of rapid improvement under individual care.

Though most of the villages in the island are in the hands of Christians, there are many still in the possession of the Turks. Their estates were disposed of as soon as they were brought to market; but as some of them were too large for the fortunes of the Greeks, and as the Agas and the Beys refused to divide or measure by acres, the largest and the best villages in the north of the island are still in the market. The immense estate of Hassan Bey,

and the equally extensive villages of his brother, Hadge Ismail Bey, remain unsold, and though they have advanced in prices, they are still cheap enough. The villages of Hadge Ismail Bey, which four years ago were offered at twenty thousand dollars, are now valued at double that amount; and though this is a large sum of money for Greece and the Greeks, what is forty or even fifty thousand dollars for six villages, with two hundred families for tenants, and with an income of four thousand dollars?

The northern shores of the island are not only superior in the extent and fertility of their valleys and plains, but they enjoy the advantage of being near Xerochori, and also near one of the best ports in the whole of the island. Their horizon, too, instead of being confined and oppressive, is free and open. From the house of Mr. Leeves, the proprietor of Castaniotitza, I had before me the mild and beautiful plains of St. John, with its fountains and groves, the castle of Oræos, the islands of the Sporades, the Pelasgic Gulf, Mount Ossa, Mount Olympus, and Mount Parnassus, a prospect in which the magnificent creations of nature are rendered still more interesting by the associations of history and poetry.

On leaving Castaniotitza for Orovia, we passed through the vineyards of Caltzades, (remarkable for its romantic situation and the villanous character of its inhabitants,) and soon after entered a region which, though desolate and unin-

habited, abounded in natural attractions. For the space of five hours we met with no other sign of life but a mill and a few ruined huts. At Agianaco we began to descend, and after winding along a succession of hills and slopes, we reached the little plain, and soon after the village of Orovies.

Orovies is one of the four villages in the island which were inhabited principally by Turks, and is undoubtedly one of the most agreeable places to the north of Mount Kandeli. Its plain is the only one of importance on the western shores, and its southerly exposure is peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the lemon. Like the charming village of Politica, to the south of Mount Kandeli, it abounds in beautiful scenery, and its vineyards and extensive olivegroves descend from the wild and sequestered glens of the mountains to the soft and mild shore of the sea, which encompasses it from mountain to mountain. Nothing can be more mild or more beautiful than the village, and nothing more magnificent than the prospect it commands. The sight of Mount Parnassus is worth the value of the estate.

Mr. Dumas, the proprietor of Orovies, entertained us in the tower, which was once the stronghold of the knights; and while on its ramparts, with the magnificent prospect before us, we were naturally led to the scenes it witnessed during the days of the knights, and the Beys, and over which it still watches like a solitary sentinel.

Mr. Dumas, like most of his compatriots, looks too much to the income, and too little to the improvements of his beautiful village. It is to be regretted that he, as well as all the rest of the Greeks, instead of making their estates their homes, and their peasants their children, have adopted the absurd plan of the Turks, who considered the one as their granary and the other as their ox; and while they are the owners of villages large enough to make them both comfortable and happy, Turk-like, they allow themselves to reside in the city with no occupation but that of the idlers of the cafés in Chalcis. The country and the people will never improve so long as those who have the best interests and the strongest inducements, find their pleasure where their duties are not.

Leaving Orovies, we embarked for Chalcis at Limne, and the communication between the two places, though short and frequent, is not without its dangers. Mount Kandeli rises abruptly from the sea, and the winds which descend from its precipitous sides, are a terror to the most experienced sailors. The winds are so sudden and so partial, that while one boat is either dancing amid the agitation of the waves, or is flying before the winds at a perilous rate, another only half a mile off, is pursuing its quiet course, or is perhaps entirely becalmed. We were so fortunate as not to meet with any of these extremes, and accordingly, after a

pleasant sail of less than four hours, we reached the city, where I was kindly entertained by Mrs. D who lives in a Turkish house,

“ Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.”

## CHAPTER. IX.

### JOURNEY TO THEBES,

I HAD the good fortune to leave Athens for Thebes, with a very agreeable company, and, like old Chaucer, in his prologue of the "Canterbury Tales :"

" Before I farther in the tale do pass  
It seemeth me accordant unto reason—  
To tell unto you all, the condition  
Of each of them, so as it seemeth me,  
And who they were, and of what degree,  
And eke in what array they all were in."

The Pilgrims, who on this occasion set off "with devout courage," for Delphi and Messolonghi, for Mount Eta and Thermopylæ, were Mr. and Miss Leeves, Mr. Benjamin,\* and the writer of these

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\* Mrs. Benjamin's health has obliged Mr. B. to leave the field which he has so long occupied in the East, and return to this country. His services to the cause of missions and letters—through the translations of useful works into the modern Greek—have gained him the esteem of the Greeks, who have conferred upon him the title of "Benefactor," to the Education Society. His loss, we doubt not, is deeply felt by those he has left, but we

remarks. With the exception of Miss L., who was making her first essay in travelling, and who appeared bewildered with the very idea of going in search of wonders, the rest had all passed the gay and giddy season of youth; and, having already seen something of the world, could not be accused of any excesses of feeling or undue enthusiasm. Mr. B. seemed to think more of his young wife, and the beautiful children he was leaving at home, than of the pleasures or the wonders he was to meet abroad. And as to Mr. L., who had already

. . . . . "ridden nere and fare,  
As well in Christendom as in Heatheness,"

he was too much engrossed with the affairs of "Church and State," to think of the graceful Helicon, or the glorious Parnassus.

On leaving Athens we entered *the Via Sacra*, and soon after reached the monastery at the pass of Daphne, which, though desolate and deserted, forms an extensive and interesting ruin of the Byzantine age. The church is supposed to occupy the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, and deserves a better fate than the one to which the present government has abandoned it. From the monastery, which served as a rendezvous to our party,

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console ourselves that what has been lost to Greece, and the East, is gained by America, where we are sure Mr. Benjamin will not fail to make himself useful.

we traversed the narrow valley of Daphne, and after a gradual descent of a few moments, began to catch some transient glimpses of the Elusinian bay, which, as we approached the sea, disclosed by degrees its natural magnificence. The sea here is shut within the island of Salamis and the shores of Eleusis, with the plain and the mountains of Megara in the distance; which, in addition to its classical associations, had all the charms of nature. The calm and blue waters of the sea were encompassed by mountains as blue: and the whole appeared like a quiet lake.

At the end of this little valley, we turned to the right, and passing over a part of the Sacred Way, which at this point winds around the base of the mountain, we entered the Elusinian plain, a little above the salt springs, or the Rheiti, which in ancient times were sacred to Ceres and her daughter; but at present are used for the profane purposes of turning some grist mills of the government, which has succeeded to the rights of the goddess, and to those of her priest, who enjoyed the exclusive privilege of fishing in the sacred salt ponds. Before we approached the salt springs, and while on that portion of the Sacred Way which still retains the indentations of the chariot wheels, we had a good view of the plain of Eleusis. Its extent is far from being as great as that of Athens; it is not deficient, nevertheless, in those features, in that assemblage



of mountains and seas which characterizes the scenery of Attica.

A little beyond the mills of Rheiti we left the carriage road to Eleusis, and passing by the Kalivia of Khassia, entered the old road to Thebes. In so doing we had to cross the whole breadth of the Elusinian plain, the upper portion of which we found entirely sterile—notwithstanding a great part was covered either with the Valanidi oak or with olive trees. The great want of this plain is water, and though this inconvenience was once remedied, the work of the Roman Emperor has followed the fate of other monuments, and the only vestiges of it are to be seen in the few broken arches of the conduits, which once spanned the whole plain, from the mountains to the shore.

We continued on the banks of the Elusinian Cephissus till we reached the eastern ridge of Mount Cethæron. Here, as on some portions of the Sacred Way, we noticed the marks of carriage wheels, and we could not but contrast these sure tests of the former civilization and prosperity of the land with its present desolate and deserted condition. From the Kalivia of Khassia—a miserable Albanian village—to the Khan of St. Vlasias, only six hours' distance from the capital of Greece, we hardly met with a sign of civilization.

The Khan of St. Vlasias, though very pleasantly situated, like other khans in Greece, had nothing to show but four walls and a roof, the latter of

which did not interfere with the pleasure of contemplating the stars—it had neither stories nor partitions, and accordingly masters and servants, bipeds and quadrupeds, found themselves on the same level and in perfect brotherhood. As there was nothing to be obtained from the Hangee but the privilege of reposing under his questionable roof, our servants began to unpack our civilized comforts, and in the course of a few moments bedsteads, mattresses, candlesticks, forks, knives, plates, dishes, tin kettles, cups and saucers, tea-pots and coffee-pots, began to stand on their bottoms or trundle in different directions over the khan, much to the amusement of the wild Albanians, and to the utter terror of our mules, who looked as if they would rather face Mount Ætna than stand the sight and the sound of Mr. L.'s tea-pots. Before we had time to convince our quadruped friends that the tea-pots, &c., were bona fidæ dead things, their masters began to undergo a transformation by no means calculated to allay the curiosity and the alarm of man or beast. Miss L., taking advantage of the surrounding darkness, slipped into her night-cap, and night-gown, too; Mr. L. enveloped his patriarchal form in his long robe de chambre; and Mr. B. covered the crown of his head with a little black sugar-loaf cap; and thus gathered around the table, (a trough with its bottom upwards,) we presented to the eyes of the simple and wondering peasants a droll group.

The outside of the khan wore a very different as-

pect from the inside; the scene here had more of nature and less of art. The Albanians, who had been occupied during the day, either in collecting resin, or in taking care of their goats, had gathered in the court-yard of the khan, and were seated in groups under the olive trees, or busied with the preparation of their supper—which was a very simple affair. It consisted in supplying themselves with a little bread; and the boy, to whom they entrusted this duty, turned a little flour into dough, and after making it into a cake, marked it with the sign of the cross, and then deposited it in the hot ashes of the blazing fire, from whence it was taken and eaten, while it was yet hot. Seeing that I was standing near them and watching their operations, they very politely invited me to partake of their supper; and when I excused myself on the plea that I had already done my duty, they insisted upon my tasting their bread, at least, that I might see if it was not as sweet, and perhaps sweeter, than our Athenian loaves. I found it very palatable; but in order to relish it as well as the Albanians, I ought to have been on the mountains with them.

After supper; that is, after they had eaten everything upon which they could lay their hands—they stretched themselves under the olive trees, with nothing for their bed but the bare ground, and with no other cover but shaggy capotes, and the canopy of the starry heavens. Each party lay round their fires, with their feet towards them; and when one fire

after another went out, the parties, with their mules, dogs and goats round them, were discerned by the aid of the clear moon, whose silvery beams had lighted the mountain-tops and the valleys. The Albanians, though exposed to the night air, slept far more soundly than those who reposed on couches; and when "the rosy fingered aurora" touched the skies, they leaped up as fresh and as light as the deer or the wolves of their forests.

As soon as my companions put themselves in their day robes, we issued out of the khan, and for the first two hours we continued in the glen of the Elusinian Cephissus, which, winding its way in the zig-zags of the gorge, assumes the appearance of more than one stream, and has in consequence acquired the name of Sarandopotamos, or the forty rivers. "The sides, with the lower declivities of the lofty mountains which rise above it in every direction, have just sufficient soil spread over their rocky surface to afford root to dense masses of coppice wood, consisting in great part of wild olives, the degenerated descendants, no doubt, of rich gardens of the same tree, which must have anciently formed the wealth of some Attic landholder. Farther up the base of the mountain the coppice gives place to forests of clustering pines, which, distributed sometimes in irregular masses, sometimes in dropping trees, over the sides and summits of the surrounding heights, relieved on the sky-line by a bright blue heaven, or

lighted up by the rays of the sun, produce a most brilliant effect."

At the time we were winding our way through the pass, the sun had already risen upon the mountain above us; and while the olive and the pine trees on the upper ridges were lighted up, the copice wood in the recesses of the valley were still enveloped in the morning mist. The river being nearly dry, we missed the melody of its murmurs; but this was in part supplied by the tinkling of the sheep bells, and also by the movements of our noisy party.

At a distance of a few miles beyond the glen of the Sarandopotamos we fell in with the new carriage road to Thebes, and shortly after came in sight of the Eleutheræan castle, at the foot of Mount Cethæron. The walls of the fortress, and not a few of its towers, are still in existence, and its ruins, when seen from a favourable position, form an interesting accompaniment to a scene already wild and picturesque. At the foot of the hill which is crowned by the castle, we found a number of khans and a barrack, now occupied by the government soldiers.

After a few moments of rest by the fountain, on the eastern declivities of Mount Cethæron, we continued our march over the public road, and shortly after we obtained a beautiful and extensive view of the Theban plains. A journey of ten hours, and that, too, over sterile plains and naked hills, was well calculated to prepare us for the enjoyment of so beautiful and so extensive a plain as

the one that lay at our feet. There are few plains in Greece either so abounding in natural resources, or so rich in classical and historical associations, as that of Thebes. It is a world of itself, even in its present condition. The seven-gated Thebes has disappeared, but its Cadmean hill is still standing amid the ruins and the battle-fields of Plataea and of Leuctra; and its rolling hills and wide-extended plains are still encompassed by Helicon and Cethæron, whose woody hills and hoary crags form so prominent a feature both in the scenery and in the literature of Greece.

Having enjoyed this magnificent prospect, we turned to the left of the public road, and passing by the little village of Kokhla, and its extensive vineyards, placed ourselves among the ruins of Plataea. This scene of desolation and loneliness was too perfect to be contemplated without pain, and accordingly, after a short and cursory examination of the walls which protected the Acropolis and the tower, we set off for Thebes.

We reached the city of Cadmus a little after five o'clock, P. M., and put up at a khan in Epaminondas' street! Having gone through the formality of delivering our letters of introduction to the authorities of the place, whom we found exceedingly polite and obliging, we spent the rest of our time in a stroll through the city, which at present consists of two streets: Epaminondas and Pindar;—they are both very lonely and very

poor, and neither of them have anything so remarkable as their names ; which, though high sounding, are not inappropriate,—they are at least calculated to recall to the inhabitants the past splendours of their native place. Both of these streets run on the back of the Cadmean hill, which, notwithstanding the ages that have swept over it, and the misfortunes it has witnessed, has nevertheless preserved some few remains of the walls that once encompassed the Cadmea. Now, as in former times, the city of Thebes is watered to the right and left by the rivers of Ismenus and Dirce, and, so far as the natural objects are concerned, it answers to the description of Dicæarchus: “The site of the Cadmea is level ; the form circular. It is plentifully provided with water, and abounds in green pastures and fertile hills, and in gardens beyond any city in Greece. Two rivers flow through the town, and irrigate the adjacent plain: there is also a subterraneous stream issuing from the Cadmea through conduits, which are said to have been constructed by Cadmus. The abundance and coolness of the water—the agreeable breezes and verdant aspect of the plain—its gardens, fruits, and other productions of the season, render Thebes a most agreeable residence in the summer. In the winter, on the contrary, it is very unpleasant, being destitute of fuel, and constantly exposed to floods, and winds ; it is then often covered with snow, and is very muddy.”

The seasons are still the same, but the site of Thebes is far from being "level;" the whole city is now situated on the bluff of the Cadmea, and the rivers, instead of flowing through, only encompass the hill on which formerly stood the Acropolis. This is evident, not only from the above description of Dicæarchus, but from that of Pausanias, for the site of the present city would hardly be sufficient for half of the monuments which are described by the latter author. The gardens, like the temples and the porticoes of the ancient city, have disappeared, and with them much of its beauty; but the "green hills," and "fertile pastures;" the rivers, and the stream that issues from the Cadmea; the broad plains and the graceful forms of Mount Cethæron, and Mount Helicon, with the distant but majestic Parnassus, add not a little to the beauty of its horizon, and if the conveniences and the comforts of life could be obtained, Thebes might still be "an agreeable residence in summer." But, unfortunately, she has not as yet recovered from the effects of the last war. At the end of the revolution the city was left a heap of smoking ruins, and those of its inhabitants who escaped the sword, and succeeded in gathering around them their household gods—a few tin pans and earthen pots—are struggling with the first essays of life, which are the more difficult as the worthy descendants of Epaminondas and of Pindar had to begin life with nothing. In the course of their servitude they had



lost their paternal estates, and they were obliged to purchase their present possessions from the government, at the extravagant prices of three, four, and even five hundred dollars per acre—a state of things ruinous to themselves and to the true interests of the country.

The plains of Bœotia abound in rich lands, and the city, though inland, is yet so favourably situated as to be within a few hours' distance from three seas—the Saronic and Corinthian Gulfs, and the ports of the Eubœic frith. In addition to this, the great national road, which is to be extended from the capital of the kingdom to its confines to the north, has already reached the city of Thebes, and its inhabitants are thus enabled to send the produce of their fields, and even the vegetables of their gardens, to the market of Athens.

At ten o'clock in the morning we repaired to the Demark's, where we partook of a breakfast, which had all the accessories of ordinary dinners—soup and desert not excepted; and from whence we enjoyed a fine view of the country and the people. The balcony of the house is over the principal street of the town, and as the day happened to be the weekly fair, the country people had come to buy and sell. The concourse was lively and interesting, and strongly reminded me of the scenes I had often witnessed in the principal cities of Macedonia before the revolution. In spite of the many political changes that have taken place in the

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course of the last twenty years, the social habits of the country people have undergone but little alteration; they are in almost every particular the same—neither their character nor their customs appear to have been affected by the new order of things. The principle of nationality appears to be both deep and vigorous.

## CHAPTER X.

### LIVADIA.

“They say the Ægyptians are a wondrous race  
In various things; and in their creed, the eel  
Is equal to the gods; he’s costlier much  
Than they, since gods are gained by merely praying;  
But one must spend at least twelve drachms or more  
To treat one’s nostrils to a single sniff;—  
*So parlous holy is the beast.*”

Trans. by C. C. Felton.

DURING our day’s stroll through the streets of Thebes, I saw in the market some fine Copaic eels, and recollecting the praises which the ancients bestowed upon them, I determined to test the truth of their remarks. The cook was therefore ordered to buy the largest of them, and prepare it in the true classical style for our dinner, or the next day’s picnic in some grove, or by the side of some fountain in the course of our journey to Livadia. Accordingly, the eel was bought and roasted, but there being no other mode of keeping it out of harm’s way during the night, it was put in a basket and suspended in the centre of the apartment. In the course of the night, the flavour of its contents, which were rich

enough to provoke the immortals, brought to the khan all the Heliconian cats, and their attempts to get at the basket, threw us into a great consternation. One of them missed the basket, and fell upon my next neighbour, while two others were more successful; but being unable to divide the spoils amicably, they commenced open hostilities high up in the clouds. The cause was so unthought of, the alarm so sudden, and the cry so loud and so terrible, that every one of us was startled, and for a while I thought that the "seven" of Æschylus had come upon Thebes in right earnest.

The public road which we followed in leaving the city of Thebes, passed over the torrent of Dirce, and then ascending the broken hills to the west of the town, descended again to the level country which stretches to the north-west of it, and which is encompassed by the rolling hills to the south, and the naked mountains to the north-east. The medium width of this plain is about four miles, and its surface is as smooth, and as clear of any incumbrances as the expanse of a calm lake. With the exception of a few shrubs on the banks of Kanavri, there was nothing to be seen to the right or left of us but naked fields, without a tree or fence: the only thing that varied the monotony of the prospect were a few green fields of Indian corn. The latter part of the plain grew narrower, and so hollow, that in winter it often lies from five to eight feet under water. The ✓

public road, therefore, will have to be raised that height above its present level.

A ride of two hours and a half brought us to the rocky ridge, between the plain of Thebes and that of Livadia, and an ascent of ten minutes placed us to the left of Mount Phaga. These heights are supposed to be the Phicium hills, the scene of the Sphinx. The locality is now called Stene or Narrow, and is interesting for having been the scene of some important actions between the Greeks and the Turks; the tamburia or breastworks of the former are still seen on the hills to the right and left of the public road.

On the other side of Stene opened a new and boundless prospect. To the right of us was spread the green surface of the Copaic Lake, and to the left were the light and airy peaks of Mount Helicon, with their forests of pine and mazes of flowering myrtle. Within a few paces of us was an old Venetian ruin, and to the background of this magnificent picture rose the majestic form of Mount Parnassus. The cool and resplendent air in which everything seemed to be clothed, the green pastures and luxuriant groves, the springs and clear streams which descended from the hills and the mountain to the lake, that lay hid in its mazes of canebrake, spread around us a scene whose variety of outline and richness of colouring were entirely unlike the outlines and the colourings of the mountains of Attica, and the plains of Eastern Bœotia.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, we alighted at a khan in the vicinity of an abundant spring. The khangee, who had nothing but dry bread and cheese, provided us with some delicious grapes, which had been cooled in the crystal waters of the neighbouring fountain; but the best thing before us was the Copaic eel, which had been roasted on the spit, in leaves of Apollo's laurel, the substitute of the beet leaves of the ancients, and sprinkled with lemon juice; it was indeed a "delightful morceau for mortals;" and after the experience of the day, we were not only willing to pardon the cats for the trouble they had given us in the course of the previous night, but ready to endorse the extravagant opinions of the ancients.

With Mount Helicon and Copais in sight, and the eel before us, we were better prepared to enter into the merits of the dialogue between Dicæopolis and the Bœotian, in the *Acharnenses* of Aristophanes, than the most learned professors in the universities of Germany. Plain facts throw better light than sublime theories.

*Dec.* (addressing the Bœotian.) O thou that bearest the sweetest bit to man,

If eels thou bearest, grant me speech with them.

*Bœot.* (taking the eel by the tail.) Fairest of fifty dear Copaic maids,

Come forth and welcome graciously this stranger.

*Dec.* (in ecstasies of delight,) O dearest one, long looked for wistfully,

Thou comest welcome to the tipsy quires.

And dear to Morichus; ho! slaves, bring forth  
The brazier, let us have the bellows, too.  
Boys, look your fill at that most noble eel,  
Brought hither after six whole years of longing.  
Speak to her, children; I will fetch the coals  
For this fair stranger's sake; come, bring her on,  
'For I will never, even after death.  
Be parted from thee'—dressed with leaves of beet."

Trans. by C. C. Felton.

On the other side of Œcalea, we found the Tilphossian rock, or, as it is now called, the Petra. The hills of which it forms a part, are connected with Mount Helicon, while the rock, which juts into the plain, resembles one of those bold and lofty promontories which hang over the waters of the Mediterranean. At the foot of the rock are the Tilphossian springs, and as their waters unite themselves with Lake Copais, the public road is confined between the morasses to the right and the precipitous cliffs to the left, thus forming one of the most remarkable passes in this part of the country. According to Homer, there was built by Apollo a temple in "a shady grove," and near the beautiful fountain, but these exist only in the Hymn to Apollo, and the Tilphossian rock and spring are of late more frequented by the klefts of the moderns than by the gods of the ancients. The pass of Petra, however, is interesting for having been the closing scene of the modern Greek revolution. It was in this remarkable pass, and on the 19th of September, 1829, that Demetrius Ypsilanti, having gained a decisive

victory over the Turks, obliged their general to sign a treaty, by which it was stipulated that the forces of the enemy should retreat beyond Sperchicus, and that the whole of Greece, to the bank of this river, should be left free.

From Thebes to Petra, and from Petra to Livadia, the road passed over regions once occupied by cities, and adorned with temples; but the towns and the monuments which once embellished the shores of the lake, and the hills of the mountains, are known by the ruins they have left, or by some natural object in their neighbourhood. By the aid of our maps and our books, we fancied that we saw the positions which were occupied by Haliartus, Alalcomenæ, and Coronea; but the only objects of which we could entertain no doubt, were Mount Helicon and Lake Copais. Some of the cities which figure in the pages of Homer, are occupied by small villages, and the country in general is so depopulated, that the want of life is singularly contrasted with the magnificence of nature—her mountains, her lakes, and her streams, with the rich fields on their banks, form a beautiful desert. The only objects which give signs of life in the vicinity of Alalcomenæ, were seven or eight mills, whose arched and successive conduits, being clothed with the ivy and myrtle, presented to the eye a pleasing and picturesque object.

Beyond the mills and the river Triton, we fell in with the old road, and began to wind our way round



the sloping hills of Mount Lybathrum, and over the old Turkish caldarim, which admitted of no hurry. One hill was succeeded by another; light gave way to twilight, and at length we could distinguish nothing else but the dark outlines of Mount Parnassus, as he rose and soared in the dim and starry heavens, till we came in sight of the city, whose lights being scattered over an immense amphitheatre, presented us with a rare and interesting night-scene. As we approached, the sound of falling waters and the hum of human life came up to us, and made us feel that from the solitude of the mountains we had come once more into "the agony and strife of life."

The city was scattered over an immense space of ground, and each house being encompassed by ruins and rubbish, the difficulty of finding lodgings was greatly augmented. We first groped through alleys and over conduits to a khan in the lower part of the town, but having found it darker and more dismal than the cave of Trophonius, we went in search of the Demark, who very politely invited us to remain with him.

Our host was the son-in-law of the well-known Logothetes of Livadia, who, in the days of Ali Pasha, was not only the most wealthy, but the most influential, and the most hospitable man in this part of the country. The old man has been succeeded by his son-in-law, who, though without the fortune of his father, still indulges in the pleasures of hospitality. Neither the late hour, nor the great num-

ber of his guests, on the present occasion, seemed to disconcert him or his good lady. They placed their house at our disposal, and would not even allow us to open our travelling beds. The next morning, the first object which arrested my attention was the citadel, which, though dismantled, still formed so bold and interesting a feature, that I could not resist the temptation of seeing it from a nearer point. The attempt was attended with some difficulties, in consequence of the ruins in my way, but I was more than recompensed by the interest I felt in examining the interior of the ruin. The hill itself is detached from the mountain which rises to the rear of it by a deep chasm, and the battlements hang over precipices both wide and deep. At the opening of the revolt in Livadia, Demir Bey, the governor of the town, was seized as a prisoner by the Albanian garrison in the citadel, and while the Greek Primates were consulting, at the foot of the castle, as to what was best to be done with the Turks in their possession, the garrison threw the body of Demir Bey over the rocks into the chasm. The deliberations of the Greeks resulted in the massacre of the Livadian Turks near the cave of Trophonius.

From the castle, which commands a beautiful prospect of Copais and the regions about it, I went to the fountains of Oblivion and Memory, both of which unite and form the sacred stream of Hercyna. In winter, when the torrent above this fountain is swollen, the sources of Lethe and Mnemosyne lie

too deep to be seen, but at this season the mountain torrent was entirely dry, and the waters of these celebrated fountains were allowed to flow without obstacle or interruption. A few paces beyond their sources, they form themselves into a stream large enough to turn a number of mills on both sides of the town. Over the springs is spread a large plane-tree, and the romantic scene is further embellished by a Turkish fountain, and also by the women and the children, who are to be seen here at all times of the day.

The fountains are at the entrance of the gorge. To the right is a church, and to the left are a number of niches cut into the face of the rock, over a small opening. The church is supposed to occupy the site of the temple of Æsculapius, and the opening under the niches is regarded as the entrance to the celebrated cave of Trophonius. Future excavations\* will doubtless give us some additional information on these points, but without the aid of farther discoveries we may venture to say that the position of the cave cannot be far from this point. At any rate, the opening of the gorge above the fountain is the most appropriate entrance for such a terrestrial Hades as the cave of Trophonius. A single glance is sufficient to impress the mind of the

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\* The excavations are already commenced, under the auspices of the Archæological Society, and under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Naum, the government engineer for Bœotia.

spectator with terror, and to prepare him for the awful mysteries which he was to witness in the deeper recesses of the earth.

Below the sources of Lethe and Mnemosyne, and on each side of the sacred Hercyna, is the town of Livadia. The situation of this city is too damp to be healthy; for in addition to its proximity to the stream, it is so overhung by rocks and hills, that the sun comes too late, and leaves it too soon in the day. Its position, nevertheless, is very picturesque; and the town of Livadia, even in its present abject condition, is one of the most romantic looking places. The graceful minarets of the Turks, and the palace-like habitations of the wealthier Greeks, who had found here an asylum, have almost all disappeared; but the natural attractions of the place have suffered but little, and the town, with its hills, and its castellated citadel, forms a beautiful and imposing picture.

After the destruction of the old town, the new might have been rebuilt with some regard, at least, to taste and convenience. The houses of the Livadiotes, instead of being allowed to ramble at will, might have been requested to put themselves on a line with the river, whose banks, in the plans of the architects, are appropriated to a public walk, and whose waters are spanned by a number of Turkish bridges, all of which add materially to the beauty of the scene. Unfortunately, the government neglected to provide a plan in time, and the people - obliged to build on the old foundations,

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHÆRONEA, ARACHOVA AND PARNASSUS.

AFTER a day's rest we left Livadia for Arachova, and while yet among the gardens, which are irrigated by the waters of Hercyna, and covered with the meadows of Lucerne, we turned more than once to look upon the light and airy castle of the town—upon its hills and its mountains, as they glittered in the rays of the morning sun. When we gained the acclivities of the hills, on the other side of the valley, the view unfolded itself more fully, and the city rose against the sides of Mount Helicon, which, with its hills and crags, formed an appropriate background to one of the gayest pictures in Greece.

The first objects of notice in the plain of Chæronea were the fragments of the colossal lion which surmounted the Polyandrium of the Thebans. The lion had sunk in the tumulus, and at length was entirely lost in the artificial mound; but Ulysses, the modern—who, by-the-bye, was no zealous antiquarian—being led to believe that the tumulus contained hidden treasures, undertook the excavation. Instead of treasure, however, he found

a Megatherion, the use of which he did not exactly comprehend; but either suspecting, or being informed by some wiser head, that the treasure was to be sought for in the body of the animal, he took the lion to pieces, and found nothing but a scroll of paper, on which was written this important piece of information: "The lentiles require oil." It is supposed that this trick upon Ulysses was the work of some of the labourers, who, during the excavation, were fed on lentiles without oil. The fragments of the colossal lion are scattered round about the tumulus, and a little exertion on the part of the government, may repair this interesting remnant of antiquity.

At Capurna, the site of ancient Chæronea, we found nothing of interest—nothing that could in any degree attest the former importance of the place, but a portion of the Acropolis, and some few seats of the old amphitheatre. In the body, as well as in the interior, of the village church, were some few architectural fragments, and also a marble arm chair; but these were at best but "sad relics of departed worth;" and the little interest which they created was lost by the presence of the miserable village, and its still more miserable inhabitants. I have seldom visited a place which gave rise to so many sad and gloomy reflections as the site of Chæronea. The sites of Leuctra and Platæa were indeed affecting; but their desolation was complete, and there was nothing to disturb our musings on their past

glory: but here the case was far otherwise: our recollections of, and our associations with, a spot which witnessed so many important scenes in the history of the country, and which was the home of the refined Plutarch, were disturbed and distorted by the presence of a poor and miserable race. The village fountain, in the edge of the plain, was the only point of relief. Here were the women, the children, the ducks, the geese, and the donkeys of Chæronea.

At the fountain of St. Vlasius, near the site of Panopia, and under the shade of the broad plane tree, we found some village women who had gone there to escape the heat of the day—and who, like their prototypes, were armed with the distaff and the spindle. The interest of the picture was heightened by the presence of a few young Panopeans, who were at the time playing in the mud of the neighbouring fountain, and also by the simple and unaffected manners of their mothers.

On our way to Daulis we had a clear and distinct view of Mount Parnassus; which, from this point, and hour of the day, was seen to the best possible advantage. Instead of showing us, as it did heretofore, a peak here and a range there, it now rose above the deserted but beautiful plain of Chæronea, and stood before us and against the blue sky in all its calm and majestic sublimity.

From Daulis, a beautiful and a pleasantly situated village at the foot of Parnassus, we ascended

to the Monastery of St. Jerusalem, which resembles, in almost every respect, the "Monastic Zitza."

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh,  
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity :  
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high ;  
Here dwells the cottager, nor rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer : the passer by  
To welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee  
From hence, if he delights kind Nature's charms to see.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;  
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,—  
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :  
The plain is far beneath. Oh ! let him seize  
Pure pleasure while he can : the scorching ray  
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease ;—  
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
And gaze untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away."

The Monastery of Jerusalem, being situated at the entrance of the upper pass, had become, in the course of the late revolution, the successive stronghold of the Greeks and the Turks, and by degrees was reduced to a heap of ruins. Owing, however, to the veneration entertained, both by Greeks and Turks, for religious institutions, the church was left standing, and a few years of tranquillity have enabled the monks to reconstruct the rest of the edifice. The moveable property, however, of the monastery—the flocks of goats and of sheep, are gone ; and those of its inmates who have escaped with their



lives, are hard pressed for means, notwithstanding the gates of their retreat are still open, and the traveller of every creed and condition still meets here with a welcome.

After a hasty review, and a passing tribute of admiration to the many objects of interest within and without the precincts, we were invited to a simple repast at the Abbot's, who, in accordance with the rules of the monastery, waited upon his guests in person. This, at first, had an awkward appearance; but the simple manners of the Proegumenos and his brethren removed every embarrassment, and we went to work in good faith. Messrs. L. and B. provisioned themselves for the next forty-eight hours, while Miss L. and myself could not, without great injustice, be charged with a want of appetite. Heaven preserve the poor monks from similar guests, and us from a second visit to their rocky home.

Immediately after dinner we left the monastery, and shortly after entered the pass, between the upper and the lower ranges of Parnassus. The public road was a foot-path along the sides of the lesser chain, and withal so rough and so steep that by the time we began to approach the zygos or yoke which joins the lower to the upper range, we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. The objects to the right and left of us were not wanting in sublimity, and the solitude was increased now by the tinkling of the distant sheep bells, and now by the

echos of the falling stones. The circumstance, however, which added to the interest of this remarkable pass, and which gave rise to sad and melancholy reflections, were the bones of the poor Turks, who, having escaped the fate of their comrades at Arachova, were overtaken by a snow storm, and buried beneath its masses.

From the highest part of the pass—which presented us with an extensive view of Phocis and the southern portion of the Corinthian gulf—we described the town of Arachova, and dismissed our guide, who assured us that we could not miss the road without going to the bottom of the chasm !

The first feat to be performed was to slide over an inclined plane, the surface of which was strewn with small loose stones. Our horses were made to take the lead ; and while they were moving with the elements beneath them, we followed in their wake, without any very clear or definite idea as to the terminus of our enterprise : but retreat being out of the question, we continued to fall and tumble till we launched, neither at Arachova nor at the bottom of the chasm, but somewhere between the two. To the left of us was a yawning abyss, and to the right were a host of appalling cliffs, growing and moving upward in a crowd. The scene was farther enhanced by a superb water-fall, which, like

“ Arethusa arose,  
From her couch of snow ;—  
From cloud and from crag

She leapt down the rocks,  
With her rainbow locks,  
Streaming among the streams.

And gliding and springing,  
She went ever singing,  
In murmurs as soft as sleep.  
The earth seemed to love her,  
And heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep."

About half past seven o'clock we reached the town, and alighted at the house of Mr. Alex, who, having been apprised of our movements by the Demark of Livadia, was prepared to give us a cordial welcome. He was not a little surprised when he heard of our adventures over the mountain, and could not conceal his displeasure against the monks, who allowed us to trust ourselves over roads which had long ceased to be travelled, and which he assured us were unfit for any body but for the best mules and for those who were hard pressed by an enemy. He crossed himself over and over, and thanked the Panagia for our safe arrival.

The town of Arachova contains about five hundred families. The people are occupied with the cultivation of their vineyards, and their olive plantations, and also with the care of their flocks, which constitute a great part of their wealth. The soil, though well cultivated, is poor, and accordingly the male part of the population are either shepherds or engaged in business away from home, and the cul-

tivation of the vineyards, with all the domestic concerns, are left to the care of the women, who are as noted for their industry as they are for their personal attractions.

The women of Arachova, however celebrated for their beauty, are formed on too ample a scale to be regarded as models of female loveliness. The smallest of them far exceeds the proportions of Venus de Medici, and by the side of Psyche would appear colossal. But though too formidable, they are by no means wanting in symmetry, and their forms are set off to advantage by their national costume. Our hostess wore an embroidered gown, a heavy girdle, with her arms partially covered, and her tresses braided with silken cords. The distaff in her girdle, and the spindle in her hand, made her look like a queen of the Homeric age.

The first object which presented itself to our view as soon as we awoke, was Liakura,\* the highest peak of Mount Parnassus; and as soon as breakfast was over, we mounted our mules and started in hot haste for the divine Parnassus. An hour's ride brought us to the elevated plain, on which are situated the farm-houses of Arachova. The valley

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\* Liakura is the Lycoria (Λυκωρία) of the ancients, and the name which is often applied by the people to the whole of Mount Parnassus, though at Arachova the men with whom we conversed applied the name of Parnassus to the whole of the mountain, and that of Liakura to the highest peak.

is both cold and wet; but the owners, who are kept out of it in autumn by the early snows, and in spring by the water, are in the habit of sowing it with a sort of grain which they reap three months after it is sown. The lower part of the plain seems to be the basin of a temporary lake, whose waters find their way into the Corycium Cave, and from thence probably to Castalia.

Passing by the Kalivia, and leaving their mean huts to the left of the road, we commenced the ascent of the upper ranges of the mountain. The pastures here were shaded by fir trees, and enlivened with flocks and shepherds, who seemed to be as much interested in our appearance as we were with theirs. We were particularly struck with a man and a woman who were coming out of the fir forests just as we were entering them. The man, who was probably the husband of the dame, was driving an obstinate donkey, while the woman followed with a young pine tree on her shoulder, and a broad-axe in her hand. As soon as they saw us they very politely gave us the way; and an accidental question having arrested their attention, they put themselves in an attitude we could not but admire. The man, who was a tall, gaunt, and bold looking mountaineer, laid his hand on his shaggy beast, and answered our salutations and inquiries with grace and dignity; while his youthful and well-formed companion, with a countenance full of health, and eyes full of fire, stood by his side, and against the blue

sky of her native Parnassus, with her left hand supporting the tree, and with her right holding the ponderous axe. The picture, though rough, was bold and wild, and quite in keeping with the scene.

As soon as we issued out of the fir forests, the air began to be more chilly, and the aspect of things to change at every step. The trees, and even the shrubs, began to disappear, though many of the rocks were covered with moss, and here and there we met with what the people call beautiful meadows: even at this late season of the year they were covered with verdure; and we were informed by our guides, that in the latter part of the spring—that is, soon after the disappearance of the snow—they are enamelled and gay with bright and glowing flowers. With this exception, the rest of the scene was a waste of rugged rocks, and wild aspiring crags. Here and there we saw large masses of snow, which the sun had not been able to melt; but the general feature of the scene was one uninterrupted expanse of rocks: a hundred peaks were within the range of the eye, and in the midst of them rose the old patriarch himself, Mount Liakura.

The last twenty minutes of our pilgrimage was to be performed on foot. The ascent, however, though difficult, was by no means dangerous: we reached the top after some toil, and from the highest crag that soars into the heavens of Greece, we

saw—nothing! The clouds were in the act of enveloping the mountain-tops, and I endeavoured to console myself by repeating the ode of Aristophanes:

“ Ascend ye watery clouds on high ;  
Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,  
And o’er the mountain’s pine-capt brow,  
Towering your fleecy mantle throw.  
Hence let us scan the wide-stretch’d scene,—  
Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,  
And stormy Neptune’s vast expanse ;  
And grasp all nature at a glance.”

On our return we had the additional pleasure of a thorough soaking—an incident to which we submitted with philosophic resignation: but a little before sunset we came out of “the storm’s career,” and in sight of Arachova. The last rays of the sun were still lingering upon the tops of the houses, and the whole world at our feet looked too mild to be a part of the one we had left on the tops of the “divine Parnassus.”

Before entering the village we passed by the church of St. George, and visited the hill to the back of it, which figures so conspicuously in the annals of the Greek revolution. It was on the rocky heights of the hill, in the upper extremity of Arachova, that the Kahaga Bey of Kutahi Pasha, and Musta Bey the Albanian, with 1800 men, were besieged by Karaiskaki. The Turks, after a siege of seven days, sallied out on the 3d of December, and took the road to the monastery of Jerusalem,

which was rendered still more impassable by the heavy snows which had been falling ever since the 28th of October. While their van-guard was arrested by the Greeks, who had been posted at the foot of the water-fall, at the entrance of the pass, the rear was overtaken by the men under the command of Karaiskaki. The Turks, who were already exhausted by the misfortunes of the last seven days, were now exposed to the destructive fire of their enemies, in their front and rear. The weaker of their comrades were thrown down the precipices, while those who offered resistance were cut to pieces by their adversaries. Kahaga Bey and Musta Bey shared in the fate of their followers. Even those who gained the opposite side of the fall, were overtaken by a snow storm, and perished in its drifted masses: a few only gained the monastery. The defeat was complete; and the inhabitants of the village were engaged for weeks afterwards in hunting out the bodies of the Turks and the Greeks, in the masses of the snow, and in the recesses of the rocks.

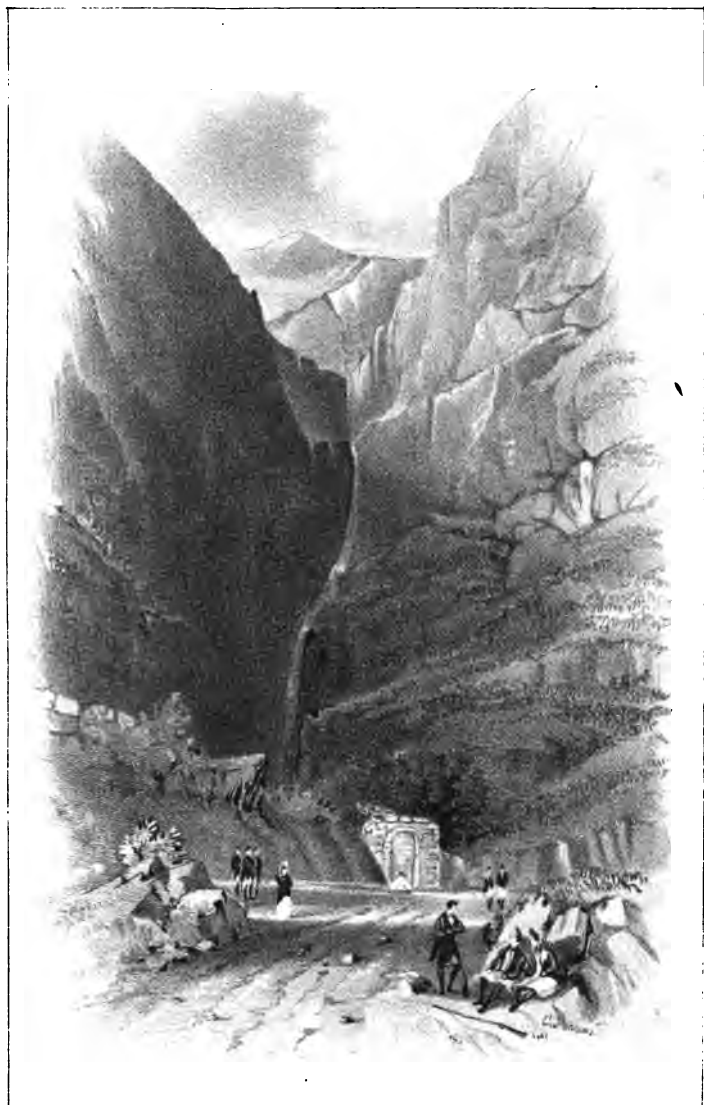


## CHAPTER XII.

### DELPHI AND AMPHYSSA.

THE day after our arrival at Arachova, and just as we were preparing for our departure to Delphi, we were called to the windows to witness the procession of the school boys, who were parading the streets in commemoration of some national fête, and who, by their dress and appearance, gave promise of better things. The sight was very interesting; and I could not lose so good an opportunity of advising the people of Arachova to improve the condition of their school-houses, and to neglect no longer the establishment of female schools, the true basis of national prosperity.

In passing through the vineyards, the people loaded us with the grapes of their sunny hills, and thereby gave us additional proofs of their hospitable disposition. A little before reaching the site of Delphi, for which the peculiar features of the country began to prepare us, we turned to the left of the road to examine some monuments of antiquity in the cemetery. Here we found a great number of tombs, and among the rest a mutilated but very beautiful sarcophagus. The Vandal who made the



DEIPEI AND CASTANIA.

L. T. & O. W. END COY.



discovery was unable, it would appear, to carry away the whole of the monument, but he found no difficulty in breaking off the heads and the arms of the figures which adorned its lid and its sides. The lid, which is almost entire, is surmounted by a female figure, whose reclining form is sunk in the pliant marble with so singular an effect, that neither time nor the more impious ravages of man have succeeded to strip the marble of its expression.

The temples and the monuments of art have all disappeared, but "nature is still fair;" and it is difficult to find, even in Greece, a scene more dazzling or more sublime than the one which we had now before us. The hills on each side of the Castalian brook were covered with olive groves, and terminated by the bold cliffs of Hyampia and Nauplia; at the foot of which and high up in the recesses of the chasm, we found the fountain of the far-famed Castalia.

Its water flows through a number of spouts into a large basin; and the fountain, even in its present desolate and degraded state, is as cool and romantic a retreat as a poet would wish to have. The fountain being cut in the rock, it has probably suffered but little in its appearance; the statues, however, of Apollo and the nymph Castalia, have deserted their niches, and with their disappearance, their waters have lost their inspiring properties. I observed no symptoms of "holy madness" in my companion, nor did I experience any

inconvenience myself, though in my attempts to discover the sources of Castalia I fell full length in the waters of the Pythian bath.

After a short stay at the fountain, and a passing visit to the neighbouring chasm, we went to the village of Castri, on the other side of the brook, and visited the remains of the temple, the excavation of which may be said to have been the cause of Professor Müller's death, who, in the eagerness of his pursuit, forgot to abide by the advice of his friends. He took no precaution against exposure to the action of the mid-day sun. .

While among the ruins of the temple, we were surrounded by the villagers, who, unlike their neighbours, the peasants of Arachova, were anxious to serve us, not for love but for money. The young Albanians brought us laurel enough to crown all the heroes and the poets of the 19th century, while an old beldame, the Pytho of the village, was induced, for the sake of a few coppers, to part with the very olive crook with which she drove her pigs and her little barbarians to the fields.

The village of Castri is villanous enough, and its filthy inhabitants are not only a living nuisance, but the most dangerous enemies to the antiquities of the place: there is nothing they would not sell for money. Their ignorance, however, is a sufficient excuse for their disregard of the precious relics of art, but what excuse, or what palliation can be given for the authorities who have left the

few remaining antiquities of Greece to the mercy of the passing spoiler and the mercenary Albanian?

Leaving Delphi, and passing through the "divine Crissa," we descended to the plain at the head of the Crissæan seas, and soon after entered the narrow, but beautiful valley between the Parnassian and the Locrian mountains; and while under the shade of the olive groves, which contain 44,278 trees, and which are more luxuriant than those of Athens, we caught the first glimpse of Amphyssa and its ruined castle at the head of the valley.

About four in the afternoon we reached the city, and after various attempts and failures, we succeeded in securing quarters in a khan, which, in the narrowest possible space, combined the greatest possible advantages. The front was occupied by a grocery and a baker's establishment, and the rear was appropriated to the use of distinguished travellers and their horses.

In our way to the castle, our attention was arrested by the huge gates which stood in the front of the poor and miserable houses of the Greeks; and I could not but recall to mind the advice which was given by Diogenes to the inhabitants of Mendiæ: viz. to keep their gates shut lest their houses should walk out of them. The custom of building large gates is Eastern, and the inhabitants of this city have borrowed it from the Turks. With them one often sees a "Sublime Port," with nothing behind it. Before essaying the ascent to the castle, we passed

by the public fountains, where we found a gay and animated scene. Every one of its twelve spouts was besieged, and the crash of jars and the clatter of tongues were enough to supply the rest of the city with life. The interior of the castle, at the upper end of the town, was in perfect contrast with the fountain at the foot of it. The line of the walls was easily traced, and some of its towers were still standing, but the whole fabric was in a state of progressive dilapidation. Immediately under the battlements was the city, and beyond it the rich valley, with its olive groves.

The morning after our arrival, we fell in with an old acquaintance, who was pleased to lavish upon us titles to which we had no claims. One of us was introduced as the United States minister plenipotentiary to the court of King Otho, and the other as the Archbishop Nathan. It was amusing, and somewhat ridiculous to be so bedecked with honours, but as we could not reject the attentions of friends, the Congregational Archbishop Nathan and the American ambassador went the rounds of Amphyssa.

Beside our visits to the town authorities, we had the pleasure of an introduction to Capt. N. P., the son of a noted chief, and a man of military distinction in this part of the country. He received us with that affability and frankness which belongs to his profession, while pipes and coffee were handed us by his youthful wife.

The past was the theme in which the young chief seemed to be most at home. He had not forgotten the good old times when he viewed the city, in which he now dwells, from the neighbouring heights of Mount Parnassus; but the old times, the glorious days of mountain life, had passed away, and he was now cooped within four walls, for what earthly purpose he could not tell. The only thing he could do, as things now were, was to smoke his pipe and think of the days when the Turks were the masters of the city, and his father the man who ruled the mountains in its vicinity: "But," said he, speaking of the Turks, "we have sent them to the devil."

"And how was that managed?"

"Managed!" said the young chief, "we manage nothing now, but in those days there was nothing we could not manage. The Turks of Salona\* had both the city and the castle, but we came from the mountains to the hills, from the hills to the plain. We first drove them out of the city into the citadel, and when they surrendered, we sent them, according to the terms of the capitulation, to the villages of the province from whence—" "From whence, what?" Instead of giving a reply, the young chief turned his countenance, and gave a significant motion with his hand, which meant, what he did not wish to express—from whence, contrary to the stipulations, they were sent to the devil.

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\* The Turkish name for Amphyssa.



At the close of the war, the only thing that was standing were the walls of the castle and the tower of the town clock; and after the restoration of peace it was proposed to abandon the old locality, and remove the city to the sea-side, which was considered a more healthy and more advantageous position, both for the agricultural and commercial interests of the inhabitants; but the authorities, who ought to have acted with that promptness and decision which was called for by the importance of the subject, shrank before the few difficulties which it presented, and the people, who could not wait forever, reconstructed their dwellings on the old locality, which formerly was a good military post, but which at present, besides being far from the sea, is very sickly and very miserable.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### GALLAXIDY AND VITRINITZA.

THE route from Amphyssa to Gallaxidy was exceedingly uninteresting. We saw but one village, and even that was more remarkable for its churches than for anything else. The inhabitants of Agia Euphemia must be more than usually devout to have so many churches, and so few houses; though in these parts of the world the number of churches is not always an unerring indication of piety. It often happens that a good work is but a consequence of a bad action, and the building of a church is the expiation of a crime.

From the village last mentioned, we descended to Vodorema. The public road lay along the bed of a deep torrent, and we continued for at least two hours in its windings, where, to our surprise, we found more cultivation than we did in the rich plains of Crissa, which, being national property, are left neglected.

In coming out of the ravine, we fell in with the road of Amphyssa along the sea-shore, and soon after found ourselves in the town of Gallaxidy. The

town in itself has nothing of note, and the surrounding hills are so barren and so rocky, that the few patches of soil which are scattered here and there are barely enough for the vineyards of the place. The town, however, has the only good harbour in the gulf; and this, added to the enterprising character of its people, has given rise to its present maritime prosperity. In the latter part of the revolutionary struggle, this town was pillaged by the Capitan Pasha, and its ships were either taken or burned; but with the return of tranquillity they have set themselves to work, and in the course of a few years they have rebuilt their town, and have created, almost out of nothing, a shipping three times as large as the one they lost. They are now the owners of two hundred vessels of different sizes, and the large vessels they have built in the course of the present year amount to twenty in all. The whole town has a prosperous air. Its streets are crowded with busy men, and the schools with noisy children; the ports and the dock-yards are full of vessels and boats; the axe of the carpenter and the hammer of the blacksmith are heard in different parts of the town, which in its busy and thrifty appearance, reminds one of the growing towns of America.

The town is too irregular, and, with the permission of the Gallaxidiotes, too dirty to be pleasing: from the balcony, however, of our host, we enjoyed a view of the hushed seas and sleeping isles that lay near and about it, and as the sun had just left

the heavens, the scene was as soft and as beautiful as the climate to which it belonged.

The first night after leaving Gallaxidy we passed at Vitrinitza, a small village on the sea-shore, where we had the pleasure and the honour of sleeping, not only in one apartment, but almost in one bed with the Demark, his secretary, and the schoolmaster of the village! all of whom were particularly entertaining in their way; though in contending against the common enemy, not the fleas, but something worse, they did not always spare their neighbours.

Our good host, who had more of activity than of rest in his constitution, aroused us betimes, and we left the village while the stars were yet in the heavens.

From Gallaxidy to Vitrinitza, and from thence to the town of Epactus, the public road lies generally along the sea-shore, which, with the exception of a few level tracts of land immediately upon the gulf, and the fertile plain of Epactus, may be said to be mountain-bound. As we advanced from east to west, the features of the country became more and more prominent, and the prospect still more extensive. The sides of the mountains to our left were generally covered with forests, and in many places overgrown with wild olive-trees, nor were the level tracts of land destitute of beauty or fertility; but the whole of the country, so far as the eye could reach, appeared to be deserted, and with the exception of a few shepherds who attended their flocks

on the mountain sides, and some few adventurous spirits who settled on the sea-shore, we met with but few signs of coming prosperity. To the right of us we had the district of Lidhorikhi, which extends from the sea-shore to the southern ranges of Mount Oeta, and which comprises the greater portion of the ancient Locris. The district has about forty villages, and a population of 9,759. The people are both brave and industrious; but living as they do among the fastnesses of the mountains, and having but little intercourse with the rest of Greece, they reap little advantage from the sea, and in truth they have been too long the shepherds and the klefts of the mountains, to have either taste or inclination for a seafaring life. The farther from the sea the better; and this is the reason that to one who has not visited the interior of Locris, its sea-shores appear as desolate as if the province was entirely deserted.

The mountains to our right were too near, and in many cases too abrupt; but to the left of us we had the Corinthian Gulf, and the opposite shores of the Peloponnesus. Wide bays and glittering towns were always within sight, and there was nothing wanting to the perfection of the prospect but the life and animation of some few sails and steamboats. The whole bright scene of land and of water lay almost as lifeless and inanimate as if it was created but yesterday. Here and there we descried a few sails, either moored in some one of

the many bays, or wending over the rippling waves of the solitary expanse, making us realize yet more sadly the want of life and action in the beautiful picture.

Every thing around us seemed to be in a state of inanimate repose, and our party presented but a poor exhibition of life. Our agoyaiti and our guide, each of whom was a curiosity, added not a little to our string of ragged solitaires. Stavros, our Athenian agoyaiti, with his starved dog tied to the tail of his horse, and his full trowsers flapping, as he walked, round his short, thick-set form, moved on in sullen silence; while Chemaros,\* our Arachova guide, whose long, lank form, and idiotic profile, allied him to the baboons, dragged himself over the hills, and round the promontories, like a loose bag of bones. True to his name, he was as thirsty as a water frog, and had the rare accomplishment of descending to the bottom of the wells by the way-side with the greatest possible ease. The first time he disappeared, I thought he had fallen in, and hastening to the spot, I had occasion to witness the nimbleness of what I had taken for a very awkward animal. Besides being amphibious, he was also an historical character; and in his bright moments I heard him boast of having been with the whole length of his body in the company of Karaiskaki, and present in almost every battle

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\* Dry torrent.

that was fought by that intrepid chief. The safe escape of Chemaros, however, was owing to the length of his legs, rather than to the thickness of his hide, and he seemed to have been preserved in order to become a trial to our patience. He seldom lost the road, which was almost of hourly occurrence, without my being disposed to bless the Turks who had left him alive.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we began to descend the hills, at the foot of which spread the fertile and beautiful plain of Epactus, which is not only the largest, but the richest body of land that borders upon the northern shores of the gulf. Its green fields and frowning castles acted upon us like a charm, and we descended towards it with renewed strength. There was but little cultivation, and the ruins of villages were the only remnants of its former prosperity; but the fields were matted with rich verdure, and the thickets which served for hedges were of myrtles and olianders, which, even at this late season, 5th of October, were full of flowers and fragrance.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### EPACTUS.

ON the other side of Morno we placed ourselves under the guidance of an Arab, and shortly after reached the gates of the castle, which, at a distance, appeared to be in far better condition than it really was. The town and castle of Epactus, having remained in the hands of the Turks through the continuance of the revolution, escaped the fate of other cities ; and, like Chalcis, preserved externally many of the features which render a Turkish city so striking, and so beautiful an object. The walls, with their towers and battlements, were still standing, and the plane and cypress trees still shaded the fountain and waved by the side of the minaret ; but alas ! where were its old inhabitants ?

After a long siege, they were at length obliged to surrender, and—what was still more painful—compelled to give up their Christian slaves. This was only in favour of those who were willing to leave their lords voluntarily ; and in order to render this step less offensive and more sure of



success, the examination was deferred till after the embarkation of the inhabitants and the garrison on board the Greek vessels, at which time each of the Greek slaves was acquainted with the conditions of the stipulations. The boon of freedom was too tempting to be resisted; and when the chief beauty in the harem of the Kior Pasha threw off her veil, and invited her attendants to follow her example, the haughty Turk was beside himself. He tore from her person the costly jewels he had given her, and had he the power, he would have condemned her to the sack; but his day was over;—his beautiful slave was free!

Epactus, however, though a very excellent locale for the scene of a romance, was hardly fit for scenes of real life;—it offered no comforts and no accommodations. We attempted to secure lodgings in some of the khans in the suburbs, but we could find no tenable corner in any of them; even the little shell with which we were provided through the instrumentality of the Demark, within the walls of the city, was as wretched a concern as can well be imagined;—its very appearance was a damper; for besides being very dirty, it was so very narrow that it required the most mathematical precision in the adjustment of our bodies. I was just beginning to moralize on the pleasures of travelling, when Mr. D. B., the son of Nota, and the nephew of Marco Botzaris, entered

our room, and after introducing himself, took us via et armis to his quarters.

The miserable streets through which we passed in our way to our friend's house and the appearance of his comrades promised us no great things; still our condition could not be made worse; and I was sure that if we gained nothing else by the change, we would at least have some insight into the manners and the habits of the "dark Suliotes;" to my surprise, however, our host conducted us into a palace, which, though somewhat delapidated, had not lost its fountains or its airy kiosks. The spacious oda into which we were introduced was of itself a relic; it had no less than twenty-eight windows, the upper row of which being out of reach, had preserved the greater portion of their stained glass; the gilt and the painting of the lofty ceilings had lost much of their freshness, but the carvings of the wood-work, together with the light and fantastic ornaments, had preserved not only the peculiarities of the Turkish architecture, but an air of Barbaric magnificence. The days when its tapestry was embroidered with

"Soft Persian sentences in lilac letters"

had passed, and the places of the luxuriant Ottomans were vacant, still there was enough of it to show me that it was the divan of the harem. I had been in some of these secluded nests of Turkish jealousy, and could easily fill up the places which were

once occupied by the toilets and the costly decorations of its inmates. But the inmates themselves ; the bright Lielahs, that formed the life and the light of the harem, had deserted their jasmine bowers, and the whole fabric, spite of my efforts to re-people it, looked so lonely, and so desolate as to recall to mind the following requiem of Turkish magnificence :

“ The steed is vanished from the stall—  
No serf is seen in Idem’s Hall ;  
The lonely spider’s thin, grey pall  
Waves slowly widening o’er the wall ;  
The bat builds in his harem bower,  
And in the fortress of his power  
The owl usurps the beacon tower.”

With the exception of the spacious oda and the fountain, with the orange trees that still bloomed over it, the rest of the building, its rooms, corridors, piazzas, halls, towers, heavy arched gates and light kiosks, had assumed such threatening positions and bending attitudes, that none but the heroes of Misolonghi could look upon them without apprehension and dismay. In the course of the night, the wind and rain rocked us right nicely ; every now and then we were startled by successive crashes in some distant part of the town ; on one occasion a part of the light harem gave way, and our chamber, “ the beacon-tower,” shook to its very centre. Our friends and host advised us to attempt no sorties so long as there was a tile above

us, and there being no alternative, we resolved to abide by the consequences, come what may, so glad were we to find shelter, even in an *empty* harem.

Next morning I felt very much inclined to hunt and rummage the dark and hidden corners of the harem, but all rummaging was to no purpose; empty walls could tell no tales—could reveal no mysteries of Turkish life; the only fact worth recording was, that the Turks had gone and the Greeks had taken their place. On the walls of the hall hung the arms of Marco Botzaris—his sword and banner, while in different parts of the palace, and among the ruins of the Turkish power, were seen some of those very men who followed his fortunes to the field, and his body to its honoured grave.

The palace and the Suliotes formed a picture sufficiently romantic, and it might have been more interesting had there been less of misery both in its general outlines and details. The inmates seemed to have no particular end in view, and I could not help noticing that familiarity had made them somewhat indifferent to their misfortunes, but to us the light and the shade of the picture were very striking. The most affecting object among the inmates of the palace was an idiot boy, who, with his ever-moving head and vacant smile, enlisted our pity and sympathy. The father of this poor boy had been a warrior of fame, and, previous to the revolution, was surrounded by ten

sons, each of whom was as brave as their sire, but in the course of the struggle they had all fallen in the battles that were lost or gained by the Suliotes, and the old chief was left with no one who could solace his age or console him for his bereavement, but his idiot boy, who laughed and smiled while the dark form of his noble sire stood sorrowing by his side !

In the course of the morning our host introduced us to his uncle, the younger brother of Marco Botzaris, who, like his kinsman, had taken up his quarters in one of the half-ruined palaces of the Turks, and was at the time enjoying, in common with all of the Suliotes, the delights of "*dolce far niente*." Captain Nicola is as unlike his brother Coſta, as they are both unlike Marco Botzaris, who is represented, by those who have seen him, as remarkable and as striking in his personal appearance as he was in sagacity and courage.

Nicola Botzaris, nevertheless, was very striking, and his manly qualities were set off by the presence of his young wife, who, though somewhat pale, was as light and as delicate as the mountain flowers of her native Suli. She came into the room in order to present us with coffee, and remained while we were engaged in sipping the black broth—a space of time which may be made as long or as short as it may suit the pleasure of the guest. It was hardly fair to keep the lady as long as we did, but the blame, if there was any, was to be

charged to the fascination of her large black eyes and the beauty of her tresses, which fell in rich profusion over her costume of crimson and gold. What rendered our hostess peculiarly interesting was the fact that she was the wife of a Botzaris and the daughter of Kitzios Tzavelas;—more than this—she was not only the wife and daughter of heroes, but a heroine. At the closing scene of Messolonghi, she was in the company of her father and mother, and was one of the few who cut their way through the stiff ranks of the besiegers!

Both the chief and his bride were in their gala dresses, and if they were taken by themselves, all would have been fair and prosperous to behold; but unfortunately their residence was by no means in unison with the rank and the appearance of its tenants, and they reminded me of some of those rich paintings which hang in the dilapidated and deserted palaces of Italy. Everything in the palace looked gloomy and comfortless, and I could not but sympathize with the sufferings of these brave but unfortunate people. We felt, perhaps, more for them than they did for themselves, for the soldier, like the sailor, has more of philosophy than professed philosophers, and the Suliotes seem to be as indifferent to the ills of life as they were to the frowns and the threats of the oppressor—too brave to be conquered or subdued by either. Amid the gloom and the sadness of the surrounding objects and circumstances, there was

no want of light and cheerfulness in the countenances of our friends—so much so that even when part of the house they lived in gave way, they either laughed and shouted right merrily, or dismissed the subject by saying, with a deal of sang froid, “there goes the old devil’s nest.”

Unmindful of the present, they live either in the past or the future. The themes of their conversation and of their solace are, the battles they fought, or the battles they may yet live to fight, and our host, who was young enough and light-hearted enough to be classed under the head of those who

“Seek the bubble reputation,  
Even in the cannon’s mouth,”

was animated with all those war-like sentiments which characterize the life of these people, and which are so well and so aptly expressed in the song of their Tamburgi.

“I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;  
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,  
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.”

When Lord Byron said,

“On Suli’s rock and Parga’s shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore,”

he little thought that the creations of his fancy were so soon to be the realities of history.

But so it was. Hardly had the struggle commenced when the rock of Suli flamed out, and hardly had the insurrection at Epyrus been suppressed, when a handful of brave spirits went in search of new perils and new honours, and there are few fields of battle where they cannot erect a trophy with the bones of their heroes. In the battles of Peta and of Carpenisi—in the defence of Clisova and of Messolonghi, the star of their glory shone with surpassing brilliancy.

They have gone through the whole revolution with honour to themselves and their country, and have added to the catalogue of their heroes such immortal names as those of Lambro Veicos and Marco Botzaris. They have proved themselves as dauntless as the sons of "the Doric mothers," and have secured a place in the heart of every Greek and every freeman; but when the struggle was over, and the battle through, then strangers came to reap the advantages of peace, and the heroic sons of Suli have been repaid with promises that have never been fulfilled. Some few of them have received grants of land, but the majority are left to drag on a miserable existence in the cities of Agrinium and Epactus, without a home, and without the means which make homes pleasant and cheerful!

The injustice that has been done to these people is one of the most grievous circumstances in the history of the country—one of the palpable wrongs



that challenges the attention of every stranger. It is as difficult to know why these veterans should have been left out of service as it is to account for their having been left without remuneration for their past services, especially when the lands—the domains they have rescued from the hand of the oppressor—are exhausting themselves in their own wild luxuriance. The idle Suliotes within the walls of Epactus, and the uncultivated plains on either side of the city, present one of the saddest pictures that is to be met with throughout the country, and one which creates many a heart-burning, even in the breasts of those who are not immediately interested either in the well-being of the Suliotes, or in the cultivation of the plains.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MESSOLONGHI.

WHILE on the point of leaving the palace for Messolonghi, Mrs. B., who lived in the dim recesses of the ruined harem, and who had scarcely been seen since she welcomed us in her home, presented herself and her beautiful little Suliotes at the head of the stairs, and wished us a safe and pleasant journey. In addition to this mark of kindness, we had another manifestation of Suliote hospitality. Three of the chiefs escorted us as far as the gates of the castle, and Demetri Botzaris went with us as far as the foot of the mountain—where he gave us a parting salute with his fire-arms—a mark of attention which was the more interesting as it was in conformity with the manners of the warlike and hospitable Suliotes.

At the end of the plain, which lies to the southwest of the town, and which, anterior to the revolution, was covered with the groves of the olive and orange, we began to climb the abrupt side of Mount Kocova; and just before we entered the windings of the pass, which is very appropriately

denominated the "kake scala," bad stairs, I took a parting glance of the beautiful and magnificent prospect we were leaving behind us. The sea beyond the straits and the castles of Rheum and Ante-Rheum, lay sleeping among mountains and hills; and the regions all round, with their cities and citadels, looked as fresh and as beautiful as the calm waters which reflected their varied and inimitable beauties. The city of Patrass, on the other side of the gulf, though within sight, was at too great a distance to be a prominent object in the landscape; but the soaring towers and frowning battlements of Epactus, at the entrance of this inland sea, gave that life and character to the prospect which is so peculiar to the scenery of the East.

The pass begins at the base of the mountain, but by degrees winds round the promontory that juts abruptly into the sea. The public road runs up the bold front of the mountain in a series of galleries, which, though difficult, are by no means perilous. The path to the sea-side being provided with ramparts, accidents are of rare occurrence. The traveller who is able to carry his own weight is allured from height to height by the splendid views of land and of water which open at every turn of the pass. We spent nearly two hours in the ascent and descent of this famous pass; and though we enjoyed its wild sublimity, we felt quite relieved when we reached the valley on the other side of the moun-

tain, and seated ourselves under the broad and shady plane-trees of *Ætolia*.

To the east of *Phidaris*, the ancient *Evenus*, and the west of *Locris*, lies the province of *Cravari*. This little district contains about fifty villages, and occupies a portion of Greece which, without being sterile, is peculiarly wild. The name is derived from the village of *Cravari*, and whatever the meaning of the word, circumstances have made it synonymous with—the land of beggars. Formerly every *Cravariote* was a beggar by trade, and the profession, which was here reduced to a science, was so highly valued, that a maimed relation was a fortune. Hence it came to pass, that deformity with these people was a badge of nobility; and it is said, that they often brought it about purposely. It was commonly believed, that there were more blind and maimed in *Cravari* than in all the other provinces of Turkey. They made their regular trips to the different parts of the kingdom, and the respectability of each individual was in proportion to the number of walking sticks, each of which was the representative of a begging expedition. The changes of the last twenty years have been peculiarly adverse to all orders of nobility, even to that of the *Cravariotes*; and it is quite remarkable that many who, under the old regime, were blind or lame, now are blessed with sight and sound limbs.

Leaving our shady retreat, and following the road round the slopes of Mount *Chalcis*, we reached,

after a slow ride of an hour and a half, the woody banks of Evenus. Its strong current was swollen by the rains of the previous night, and while its turbulent tide inspired us with awe, the conduct of our promising guide had nothing encouraging. At the sight of Evenus, the dauntless Chemaros dropped his lower jaw, and glancing over the tide of the coursing river, stood motionless. In the course of the revolution, he had undoubtedly crossed deeper streams, but then he was either flying before the Turks, or acting under the command of the terrible Karaiskaki; but to expose his life in time of profound peace, and leave his young barbarians fatherless, was in his opinion the very height of madness. He would rather go back than attempt the crossing; and when he was ordered to proceed, he wisely suggested that the lead should be given to Stavros, the Athenian, who, like a true descendant of Xenophon, had hitherto brought up the rear, and who was too short for an enterprise which was so much above the full length of Chemaros. Fortunately, the local guides came to our aid, and after some preliminary trials in ascertaining the depth of the stream, they succeeded in placing us on the other side of it, though not without some inconveniences which, but for their skill, might have turned into serious accidents. Even as it was, Chemaros barely saved his life by holding to the tail of his mule; and Stavros had nearly lost his dog, for which he cherished a warm "fellow feeling."

On the other side of the river, we were again involved in ditches and canebrakes; and nothing but our good fortune extricated us out of new difficulties, and enabled us to continue for the rest of the day's journey with ease to our horses and with pleasure to ourselves. The latter portion of our route lay over the plain of Messolonghi, which, though stripped of its olive groves, still retains its natural luxuriance. But the town, which in the page of history looms out like a bright meteor, was quite out of sight; and but for the peasants whom we met in the fields, we might have lost our way at the moment when we were within two miles of the far-famed Messolonghi.

The place has already sunk into its former condition, and may be said to be a vast mud-hole, dotted with a few crazy habitations, and inhabited by two or three hundred families, most of whom are either fishermen or cultivators of the soil.

To the north end of the town, and to the left of the gate we saw the Polyandrium in which were buried the bones of those who fell in the defence of this strong post; and who, till 1841, were left to lie above ground. It is difficult to ascertain the number of the honoured dead; and though the Seros is in itself of moderate dimensions, still, when we recollect that the whole of it is a mass of bones, we cannot but wonder at the immense amount of human life that was here sacrificed. The tumulus, though simple, was both solemn and imposing. Even the

earth that served as a covering to the dead, was so sparing that many of the bones lay exposed, and the only mark of commemoration was a slab of marble, with the following inscription :

“ Here lie many a Leonidas,  
Who gave their lives for the liberties of their country.”

A few paces to the right of the tumulus is a tomb, in which are reposing the heart of Lord Byron, and the remains of Kyriakoulis and Marco Botzaris. The grave is very neatly railed in, but with the exception of the monument raised in honour of Botzaris, there is nothing else. The sarcophagus has on one side a Greek inscription, and is surmounted by a marble monument, the gift of a French artist, representing a young female reclining on one hand, and with the other writing within a garland the name of Marco Botzaris. The statue, though well finished, is too tame, and too youthful to be the representative of so grave a character as history. Nor are the feelings and the sentiments to which it gives rise in unison with the occasion, or with the character of the man to whose honour and memory it is consecrated. Marco Botzaris was a hero through the whole of his life, and his death is connected with some of the most wild and thrilling incidents in the history of modern Greece. His monument, instead of being beautiful, should have been massive and bold ; and upon it should have

been inscribed the well known and appropriate lines of the American poet—

“ Botzaris, with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee. There is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.”

On the following morning Captain Danglis, a Suliote Chief and resident of Messolonghi, paid us an early visit, and invited us to accompany him to his home. He had been in the service, and was one of the body guards of Lord Byron. His house was next to that which was occupied by the noble poet, and he pointed out the very spot where he died. The house having been blown up, the place looked desolate in the extreme.

Lord Byron's residence in Messolonghi forms an epoch in the annals of the country, and one of the brightest periods in the history of his own life. He saw himself welcomed by the people whose freedom he had foreseen, and he was animated on one hand by the wild and splendid scenes around him, and on the other by the importance of the sacred cause to which he had resolved to sacrifice his fortune, his genius and his life. He is no longer the prototype of his “Don Juan,” living in love and wine. His reply to these temptations was,

“ It is not thus—and 't is not *here*  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*  
Where glory decks the hero's bier  
Or binds his brow.



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The sword, the banner and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see ;  
The Spartan born upon his shield  
Was not more free."

In the "land of honourable death" he found the resting place he sought—the same heroes who surrounded his person, accompanied him to the grave, and placed upon their benefactor the last marks of honour, "a helmet, and a crown of laurel. No funeral pomp," says his biographer, "could have left the impression nor spoken the feelings of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself, the wild and half-civilized warriors present—their deep-felt unaffected grief—the fond recollections—the disappointed hopes—the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read in every countenance—all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man."

In the death of Byron, Greece suffered a serious loss. The Greeks felt it, and still feel it as such, and though there is as yet no monument to record the love and sorrow of a grateful nation, his memory lives in the hearts, and lingers on the lips of the people. While in Messolonghi we had many instances of this. The wife of Captain Danglis, who is a native of Messolonghi, and who was a next door neighbour to Lord Byron, seems to treasure the memory of this great man as something sacred.

This beautiful and interesting woman said not a word of the heroes which her family and the family of her husband gave to the country, but she seemed to feel a particular pleasure in speaking of the stranger, of his amusements and of his genius, which penetrated even into the dark future and foretold his own fate—and the “poor, poor Lord Byron!” was the close of every sentence. Indeed whatever may be his character in other lands, the star of his genius is seen without a spot in the “cloudless clime and starry skies” of his beautiful Greece, and the time is not far off when the love and gratitude that are due to his name and memory, will embody themselves in some fitting form. In the meantime the name of Byron never fails to recall to the mind of every Greek the lines of their own poet:

“ Sweet child of song thou sleepest! ne’er again  
Shall swell the notes of thy melodious strain :  
Yet with thy country’s wailing o’er thy urn,  
Pallas, the Muse, Mars, Greece and Freedom mourn.”

Before going to Captain Danglis we visited the fortifications of the town, and a few other objects of interest within it, under the escort of an old Su-liote, who having been present during the first and second sieges, was well acquainted with all the localities of importance. He was evidently a rare spirit, and when we reached the scenes where in former days he, like others, played a distinguished

part, his dark eye gleamed with fire and his whole form assumed a more erect attitude. Amid the scenes of the past, the old man grew more and more animated by the recollection and the recital of the heroic deeds which were here performed. He took occasion to present us with fragments of bombshells and grape shot, which strewed the ground, and which he regarded as the best mementos of Messolonghi; and while we were endeavouring to pull up a stake from the bastion, whence the garrison made the last glorious sortie—"let me," said he, "let me who drove it in pull it up for you."

While on the battery of Franklin, which is situated near the Polyandrium and the tomb of Marco Botzaris, our attention was arrested by a crowd of women who were accompanying some near relative to his last resting place, and who, like the matrons of the ancient Greeks, were loud in their lamentations. The scene was of itself solemn, and the place rendered it still more sombre; but the old man observing the impression it had made upon our feelings, and unwilling to have a partner in our sympathies, shook his head, and with a deal of feeling and simplicity observed, "this was not the way we acted when our comrades were buried. No! the rites of religion and of custom were dispensed with; the heroes of our garrison were allowed to sleep where they fell, the only sound of wailing was the rattle of our rifles and the roar of our

cannon." He spoke in prose what one of their own rude poets embodied in song :

" No happier end  
The world can send,  
Than thus to fall,  
The sky your pall ;  
No priest to embalm,  
Or song or Psalm ;  
But trumpet's twang,  
And rifle's clang,  
Above the grave,  
Where lies the brave."

We closed the day by a visit to the small but noted island of Klissova. The church which occupied a portion of this mud-bank, and which during the siege served as a fortress, had fallen to the ground, and there was nothing standing on the island but a hut and a party of fishermen, who were taking their evening meal in the open air. I was surprised to find that the whole extent of the island was a little less than an acre, and but for its historic associations, it would hardly have been worth even the little trouble we had taken.\*

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\* " Klissova was attacked on the 6th of April, 1826, by Ibrahim Pasha and Kutahi—and the struggle between the besieged and the besiegers lasted for the whole day. When Ibrahim sounded the retreat, Tzavella, the Suliote chief, who had 98 men under his command, sallied out of the church and carried seven launches, and set up a trophy composed of 1200 muskets and bayonets. This was the bloodiest day Messolonghi had yet witnessed—upwards of 1000 dead bodies of Turks and Arabs were floating about

The battle of Klissova was fought only a few days before the closing scene—at the time when everything but the courage of the Greeks had reached its last ebb—almost at the moment when the brave Mayer—the Swiss Philhellene the then editor of the *Chronicles*—gave to the world the following brief, but feeling description: “We are reduced to feed upon the most disgusting animals—we are suffering horribly hunger and thirst. Sickness adds misery to the calamities that overwhelm us. Seventeen hundred and forty of our brothers are dead. More than eight thousand of bombs and balls, thrown by the enemy, have destroyed our bastions and our houses. We have been continually distressed by the cold, for we have suffered great want of wood.

“Notwithstanding so many privations, it is a great and noble spectacle to witness the ardour and devotedness of the garrison. A few days more and these brave men will be angelic spirits, who will accuse before God the indifference of Christendom, for a cause which is that of religion. In the name of all our brave men I announce to you the resolution sworn to before Heaven, to defend, foot by foot, the land of Messolonghi, and to bury *ourselves*, without listening to any capitulation, under the ruins of this

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the lagoons, which were actually discoloured with gore. Thirty-five Greeks fell and as many were wounded in defending Klissova.”—*General Gordon's History*.

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city. We are drawing near our last hour. History will render us justice—posterity will weep over our misfortunes. I am proud to think the blood of a Swiss—of a child of William Tell—is about to mingle with that of the heroes of Greece.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AGRENIUM.

AT Messolonghi we took an additional escort, and passing over the low grounds which were once occupied by the camp of the besiegers, but which at present were smiling with green fields and luxuriant pastures, we gained the western projection of Mount Zygos, the ancient Panætolum. From the heights of the pass we enjoyed a rich and extensive view of Messolonghi and Anatolicon; and while among the corn fields and olive groves of the latter, we heard the morning salutes which were fired by the garrison of Messolonghi in honour of the Queen's birth-day. The sound of the cannon awakened our recollections of the past, and we felt as if we were in the vicinity of the scenes which were enacted during the continuance of the long and glorious siege of Messolonghi.

A ride of two hours and a half, after leaving the capital of Ætolia, brought us to Klisura, the most important pass between the northern and southern districts of the province. Its name, which in Greek signifies the shatter, is very appropriate, for

its whole length, which is a little more than two miles and a half, is formed by a deep and abrupt rent in Mount Panætolum; the rocks on each side of the gorge are exceedingly wild, and at the same time so picturesque as to bear a striking resemblance to the features of the pass at the entrance of the vale of Tempe. The Klisura of Ætolia wants the charms of the mild Peneus, and the beauty of the springs which gladden the soft vale of Tempe; still its grand and majestic rocks, and the graceful festoons of the ivy, and the deep shade of the mountain-fir tree, though less gay are not less imposing. It has ever been the great thoroughfare between the north and south, and Klisura, like Tempe, has witnessed the passage of those imposing armies which have so often blighted the regions to the south of it.

To the left of the pass, and about half way in its recesses, we noticed the hermitage of George Zucas, a native of Epirus, who, like many of his compatriots, was initiated at a very early period of his life in the honest and honourable vocation of a mountain kleft. In pursuing the duties of his profession, he proved himself a man of courage, and was wanting neither in boldness nor in cruelty; but after some vicissitudes to which he was exposed by his peculiar life, he was obliged to attach himself to the service of Emir Vereoni, and was in the company of this noted Pasha in his expedition against Messolonghi. At this period of his life



Zucas became sensible of his crimes, and having resolved to cancel a few of the black marks against him, took occasion to acquaint the Greeks with the intention of the Pasha, and thus saved the garrison from the attempted surprise on Christmas eve. The defeat of the Turks was signal.

During the subsequent sieges of Messolonghi, Zucas continued to be one of its brave defenders; and when the troubles of the country were over, he adopted the monastic life, and established a hermitage, for whose maintenance he taxes the benevolence of the people and the liberality of travellers. Zucas, it would appear, has not entirely forgotten his early habits, and so far as results are concerned, he pursues the same vocation, only in a more mild form; like a true genius, he has conformed to the exigencies of the times, but whatever the modifications to which he has thought fit to submit, he still lives by taxing the industry of others.

From the hermitage we passed on to the barracks at the termination of the pass, where we noticed the tombs of those who in former times fell victims to the power of the klefts; and we had scarcely left the pass when we fell in with the state attorney of Messolonghi, who was escorted by a cavalcade of ten men. The strong military force which attended this functionary of justice was by no means calculated to remove the ideas we had conceived of the state of the country.

As soon as we disentangled ourselves from the windings of the defile we began to catch some passing glimpses of the plain, the lakes, and the town of Agrenium, with the chain of mountains to the rear of it. The prospect was not only very extensive but truly beautiful, and I doubt not that it acquired additional charms from the contrast which it presented to the scenes within the pass. We continued to wander through regions which, though uncultivated, bespoke the wealth of the land, till we came to the "Bridges of Alah-Bey," which stretch over the low and marshy grounds that lie in the centre of the plain, and between the lakes of Lysimachia and Hydra, the ancient Canope and Trichonis. These lakes are united by a number of bayous, and the Calderim, or causeway, with its numerous arched bridges, offers the only passage. The bridges of Alah-Bey, therefore, form a second and equally difficult pass between the northern and southern district of Ætolia. The woods on either side of the bridges are overgrown with vines and parasites of every description, and form, through the whole length of the pass, a canopy of matchless beauty; its whole appearance was in contrast with every thing we had seen in Greece, and its luxuriance and freshness brought to mind the magnificent arches and graceful festoons of magnolias and jasmines which span and decorate some of the majestic streams of the new world.

From the bridges of Alah-Bey to Agrenium, the

Vrachori of the Turks, we met with nothing remarkable, and about three o'clock in the afternoon we entered the town, and alighted at Col. Staico's, who joined us in our afternoon ramble through the streets of the town. This was formerly the principal residence of the Turks in Ætolia, but at present it is a heap of ruins, and, like the town of Epactus, has given a home to a portion of the Suliotes. Excepting the people and a few towers that have survived the fall of the old town, we found but little to interest us. The town, we were informed, has about four hundred families, and the principal occupation of its inhabitants is the cultivation of the soil, which is both abundant and far more prolific than in other parts of the province. The Governor, to whom we were introduced in the course of the afternoon, requested us to accompany him to the eminence which was formerly occupied by the palace of Islam Bey, and which commands one of the most extensive prospects in western Greece. The mountains, the plain, the lakes, the shaded villas and towers of Ætolia, the vast and dark forest of Acarnania, and the majestic Achelous were all before us. This panorama gave us a better idea of the wealth and the resources of the country than the detached portions of it through which we had passed. The plain, indeed, appeared mountain-bound, but the waters of the lakes, and of Achelous, suggested a favourable outlet for the produce of the land, and we could

not but notice the ease with which a fostering hand might subject these vast treasures of nature to the use of man; at present the lavish prodigality of nature serves only as a contrast to the poverty of the people.

"This," said one of the party, pointing to the prospect that lay beneath us—"this is our wealth; but while our fine lands in the plains are wasting away for want of hands, our people on the mountains are living like beasts for want of occupation. I had once the pleasure of pointing out to his majesty what you now behold. He, too, was struck with the prospect, and the more so when I told him that one village in the plain, having less than seventy families, paid to the national treasury 35,000 drachmas, while the whole population of the mountains, which is estimated at seven hundred families, had hardly been able to pay that much. 'How can this be?' said the king. 'How do these seven hundred families spend their time?' 'Why, five months,' said I, 'are spent in the sowing and the gathering of the crops, and the remaining seven in idleness, or in stealing each other's goats.'"

On our return from our walk we found the sofas and the ottomans of the Oda vastly agreeable. About half-past eight the table, which was served a-la-Turc, was loaded with all the good things that the place and the wealth of our host could afford, and our keen appetites did full justice to the savoury dishes. The entertainment derived additional inte-

rest from the conversation of our host, who entertained us with his reminiscences of the past. Before the revolution, Col. Staicos was one of the primates of Ætolia, and his influence with the military chiefs of the country gave him additional importance in the eyes of the Turks. During the days of Ali-Pasha he had risen to the dignity of Codjabasee, and was consequently at the head of affairs. At the breaking out of the revolution he was in the prime of life, and being deficient neither in enthusiasm nor in patriotism, he caught the inspiration of the moment, and plunged into the contest with might and main.

Agrenium being the residence of the principal Turks in the province, became the first scene of hostilities. At the appearance of the insurgents, the Turks, who were estimated at about 1500 fighting men, betook themselves to their strong towers, and commenced a regular and systematic resistance. The Greeks, however, soon got the better of them. Different parts of the town were set on fire, and as this assumed a general character, the Turks were obliged to betake themselves to the palace of Islam Bey, where they remained in close siege for seven days, at the close of which they came to an agreement that each of them would be allowed to entrust his person and fortune to such of the Greek chiefs as they should choose. The stipulations being completed, Islam Bey, the wealthiest of the Turks, entrusted himself and

family to Col. Staicos, and the result justified the wisdom of the Turkish Bey—for, notwithstanding the temptations to which it exposed the Greek chief, the trust was not violated, and the friendly intercourse which still exists between these two characters is alike creditable to both.

This, indeed, is not the only service which Staicos has rendered to the cause of his country. He has acted a distinguished part through the whole of her eventful struggle, and (what is more remarkable and honourable to his patriotism,) when the battle was over, he was one of the first military chiefs who laid his arms aside, and applied himself with assiduity and zeal to the occupations of peace. He is emphatically a man of progress, and happy would it be for Greece if his example were to be imitated by others, who, like him, ought to look, not to the government, but to agriculture and commerce as the best means of support and fortune.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MONASTERY AND PASS OF BRUSSO.

WE left our ottomans a little before sunrise, and placed ourselves under the guidance of our Palicars, who, in beginning their journey, crossed themselves very devoutly, and prayed that they might fall in with Kiasas, a wish and a prayer in which we were in no way inclined to participate in or respond to.\*

We cleared the scattered and ruined habitations of Agrenium just as the sun had touched the mountain tops of Ætolia; and scarcely had we left the town behind us when we found ourselves among its mulberry plantations and vineyards, the latter of which were of great extent, and in a high state of cultivation. Their vines were bending to the ground from the weight of their fruit, and the people who were engaged in gathering the "purple grapes," presented an interesting spectacle. Here, as in other places, we participated in the riches of the harvest gatherers; and while we received from their

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\* This Kiasas was an outlaw in the forest of Acarnania, and the king had set a price upon his head.

hands more than one indication of their good will, our followers were allowed to load their insides and outsides to the best of their capacities. Stavros availed himself of every loop-hole in his ragged habiliments; and old Chemaros provisioned every cavity of his cadaverous skeleton for months to come. Nor were the dirty fustanellas of our mountain guards backwards, they were the first to enter, and the last to leave the vineyards. It was not without some difficulty and vexation that we were enabled to recall them to the performance of their duties; for though in the service of the government, they differed in no respect from the klefts in the mountains.

Leaving the ruins and the castle of Thermæ, and bidding adieu to the plain, we began to ascend the mountains, and from the top of the first ridge we obtained a view which more than repaid us for our trouble. The plains, lakes, and rivers of southern *Ætolia* were at our feet. Their repose and calm serenity were exceedingly captivating. While we gazed for the last time, perhaps, in our lives, upon their beauties, we could hardly control our sorrow for the absence of that prosperity which bespeaks not only the presence, but the happiness of man. *Ætolia*, and her sister *Acarnania*, appeared from this point like a vast and beautiful wilderness.

From the ruins of a village, which was remarkable both for its position and singular architecture, we began to go downwards, as we had hitherto



been going upwards. On either side, and especially before us, was a nest of mountains swelling and soaring to the very skies; but the valley into which we descended, like that in which the poet built his "Castle of Indolence," was

"A lonely dale fast by the river side,  
And was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground."

Everything was cool and serene, and the scattered groups of our party added materially to the picturesque beauty of the scene. The round Stavros, and the long Chemaros, with their mules and horses, were thrown in the shade of the back ground; while in the foreground of the picture, and "fast by the river side," lay the dark and wild forms of our Palicars.

Before leaving the valley, we fell in with a caravan of Vlacks, who, admonished by the storms of Mount Pindus, were hastening to their winter quarters, in the regions of the mild South. The caravan was under the charge of women, some of whom carried the cradle and its young barbarian with as great ease, and with as little concern as the hunter carries his powder-flask. They were in advance of their husbands; and were hastening to prepare their winter camp, which they must leave early in spring for the mountains. The Vlacks have no settled home. They are the nomades of Greece and Turkey. Their language is of Latin origin, and there is reason to believe that they are

the remnants of those invincible legions which once overran the world.

This little army of Amazons enlivened for a while the solitude of the scene, and gave an additional feature of interest; but their train passed by like a dream, and we were once more left to ourselves. At the termination of the glen, we crossed the torrent by means of a stone bridge, and then commenced a steep and tedious ascent over mountains abounding in rich and sublime scenery. From Zygos, the highest point in the pass, we obtained a more extensive view than we had hitherto had. The whole prospect presented a sea of mountains and frightful crags, rising and piling themselves in wild and boundless magnificence. In addition to the ordinary features of mountain scenery, and the usual lights and shadows, there were a number of cones and pyramids, whose rough and naked surfaces were glowing in the light and the tints of the sun.

We had scarcely satisfied ourselves with the magnificence of Mount Arakinthus, when our attention was turned to another quarter. We were here informed by a shepherd, that the church of St. Nicholas, a strong position half an hour ahead of us, was in the possession of a small band of armed men, one of whom appeared to be wounded, and the rest as "dirty as klefts." Our guards seemed to be certain that the band in question could be nothing else but Kiafas with his followers, who, being hard pressed

Acarnania, had betaken themselves to Ætolia, which was left comparatively unguarded; and though they did not appear to be as glad as they ought, when their morning prayers to the Panagia were so near being answered, they nevertheless began to prepare for an encounter. As we approached the scene of danger, the first objects we descried were the red caps and the guns of the robbers; but at the moment when an encounter seemed to be inevitable, it was discovered that the band which we had taken for klefts, was a detachment of mountain guards, who were sent hither in search of Kiafas, and were as much surprised by our appearance as we were by theirs. But for our guards, however, they might have robbed us, and passed the same to the account of Kiafas, who, being in ill repute, was charged with all crimes and misdemeanours.

When the danger was over, we could not help laughing at the part which was enacted by our servants and guides. Demetri, Mr. B.'s servant, though a Spartan, took to the woods; and Chemaros, the companion of the dauntless Karaiskaki, to his breast-work, the tail of his mule; while Stavros, the compatriot of Demosthenes, was the only one who stood his ground. The incident, which at first was of so sombre a character, proved afterwards a never-failing source of amusement and jest. The Spartan and the Athenian joined against the Delphian hero, and so effectual were their sarcasms, that after the occurrence of this incident, Chemaros never

alluded to the days of his youth and glory, the time when he served under Karaïskaki.

Beyond the church of St. Nicholas, the road, though still rough and narrow, had the advantage of being down hill; we therefore rolled on, first to the village, and then to the monastery of Brusso, but not before we were overtaken by night.

The dauntless Chemaros was the first to gain the tower which guards the southern entrance of the monastery, and being animated by the welcome baying of the watch-dog, and the sight of the castellated retreat whose domes and towers rose at our feet, he mistook the dry bed of a torrent for the public road; and before we had time to call for help, or even ascertain the real danger of our position, we were precipitated, horse and rider, into the cemetery of the monastery; where, owing to the marvellous intervention of the hospitable and tutelary saints, we found ourselves alive, and without a broken neck, or even a dislocated bone. We were the first, and as the monks said, the only persons who took by surprise a place into which there is but one entrance for foes and friends!

The Abbot entertained us for a while, and then sent us to our apartments, where we found two young noviciates in attendance; and, besides our beds, an excellent supper, for the enjoyment of which we were prepared by the fatigues and the excitement of the day's journey. Nor were our excitements at an end. We were still surrounded by

novelties of every description. The retreat which offered us a resting-place, seemed to be more fit for the habitation of genii than for men. We could form no distinct idea of the objects which encompassed us. The monastery, with its domes and terraces, and the lofty crags that rose, like so many giant sentinels, over this sequestered shrine of religion, were all shrouded in solemn and profound obscurity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CALEDROME AND EURITANIA.

THE Abbot, who, after breakfast, was pleased to accompany us to the church of the establishment, seemed to have no definite idea of its history, and the archives of the retreat having suffered by fire a few years ago, he very safely placed the era of its foundation in that dim and obscure region, which, though distant, is very convenient, and which, in the language of the law, is very appropriately termed, "time out of mind." The church, however, belongs to that order of architecture which was prevalent in the middle ages, and its dome with the cross that surmounts it, are of themselves sufficient proofs of its antiquity. The proportions of the building suffer materially from its proximity to the stupendous crags above it, but its beauty and symmetry are not wholly lost, and the effects of age are effectually and diligently screened by the festoons of the mantling ivy. The shrine of the monastery is worthy of its renowned locality.

The most remarkable thing about this monastery

is, its natural and artificial strength. Half a dozen men in each of the towers at the entrance, would be sufficient to arrest the progress of a whole army. It was in this, and in situations like these, that the monastic orders of the Greek church, sought an asylum, and by a series of sacrifices, worthy of all commendation, they preserved through the gloom of the dark ages, not only the vestal fire of religion, but the embers of liberty and learning. But for the monasteries and the monks, who became the Palladiums and the Guardians of the national institutions, it would have been impossible for the Greeks to have preserved, for so great a length of time, the elements of their nationality.

About ten o'clock we left the good Abbot, who added his blessings to his hospitality, and from the tower which guards the northern entrance of the monastery, we took our leave of this monastic retreat, and the everlasting rocks which encompass it. Our guards, who appeared to be as much interested in the welfare of the place, and as much pleased with the hospitality of its inmates as ourselves, expressed their good wishes by the discharge of their fire-arms. Their farewells were immediately responded to by the guns and the carabines of the good Fathers, and in an instant the whole region was in an uproar—peal after peal reverberated through valley and glen, and the loud echo continued till every rock and every mountain caught and returned the challenge.

In leaving the tower we entered upon that portion of the pass which is called the "Kangelia"—the windings—and which may be said to constitute the chorus of this magnificent and sublime work of nature. The side of the mountain, which is belted by the foot-path, is broken into a number of sharp angles, which run in and out like the zig-zags of the forked lightning, and interpose no small obstacles to the progress of the traveller; for in passing the inner bend he has to cross a bed of loose round stones, while in doubling the point of the salient angle, he finds himself at the tip end of a crag, with mountains above and yawning abysses beneath.

Beyond the termination of the Kangelia, we forded the Castaniotes, ascended Mount Arakinthus, and crossed the river of Caledrome, which, like Castaniotes, unites with the Cambilos, and falls into the Achelous, and about two o'clock in the afternoon gained the second Zygos. From its summit, which is consecrated to St. Elias, we caught the first glimpse of the valley and the town of Caledrome, with the towering Pindus to the rear of it. The long and narrow valley, with its cornfields and green meadows, was exceedingly beautiful, and in perfect contrast with the wild and savage scenes through which we had passed in the course of the two last days.

From the heights of St. Elias we repaired to the copious fountains of Mecro Chorgio, a small but



very beautifully situated hamlet, and from thence descended to the valley, which is noted, not only for its natural attractions, but also for having been the scene of important events in the history of the country. At the head of the valley and to the left of the Kephalarvrese—the head sources—we saw the remains of the Turkish camp, and within it the enclosure which has been consecrated by the death of the lamented Marco Botzaris.

The locality to which we were directed by our guide answered to the descriptions we had received from those who were in the company of Marco Botzaris during the eventful night of the 8th of August, 1823, and who participated in the dangers and the glory of the enterprise; but the particulars we obtained from the same authentic source with regard to the event itself, do not seem to tally with common report, and there is no doubt that the history of the times has distorted and magnified one of the principal points in the transaction, viz. the death of Marco Botzaris in the tent of the Turkish Pasha. According to the testimony of the Suliotes—the men who are immediately interested in the fame of their hero—the Pasha was not even in the camp on the night of the 8th.

Jaladin Bey, the uncle of Scodrah Pasha, and the general who led the van-guard of the Turkish army, had just descended the steep sides of the mountain to the rear of Carpenisi, when Marco Botzaris, who was despatched to intercept the

movements of the enemy, placed himself on the height of St. Elias, and surveyed the animating scene in the upper portion of the valley. The Turkish army, according to the lowest computation, is said to have consisted of about 12,000 men, and it was at this time, and in the presence of this imposing spectacle, that Marco Botzaris conceived the bold scheme of a night attack.

His plan, which was not to annihilate but disperse the enemy, by a well-timed blow, might have been crowned with success had it been carried out in all its details; but the spy who had been sent to reconnoitre the camp of the enemy, did not return in time, and the chiefs, who were to attack different points of the enemies' force, failed in the performance of their duty. Marco Botzaris alone sought the camp of the Turks at the head of seventy men, but while in the act of clearing the first entrenchment he was wounded, and though he persevered, another and more fatal wound brought him to the ground. As soon as he fell the bugle sounded the retreat, and his brave followers left the field with no other trophy but the body of their chief.\*

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\* Marco Botzaris was the son of Kitzio Botzaris. He was born in 1790, and in 1812, at the time when his father fell a victim to the perfidy of Ali Pasha, he became the head of the clan which bore the name of his family. From 1812 to 1820 he remained in Epirus as a guest and a hostage of Ali, but when the Pasha of Yanina incurred the displeasure of the Sultan, Marco seized upon the favourable opportunity, and raised the standard of revolt in

From the field of battle we continued our journey to Caledrome—the Carpenisi of the Turks—which is situated at the northern extremity of the valley, and which, being the capital of Euritania, is the seat of the civil and military authorities.

We closed the day by a visit to the governor of Euritania, who entertained us with some reminiscences of the revolution. The most interesting of his anecdotes related to the life of admiral Miaulis, whom the governor had served as a private secretary. After the battle of Navarino, the

his native Suli. In the meantime his family fell into the hands of the Turks, and were kept as prisoners till 1822, when at the instance of Marco Botzaris they were exchanged for some illustrious personages who became prisoners of war at the capture of Tripolitza. His family once released from the bondage of servitude, Marco Botzaris turned his attention to Suli, for the relief of which, he displayed his usual tact and daring. The enterprise, however, being found impracticable, he fell back, and was present in the memorable but disastrous battle of Petta. After, as before, the battle of Petta, he attached himself to Marvrocordato, and took a distinguished part in the great drama of the day, till the night of the 8th of August, when he closed his short but brilliant career in a manner worthy the glory of Greece! He has left behind him a wife, one son, and two daughters. They are the inheritors of his fame, and reside at present in Athens, where they enjoy all the esteem and deference which is due to the relatives of a hero, but where they are not exempt from the privations which oppress the best of the Greek families. The son of Marco Botzaris—a youth of promise—is attached to the service; his oldest daughter has married a member of a wealthy and illustrious family of the Peloponessus, and his youngest daughter, Roza Botzaris, is maid of honour to Her Majesty, the Queen of Greece, and is a bright ornament to the Court of King Otho.

admiral was ordered to co-operate with the military chiefs who were endeavouring to reduce the Turkish garrison of Messolonghi, and he was so successful as to bring about a capitulation, by which was stipulated the delivery of the place in the course of eight days. Before the termination of the time, however, an English man-of-war anchored by the side of the flag ship and demanded the cessation of hostilities in the course of twenty-four hours. Miaulis saw the necessity of meeting the new exigency, and determined upon a stratagem by which he proposed to over-reach both Turks and Franks. As soon as the night set in he repaired to the fortress in person, and advised the Turks—whose unwillingness to surrender arose from their fear of being plundered by the Greeks—to take advantage of the English frigate, with whose real mission they were not acquainted, and surrender before its departure. Early next morning, to the great surprise of everybody but himself, the Greek flag was waving over the ramparts of the heroic Messolonghi.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MOUNT CETA AND HYPATE.

WE left Caledrome for Hypate early in the morning. The weather, which was so mild and so beautiful the previous day, had now assumed a gloomy and threatening appearance. The clouds, which in the early part of the morning rested on the tops of the mountains, rolled upon the valley, and in the short space of an hour, wrapt both hills and plain in a dense and all-pervading fog; but the idea of being caught by a storm in the classical and sublime regions of Mount Ceta and Pindus was of itself a compensation.

In ascending the chain which links Mount Ceta to Pindus, and which separates the plains of Phthia from the valleys of Euritania, the storm grew more and more violent. The rain and wind threatened to throw us out of the path; and yet a Vlack woman, whom we met on our way, thought so little of the road or the storm, which were magnified by us into incidents worth recording, that as she walked amidst the contention of the elements, she continued to be occupied with her knitting work. At the sight of

her unclouded and mild countenance, our heroic endurance of the peltings of the storm bordered upon the ridiculous.

We tarried for a while near the military post on the highest part of the ridge, and then entered the forests that are to the east of it, and which for their beauty and magnificence are second only to the forests of Acarnania. Under other circumstances, it might have been very pleasant to visit this part of the country, but the state of the weather, and the cold and chilly wind gave us but little opportunity for observation or enjoyment. We only saw that we were passing through forests of oak and chestnut, without a village, or even a human habitation, to enliven and diversify the general solitude of these deserted scenes. Here and there, we saw the "clearings," and the remains of the log cabins, which were occupied by the government soldiers, when the injustice of the Regency in disbanding the veterans of the Greek revolution had maddened to crime some of the boldest spirits in the land, and filled the public roads, and especially these regions, with klefts. The evil which was inflicted upon the country by the wicked, though perhaps mistaken policy of strangers, increased to such an alarming extent, that it aroused the fears both of the people and the rulers; and the usual means in such exigencies having been tried and failed, the government resorted to the extraordinary measure of dispensing with the forms of justice. It was at this

time that Zeno, a brave but desperate character, was entrusted by his superiors with the plenary powers of a Turkish Pasha.

Some of the Greeks in these regions endeavour to justify the unheard of barbarities of Zeno, on the ground of necessity; and appeal to results, as affording the best proofs of its expediency. Whatever may be, however, the opinions of these people, many of whom, it is to be feared, are swayed by party spirit, and the specious reasons of Zeno and his superiors, there is nothing that can justify, in a civilized government, the practice of torture and summary justice. The appointment of Zeno, and the issuing of the royal edict which authorized the transportation of peaceful families, the relatives of persons who were, or who were accused of being robbers, were both scandalous, and unworthy of a civilized government; and Sir Edmond Lyons deserves great credit for his protest against both of these violent and oppressive measures.

We had been for six hours on horseback when we issued from the forest of Ceta, and entered the fertile plain of Phthia; whose natural beauties appeared the more attractive and the more mild, as the storm which accompanied us through the forest had now abated, and the sun shone at intervals over regions that have ever been noted for their fertility and beauty. The plain of Phthia stretches from west to east, and from a valley of moderate size it increases in width and richness as

it approaches towards the Maliac Gulf. To the south and north, the plain is protected by the parallel and imposing chains of Mount Ceta and Orthris; and its whole length is traversed by the waters of the classical Sperchius and its many tributaries, which descend from the mountains to the right and left.

As we advanced to the eastward, our pleasure was increased by the contemplation of the natural resources before us; yet the whole of this beautiful region seemed to be neglected and deserted. Two-thirds of its population have perished in the course of the last war; and most of its sixty villages, which were more or less in a flourishing condition previous to the commencement of the revolution, are marked, not by "the curling smoke of the lonely cottage," but by the ruins of the poor man's home. With the diminution of the inhabitants, the natural resources of the plain have materially deteriorated; and the rivers, which formerly contributed to its fertility and beauty, have proved the most effectual agents of its devastation. The annual overflows of Sperchius have turned the richest portions of the plain near the sea into pestiferous morasses, while the impetuous torrents of the mountains have striped with stones and gravel the sides of the swelling hills. Vistriza, a mountain stream near Hypate, is the most fearful and furious torrent in this part of the country; and it is said, that during the rainy season, and especially when the snows on Mount



Ceta begin to melt, it leaps upon the plain like a sea when tossed by the storm. "Mount Ceta," to use the expression of the people, "seems to be in motion, and the roar of the waters resembles the rumblings of distant thunder." Though we were not called to witness this exhibition of its power, we saw some of its effects. We found the plain on each side of the torrent covered for miles with gravel and large stones.

It was a matter of great relief to us when, on the other side of Vistritza and its rocky margin, we found a highly cultivated portion of the plain; the sloping hills on the sides of Mount Ceta were covered with the vineyards of the town, and the adjoining fields with the meadows of lucerne. High on the hills to the right of us, and below some prominent crags of Mount Ceta, which here served as an appropriate and magnificent back-ground to the picture, was the city of Nea Patra, or Hypate, overlooking the plain, with the mountains and the seas which encompass it on all sides. ●

In the latter part of the afternoon we gained the city; and after some delay, which arose in consequence of the rain that was pouring at the time, we were provided with lodgings in a house which, for our misfortunes, had survived the long-continued miseries of the last war. Besides being in a dilapidated state, it appeared to be a perfect receptacle of dirt and vermin. The very sight of it was too sickening to be put up with; and leaving my com-

panion to moralize over the ills of life, I went to pay a visit to Mr. Anian, and on my way home I found myself in the company of an individual whose appearance was singular enough. His person was set off by his Turco-Egyptian costume, and by a countenance which appeared to be the work of hap-hazard. To a very large mouth was added a flat nose, and a beard large enough to swear by, but hardly sufficient to shelter the broad chin. Still, though very odd when taken apart, as a whole the face was rather interesting than otherwise, and I was struck with its expression of frankness and benevolence. I had a dreamy recollection of having seen this personage before, but when and where it was impossible to recall.

On entering our quarters, he set to work with the stern air of a task-master. He kicked the family dog down stairs; drove the squalid children to one of the rooms; set the young women at work, and in the short-space of a few minutes called, out of dirt and chaos, neatness and order. Nor was this all; he called into existence a supper, the sight of which served to put us in the very best possible humour.

While at the table, where he fought his battle with his ten fingers, and in the free and unembarrassed style of the East, I could not resist the temptation of inquiring into his history. I commenced my researches by asking his name. "My name," said he, is Hadge Abdurahman Aga." "Are you

the owner of this house?" "No! the house belongs to the father of my god-son." "But if you are a Turk, as your name indicates, how can you speak of god-sons?" "Strange enough," said he, "but we are not here so scrupulous; and though a Turk, and a stranger to boot, I have more god-sons than sons." "Are you not then a native of this place?" "No, I am not; I was born in Egypt." "And what, in the name of chaos and Mahomet, has brought you among the Christians?" "*Charkee Feleck*—the wheels of time. My father," continued Hadge Abdurahman Aga, with his hand on his beard, "my father incurred the displeasure of Mohamed Ali; and as the persecutions of the Egyptian satrap extended to the younger branches of the family, I was obliged to flee. With an empty pocket and a swelling heart, I visited the principal cities of Turkey, and after some reverses too trifling to be here noticed, I sought refuge under the shadow of the magnanimous Abbalobut, to whom I was known by reputation, and who gave me a friendly and a flattering reception. Soon after my arrival, I was appointed captain of the port of Salonica,\* and in the course of a few months, my services were so highly appreciated, that I became one of the chief officers in the service of the vezir. To gain the good will of a Pasha is said to be worth a fortune. It proved so at least to me; for as soon

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\* It was here I had seen him.

as it became known that I was in high favour with Abbalobut, fortune began to lavish her choicest favours and smiles upon me. Money, rich and splendid arms, beautiful slaves, and superb horses, were all mine. The songs of the Greek slaves, and the neighing of the spirited Arabs enlivened my harem and my stables. My dreams of happiness and glory were all realized. But the fortune of an Osmanlee is an inconstant mistress, and mine proved a fickle elf. At the time when Abbalobut Pasha was ordered against the rebellious Greeks, I was raised to the command of his flotilla: and a month after my appointment, to the post of high admiral, I fell in with Miaulis, and gave him a chase; but fortune declared against me, and all I could do was to save the skin and the dignity of the high admiral. Accordingly, I made for the first cape in sight, and having failed to reach it with my corvette, I swam to the shore with nothing but my life and honour. Though on land, I was safe from neither Abbalobut, who had lost a flotilla, nor from the Greeks, who had gained a corvette and four brigs. In a word, I was once more upon the reefs of life, and being pressed by famine, I went incognito to the camp of the Turks, where my victory and death were causes of congratulation; but where, for lack of better occupation, I gained my livelihood, and by degrees a small fortune, by following the humble, but safe vocation of a pedlar! It was in this character, and under these circumstances that I first visited Patragic, or Hypate; and strange as it may appear, I

soon became one of its influential inhabitants, by allying myself to a lady who, besides her hand, gave me her fortune. Hypate, and indeed the whole of the country at the time, was in a state of war, and a war of faith and extermination; but I had seen enough of the world to know that wars of faith are wars of pilaw; and having died once in the cause of Turkey, I determined to let them fight it out, and then abide by the fortunes of the victors. I remained with the Turks so long as they remained masters of the place, but when they gave it up to the Greeks, I was the first to hoist the royal flag, and the first to cheer its white and blue stripes. I am the only Turk who is the subject of King Otho, and who lives among Christians without suffering in his fortune or religion. I enjoy as much popularity as any of the Greeks; and though I have lost some of the fortune I amassed by my speculations, I have enough to live upon, and enough to indulge in the pleasures of hospitality, which with me is a passion.”\*

\* Hadge Abdurahman Aga conveyed his ideas in the modern Greek; and to his slap-dash way of talking, he added all the life and charm that expression can give. Every odd feature of his odd countenance was lighted up, and often a curl of the lip or a wink of the eye conveyed a world of meaning, of joy and fun. His narrative was a rare treat, but too exotic to be transplanted. To be a Turk, and yet a privileged character among the Greeks, is of itself a proof of power, both intellectual and moral. He is not only a most original, but a benevolent mortal; and for a Turk, a man whose education was confined to the reading of the Koran, he is a very prodigy.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HYPATE, AND HISTORY OF THE BOUNDARIES.

THE day after our arrival at Hypate, being Sunday, we had nothing to do but enjoy the rest which it brought. The morning, unlike the one by which it was preceded, was cool, clear and beautiful, and the glorious prospect of mountain and plain above and beneath us was so delightful, that I could not but wish myself on the heights of Mount Cæta, in order to indulge, without interruption, in the pleasures it promised ; but our room was crowded with the dignitaries of the place, who came to pay us their respects, or rather to indulge in their national propensity of hearing or telling something new. The Greeks, whatever else they may have lost, still retain the principal characteristic of their ancestors, viz: the power of listening, and the agreeable talent of seasoning their stories with attic salt ; even the ignorant amongst them are not altogether deficient in the gift of Herodotus, or the gossiping propensities of Socrates.

According to their account, Hypate, the Patra-

gic of the Turks, and the Nea Patra of the modern Greeks, had in her best days about 650 families—500 of whom were Turks, and the residue Greeks. The proximity of Hypate to Lamia, the headquarters of the Turkish army, enabled the Turks of Patragic to maintain their ground through the whole of the revolution, and they submitted to the general fate of their compatriots in Greece only when the protocols of the allied powers left them no farther hope. With the exception of Hadge Abdurahman Aga, who is an exception to all general rules, and a few ruined minarets, the town has preserved nothing of its Turkish character. Two-thirds of the Greek population perished, and those who have survived the contest, are left in a state of want and poverty. The best and most prosperous of its present inhabitants are those who happened to be abroad during the struggle, and who, having invested their property in landed estates, have taken the place of the old landed proprietors; but even these can hardly be said to be exempted from the common misfortunes of the country; the want of hands and of funds are the greatest obstacles in the way of their progress and prosperity.

Having spent a portion of the morning in receiving and paying visits, I passed the latter part of the day at the house of Mr. Anian. From the sloping terraces and the kiosk in his garden we had an extensive and imposing prospect. Besides the plain, the villages, the groves, and the

seas of Phthia, which spread at our feet, the mountains of Turkey—Pindus, Olympus and Ossa, rose to the north and east of us, and bound the horizon that stretched far beyond the confined limits of Greece! The plains and the mountains of Turkey seem to belong by right of history and association to Greece, and when we recall to mind that the greater portion of the inhabitants who live in the provinces of Turkey are Greeks in descent, in language and religion, one cannot but participate in the sorrows and the wrongs of those who are left in bondage; and the more so as their present subjection to Turkey is partly owing to the narrow and selfish policy of Christian nations.

It is well known that after the pacification of Greece and the recognition of her independence by Turkey, the boundaries of the new state presented a difficult and complicated question, the final adjustment of which was left in the hands of the Allied Powers and their plenipotentiaries, who, like inexperienced school-boys, had soiled and thumbled their maps in studying their subject; nor were their efforts crowned by the success which was anticipated by the friends of liberty, and promised to the world by the long deliberations and longer protocols of the allies.

It was at first proposed that the new state should be confined to the "Morea and the islands;" and as this proposition was thought too limited, it was further suggested, that to the "Morea and the



islands" should be added "the mountains to the north of the isthmus"—that is, Megaris and a portion of Attica. Both of these propositions originated with the English cabinet, and were rejected by Russia and France, who in their turn proposed to carry the line as far to the north as Mount Œta, and then bring it through the lakes of Trichonis and Canopia, in Ætolia, to Achelous, which was to form the western boundary of the new state. This was objected to on the part of the English, and the matter was referred to their respective plenipotentiaries, who held their conference at Poros, and who recommended that the line of the frontier should run from the Gulf of Volo to the east, to that of Ambracia to the west—adding thereby a part of Thessaly and the whole of Ætolia and Acarnania.

The line proposed by the ambassadors of the three powers being agreed upon by the parties interested, who, by-the-bye, were neither the Turks nor the Greeks—and guaranteed by the 10th article of the treaty of Andrianople, was ultimately defined by the commissioners appointed for that purpose, in 1835. The boundary in question consists of an arbitrary line—at variance for the most part with the natural and political features of the country, and destined to prove a source of great expense and mischief both to Greece and Turkey. It is too extensive to be guarded without the aid of a stationary army, and too exposed to be safe. It

has none, or, at least, few of those natural barriers which might have been found a little farther to the north, and which ought to have been interposed for the mutual protection of the states. With such a frontier as the present, how is it possible for Greece to guard against a sudden irruption of Albanians, or for Turkey to protect her people against the constant annoyances of the Greek klefts?

Under the existing state of things it is not to be wondered at that both Greece and Turkey should be dissatisfied with the settlement of the boundary question. But it may be said the Greeks and the Turks—the parties immediately interested, were too far apart in feeling and interest to be reconciled or consulted. The interference, therefore, of the Allies on this point was necessary, and consequently, if not altogether justifiable, at least expedient. This is all true; but the right of interference was not without solemn obligations, and the great mediators, though self-constituted, imposed upon themselves, nevertheless, the sacred obligation of settling the question in a manner so just and equitable as to be permanent. Have they discharged their trust?—have they attained this object?

The result of their negotiations is such as to dissatisfy all parties—the Allied Powers themselves not excepted. Greece complains, and complains loudly, not only because her present limits are inadequate to the end for which she was raised to the dignity of a free and independent state, but she

complains, and appeals to the tribunal of public opinion, and God, against that monstrous injustice, which denied to one portion of the sufferers the rights and privileges that were accorded to others, and against that selfish and wicked policy which sacrificed the beautiful island of Crete and her inhabitants to the tyranny and the barbarities of Turkish thralldom and Turkish degradation.—Greece may endure this as she has endured other wrongs, but she cannot be satisfied.

The narrow and selfish policy that has been pursued towards Greece has not been such as to secure the best interests of Turkey;—she has been allowed to retain some few portions of the revolted provinces, but she can only keep them by force. The inquietude of the liberated Greeks keeps her and her Christian allies in constant uneasiness, and the revolutions that have already taken place justify the fears and the attitude of the Turkish government towards Greece. The existing peace between the two states is at best but temporary, and can only be regarded as a cessation of hostilities, during which each party contemplates some future advantage. Under this state of things, what has Turkey gained by the benevolence of those who have left within her state such elements of discord and dissatisfaction? And what has been gained by the friends of liberty and of order, who looked to the happy solution of the “Greek ques-

tion" for an additional guarantee to the peace of the East and the progress of civilization.

The voice of impartial history will not allow the sovereign agents of this transaction to betake themselves to the flimsy excuse of "right" and expediency; for the same right which justified the surrender of the "Devil's Islands" to Greece would have also justified the annexation of Crete. The work of the allies, it is true, was encompassed by difficulties almost insurmountable, and by embarrassments of a serious nature; but the difficulties, however great, were not owing so much to the nature of the case as to their mutual jealousies and mutual interests. If the allies have failed in their work, it is not because they loved Greece or Turkey the less, but themselves the more. France, indeed, was for dealing with a liberal measure, but the jealousies of the other two could not be easily reconciled, and it is to be regretted that the cabinet of England—the very soul of the protectorate, should have departed at this time from the enlightened policy of her Canning, and fallen back upon the absurd policy of supporting "the integrity of Turkey;"—the more absurd as it was insisted upon at a time when her allies were engaged in the holy work of carving her piece by piece, and when the possibility of a further and more general dismemberment was probably the most potent reason for objecting to the annexation of Crete. In addition to this prospective policy, which explains in

part the measures of the English ministry, England had to guard against the influence of Russia, whose policy with regard to the boundary question happened to be liberal, and therefore suspected, though it is very probable that the liberality of Russia was meant as a ruse-de-guerre against the far-sighted and sagacious statesmen of England. Be this as it may, the influence of the English cabinet succeeded in defeating the interest of Greece, and as time will show, the interest of England in the East.

In animadverting against the narrow policy of the English ministry, we cannot forget what is due to the liberality of the English people, and to the ability of that able and enlightened statesman who brought the work and the deliberations of the allies and their representatives to as happy a close as the circumstances of the case could allow. Sir Stratford Canning went to his work with the ability and honesty of a truly great man; and Greece owes to him a share of that gratitude which she owes to the memory of George Canning, the first on the list of her benefactors.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### LAMIA.

WE left Hypate without seeing the Livadia—or mountain pastures—on the top of Mount Œta, which were described as the most delightful regions in Greece. Here game abounds, the air is as exciting as champaign, and the scenery and prospect unsurpassed in beauty and magnificence.

In our way to Lamia—the frontier city of Greece—we visited a beautiful waterfall in the vicinity of the town, and passed by the sulphur springs which are in sight of Hypate, and of which Mr. Strong gives the following description:—"In the centre of a wood of plantain, about a mile from Hypate, on the road to Lamia, rises a gentle hill, whose summit is plainly discernable from the latter town, owing to its dazzling calcareous incrustations. From this summit, which resembles a large bladder, raised by volcanic fire, and hardened by time, there escapes a boiling sulphureous spring, the richness of whose ingredients entitles it to the first rank among the mineral springs of Europe, while its medicinal properties will probably, at no very

distant period, procure for it great celebrity. The whole of the surface of the hill is covered with incrustations of lime; and a deep hollow sound, which is heard in the neighbourhood of the spring, gives rise to the supposition that a large vacuum exists beneath.

"The spring is most beautifully situated. To the south lie the Œta mountains, to the south-west the town of Patragic; it is bound on the west by Mount Pindus, and on the north by the lower ranges of that chain, whilst to the east, the eye roves over the blue expanse of water, till it rests on the horizon, which is formed by the picturesque island of Eubœa. A luxuriant vegetation—the shady grove of noble plantains; its propinquity to the romantically situated town of Patragic, and the more distant view of Lamia, combine to render it a most lovely spot; and a moderate sum expended in building a few houses might render it an unparalleled bathing-place.

"The water is deeply impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and rushes foaming and bubbling, from the escape of the gas, into a circular basin in the form of a crater, which is used by the invalids as a public bath. It is about forty feet in diameter, and eight feet deep in the centre; whilst the quantity of water contained in it is sufficient to fill sixty or seventy baths.

"The traces of a circular wall in the centre of the stream, which may still be recognized at a

depth of five feet, leads to the supposition that a regular bath of solid masonry was formerly constructed here; but exposed as it has been for so many centuries to the finger of time, and the destructive influence of so large a body of boiling water, it has naturally suffered by degrees, and at length, for the most part, disappeared. The manner in which the stones are arranged at one particular spot, gives rise to the idea that a staircase once existed, by means of which access was had to the bath.

“The heat of the water, which is cooled by its exposure to the air, on its short passage from the spring to the basin, varies according to the depth. At the periphery of the circle, the thermometer stands at  $23^{\circ}$  Reaumur, while in the centre it is as high as  $40^{\circ}$  R. and possesses on the average, an agreeable bathing temperature of  $29^{\circ}$  R.

“The smell alone is sufficient to indicate the presence of sulphur, which escapes as hydrothionic gas. An agreeable and peculiar prickling sensation, combined with a slight red colouring of the skin, and a slight beneficial perspiration, are the first symptoms observed by the invalid, after the first bath: and as the exhalation of sulphuric gas continues for several days, a very few baths are sufficient to bring about a great change in the state of the patient.\*

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\* “Mr. Landerer's (Professor of chemistry in the University of



About half way between Hypate and Lamia we had the pleasure of fording the river Sperchius, which we found more beautiful than formidable, its waters which in the more advanced state of the season roll in muddy eddies to the sea, were now as calm and as clear as the heavens above them. On the other side of the classical Sperchius we found the vineyards of Lamia, but the city, unlike its neighbour, was hidden far away among the hills. The first objects that announced our approach to the town were the mills and its citadel, which in form resembles the Acropolis of Athens, and commands an extensive and magnificent prospect. "The castle of Zetuni,"\* says Mr. Leak, "commands a most beautiful and interesting prospect,

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Athens) analysis of the water, shows it to be composed as follows :

|                            |           |                 |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| Muriate of Soda,           | . . . . . | 40,000          |
| " " Lime,                  | . . . . . | 2,500           |
| " " Magnesia,              | . . . . . | 3,600           |
| Sulphate of Lime,          | . . . . . | 1,000           |
| " " Soda,                  | . . . . . | 1,200           |
| Carbonate of Lime,         | . . . . . | 0,800           |
| " " Soda,                  | . . . . . | 0,500           |
| Hydrobromiate of Magnesia, | . . . . . | 0,432           |
| Silicium,                  | . . . . . | 0,800           |
| Oxyde of Manganese,        |           |                 |
| Carbonic acid gas,         | . . . . . | 3 cubic inches. |

The specific gravity is 1.018 inches."

\* Zetuni is the Turkish name of Lamia, and derives itself from the Turkish word Zeitun—olive. The province has always been noted for the extent and luxuriance of its olive plantations.

and being itself a remarkable point, is an excellent geographical station: There is no other of equal altitude which comprehends so complete a view of the country adjacent to the head of the Maliac gulf, or at least that affords so much assistance in understanding the history of the celebrated events which have occurred on this scene." The most remarkable and striking portion of the prospect are the varied and magnificent mountain ranges which rise above the memorable Pass of Thermopylæ.

The city has not lost its Turkish features, and the house of our host, Mr. D. Mansolas, with its disharilick and haremlic, with its latticed windows, its gardens, fountains and baths, could hardly fail to remind us of the days when the now ruined palaces were the residences of Beys and Pashas, and its grass-grown streets the thronged and busy thoroughfares of those great armies which were raised for the subjugation of Greece. Lamia is, in some respects, still the Zeitun of the Turks—it has too many Turkish features to look like a Greek city, but its present inhabitants, though they live in harems, have but one wife, no slaves, and no power of cutting off heads.

I could not but admire the ease and the philosophy with which my friend Mansolas adapted himself to the changes of his varied life. From the beautiful vale of Tempe, where he was born, he went to the universities of Germany, and from thence to Seras, where he practiced as a physician,

and where he wanted neither fortune nor influence ; but with the opening of the revolution he hastened to Greece, and though he had neither the diplomatic genius of Mavrocordato, nor the consummate abilities of Coletti, his education and patriotism secured for him a distinguished place among the Greeks of the day. He was long the associate of the distinguished Gazis in the Court of the Areopagus, and at the close of the revolution was deputed by the government to take possession of the citadel and the city of Lamia, which up to that time, 1832, had remained in the hands of the Turks. He was subsequently Minister of the Interior and Counsellor of State ; but Mansolas, like many other Greeks, incurred the displeasure of the Regency, and is now leading the life of a private individual. His harem affords him ample space for lounging as well as contemplation, and his estate at the head of the Maliac gulf, though small, is enough to satisfy a philosopher. His agricultural pursuits fill a small portion of his time, while his gun and books afford him abundant materials for amusement. Greece, however, is more proud of her Mansolas in exile than she is of many others who are in the enjoyment of high stations and ample emoluments.\*

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\* The difficulties which preceded the recent revolution, recalled Mansolas to his post, and the 3d of Sept., 1843, placed him among the members of the first responsible ministry in Greece.

Mr. Mansolas was so obliging as to accompany us to the governor of the province, and also to some of the more élite of the city, who, like him, are established here from different parts of the country. While at Dr. K.'s, formerly a resident of Salonica, I had the pleasure of meeting with Captain Valentza, a distinguished chief of Thessaly, and a man whose repeated efforts to revolutionize his native province have rendered him obnoxious to the respective governments of Greece and Turkey, and subjected him more than once to the notoriety and the inconveniences of an out-law—and a kleft. Valentza, though adventurous, and somewhat imprudent, is represented as a lion in courage, and, for the last twenty years, he has been leading a life calculated to make him as savage, and yet nothing is so remarkable or so surprising as the gentlemanly and mild demeanour of this distinguished hero of the Greek revolution. At the time we met, he was in disguise, and when he addressed me, I could hardly persuade myself that the man in the humble guise of a peasant, was the proud chief I had once met in Athens. I was delighted to find him among the living—and he assured me that he was waiting, not the clemency of the Greek government, but the spring, to enjoy the pleasures and the privileges of "the birds in the bushes."

After supper, which, according to the olden habits of the Greeks, took place about seven o'clock, we had the pleasure of spending the evening in the

company of those upon whom we had called in the course of the day, and having more leisure, we launched more deeply into the discussion of matters and things in general, with the exception of Mr. Mansolas, who enveloped himself and everybody else in the smoke of his chibouk, and who acted as moderator—the rest were like embodied storms. We devised more than one plan for the improvement of the frontier city—and in addition to the existing schools, we proposed the establishment of a gymnasium, with a view of propagating in Turkey the principles of civilization. On this, as on similar occasions, one great project suggested another still greater, and at length our imaginations became so excited, that without any regard to the presence of His Majesty's governor, we scattered the scintillations of another revolution, took Thessaly and Macedon, and marched to Constantinople!

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THERMOPYLÆ AND CAPTAIN DIACOS.

FROM Lamia to the bridge of Alamana, the lower bridge of Sperchius, is only a short distance of one hour and a half; and the public road leads through the plain which lies to the south of the city, and which, at this season of the year, 16th October, had the appearance of a vast and rich prairie. In winter, however, and spring, the greatest and the richest portion of these lands lie under water, and so deep that the communication is interrupted for weeks together. Even at this time we found the road sufficiently muddy, and the causeway in such a miserable condition as to add to, rather than diminish, the difficulties. This is not very flattering to the enterprise of those who have governed the country for the last ten years; but it is to be hoped that the great national road, which is to connect the capital with the frontier town of the kingdom, will ere long put an end to this trouble. In the meantime, the traveller must content himself with some of the difficulties which beset the Persians in the straits of Thermopylæ.

On the other side of the bridge, whose arches form an interesting feature in the prospect, and two hundred yards to the south of it, are the rocky projections of Mount Ceta; and the space between them and the river, is rendered still more difficult of access by the abundant waters of a hot spring, which, issuing from the base of the mountain, discharges itself into Sperchius a little below the bridge. The public road, after crossing the Phoenix, i. e. the red sulphur spring, takes an easterly direction, and continues between the mountains and the swamps on the margin of the river, till it comes to a still greater projection than the one in the vicinity of the bridge, and to another and more bold spring, which, like the former, is issuing from the base of the mountain, and discharging its hot and steaming waters into the morasses to the left of the road.

The intermediate space between these two springs forms a small, but beautiful valley, where the wild olive, the myrtle and oliander, are to be seen in their native luxuriance. The public path is here hemmed in by the rocks and the marshes; and the traveller who is even partially acquainted with the history and topography of ancient Greece, recognises here the celebrated Pass of Thermopylæ.

The Western, or False Thermopylæ, has probably undergone little or no change; but in the Eastern or Proper Thermopylæ, the sea having receded, the natural strength of the pass has been greatly weakened. Still the marshes, which are

fed partly by the overflowings of the river, and partly by the waters of the hot spring, oppose even now no small obstacle to the passage of an enemy.

"The mineral waters at Thermopylæ," says Mr. Strong, who seems to speak only of the White Sediment Springs, "appear about half way between Budonitza and Lamia. The numerous incrustations of limestone, and the vapours which, in calm weather, exhale with the appearance of little clouds, render them easily discernible from Lamia.

"The principal streams flow from two apertures in a limestone rock of Mount Ceta, which closely resembles in appearance the craters of volcanoes. In several other adjoining spots, irregular crevices in the rock are observable, filled with stagnant water, which does not show a high degree of temperature: but the organic matter in a state of decomposition contained in it, produces several sorts of gas. The Hot Springs have a temperature of 52 deg. Reaumur, and in some places even 68, and flow in little rivulets towards the sea, which is five miles off.

\* \* "There is no reason to doubt that baths once existed at these springs, as they are mentioned by more than one ancient historian. They are said to have been built, in the first instance, by Herodes Atticus. At the spot where the waters appear, there is a natural\* bathing-place, of about six feet

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\* The bath is artificial, and not natural.



in depth, which is still much used by invalids as a bath, and mostly visited for this purpose in the month of August. Strabo relates that the Springs of Thermopylæ were dedicated to Hercules.\*

Thermopylæ has been, *par excellence*, the pass of reverses; and the Greeks, who are so proud in the inheritance of its magic name, have been nowhere so unfortunate, as far as immediate results go, as at Thermopylæ; but failure in a good cause being far preferable to the most splendid success in an inglorious one, the name of this remarkable pass became at all times, and among all nations, a powerful talisman, a watch-word to the free!

There are, indeed, few names that can be said to have exercised so great and so lasting an influence upon the destinies of the Greek nation as that of

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\* The water has a mean temperature 55 deg. Reaumur; it is very clear, of a disagreeable, saline, and bitterish taste, with a strong hepatic smell. Its specific gravity is 1.035, and its component parts, according to Professor Landerer, are:

|                            |                 |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Sulphate of Magnesia,      | 9.360           |
| Do. Soda,                  | 2.500           |
| Do. Lime,                  | 1.600           |
| Muriate of Soda,           | 15.000          |
| Do. Magnesia,              | 7.500           |
| Carbonate of Lime,         | 3.000           |
| Do. Soda,                  | 1.000           |
| Extractive matter,         |                 |
| Silicium,                  | 2.850           |
| Hydrobromiate of Magnesia, |                 |
| Carbonic Gas,              | 2 cubic inches. |
| Hpdrothionic Gas,          | 1.000           |

Thermopylæ; and when we recollect, that from the golden days of the inimitable Herodotus to the dark and portentous times of the lamented Rigas, the most gifted of the Greeks have lent to this memorable event and place the light and lustre of their genius, we can hardly wonder that the modern Greeks should have chosen the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ as the most appropriate place for the opening scene of their revolution.

In the early part of 1821, the Pashas, Koushrit Mehmet, and Emer Vergones, were despatched to Lamia by the Rumeli Valasee, and they were shortly after strengthened by an army of eight or ten thousand Turks. As soon as these high functionaries saw themselves in possession of a sufficient force, they began to prepare for their expedition to the south of Greece; but scarcely were their horse-tails, the insignia of their dreaded power, and the unerring signs of a general movement,\* seen to stream and glitter in the camp, when Capt. Diacos, who had been watching the movements of the Turks from the heights of Mount Œta, seized upon the pass of Thermopylæ.

On the 2d of April, the vanguard of the Turkish army made its appearance, and after a short skirmish was repulsed with considerable loss. On the

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\* The *Tui*, or horse tails of the Turkish Pashas, which are given them by the Sultan, precede their movements. The Pasha must follow his *Tui*.

4th, however, they effected a passage above the bridge : and the principal difficulty being overcome, they began to prepare for a general action. The Greeks who were on the heights immediately above the pass, saw the impending danger, and proposed a timely retreat, but Diacos would listen to nothing of the kind. He could not, and would not leave *his* post. His own comrades, amounting to about seventy men, and the venerable Bishop of Salona, were animated by the same spirit ; but after a short and desperate resistance, they were rode over and hacked down by the horse of the enemy. The only person who survived these brave spirits was the noble, but unfortunate Diacos, who, being disabled, was taken prisoner, and conducted to Lamia, where, to the shame of the Turks, he was impaled alive !\*

The scene which was enacted at Thermopylæ was a repetition of the old Spartan lesson to tyrants, and the hero who, before his death, was doubtless incumbered with the weakness and the imperfections of mortality, became, through his devotion and

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\* Captain Diacos was a native of Lidoriki, and had been ordained a deacon in the Greek church, but the insolence of a Turk obliged him to leave both country and church. His hands once stained with the blood of his enemy, he took to the mountains, and in the course of a few years became a noted chief. He was as distinguished for his virtues as he was for his courage, and had his life been spared, he might have shown himself to be as great in the councils of the nation as he was in the field of battle.

courage, the lasting and thrilling theme of history and of song.

To the east of Thermopylæ is the Opuntian Locris. The magnificent chain of Œta, which is here embellished by the castle of Budonitza, was farther to the south of us than it had hitherto been; and the country to the north of it, and as far to the east as the Straits of Eubœa, was a well-wooded and well-watered plain. Its features are as diversified, its clime as mild, and its soil as rich, as that of Phthiotes; but the greater portion of the plain is uncultivated, and its population exceedingly sparse.

Just as we were entering the village of Andera, the sky, which in the early part of the day, had been calm and clear, was suddenly overcast, and the dark rolling masses of the clouds admonished us of the coming storm; we therefore determined to remain for the night at Andera. As the peasants were unwilling to provide us with shelter or board, we were obliged to enter their castles by force. This was the first and only instance in which we were refused the rights of hospitality, and I hesitated to avail myself of an act, in which both the officers of the government and the people were in the wrong, the one for offering, and the other for suffering an imposition. But so it is, and so it will ever be. Wherever the people are ignorant of their rights, there the government and its servants are equally so of their duties. Ignorance on the part

of the one begets insolence and oppression on the part of the other.

Through my interference, the peasants were allowed to remain in their hut, and we had the pleasure of being fellow-occupants with them. The inside of the picture was not altogether uninteresting. On one side of the fire-place was an old blind man, employed in rocking with might and main his little grandson, who, poor fellow! was suffering with all the miseries of teething, while his mother, innocent soul, thought that he was affected with the evil eye; and when she was advised to bathe the child, a duty which she had neglected for the last eight months, even to the washing of his face, she refused to comply for fear of washing away his baptism!

The condition of these people does not seem to have undergone any material change. They were the vassals of the Turks; they are now the tenants of the government. They are subject to almost all the oppressions which they suffered under their old masters the Turks. The only thing that could raise them in the scale of civilization is the law which will make the peasants of Greece the proprietors of the lands they cultivate.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JOURNEY TO ATALANTE.

HAD the morning been as bad as the evening which preceded it, we would not have been so anxious to leave our quarters. Fortunately the rain had spent its force in the course of the night, and the sky was clear and cold. At first we could hardly account for the severity of the cold, but we were not long in discovering the cause. Mount Parnassus, whose divine form we had not seen for the last two weeks, was to the right of us, and so altered in form and appearance that we could scarcely recognise it. Its upper regions were all covered with snow, and its effect, when contrasted with the green hills around, was truly beautiful; the whole scenery assumed a new feature; it partook of that Alpine variety and sublimity which brings all the seasons of the year together.

By degrees, the gray mantle of the morning was dispelled by the rays of the sun, and the light of the day unfolded to our eyes a most splendid scene of mountains and plain—of land and sea. To the right of us we had the graceful chains of Œta, with the picturesque castle of Budonitza against

the glittering sides of Mount Parnassus, and to the left of us spread the blue seas of the gulf, with all the beauty, and life, and splendour that variety of outline and richness of colouring can give to a landscape. Nor was the prospect—even in its distant points, devoid of that charm and interest which history and association can give;—every prominent land-mark—the whole of the sea, with its splendid borders, forms a page in the history of Greece.

Besides Andera, Molo was the only village we saw in the plain, and the whole province seems to be in a state of entire neglect. In addition to the want of cultivation, the numerous springs which issue from Mount Œta, which seems to be a vast laboratory, are left to meander through the plain at will, and the whole coast appears to be a continued swamp.

At the termination of the plain, on which we continued for the first two hours and a half, we turned to the southward, just at the point where Mount Œta wastes itself into the sea, and continued upon the sea-shore for the greater part of the day. Notwithstanding the fine views of the narrows and the island of Eubœa, to our left, and the forms of the rugged hills and mountains to our right, the objects immediately upon the road presented us with no sources of interest; the whole country appeared to be remarkable for nothing but its barrenness and sterility; and with the exception

of a few ruined huts upon the shore, and some miserable families, there was not a field nor a village to vary the monotony, or add some few features of life to the dreary and desolate prospect which spread all around us, to within an hour of Atalante

We reached the town late in the afternoon, and took lodgings in one of its miserable locandas.—The town of Atalante is situated at the head of a fertile plain, and at the foot of one of those naked mountains for which Gréece, and particularly Attica, is so remarkable. To the east of the town, and at a distance of three miles, is a beautiful and very convenient port, which, like other ports of Greece, is more an object of beauty than of use. The appearance of the town from a distance and the views which it commands, are varied and beautiful, though the place in itself is far from being interesting or agreeable. Most of its olive and orange groves have disappeared, and the place looks naked and desolate.

Atalante has participated in the reverses of the country, and was at one time a camp and a battlefield. It is now inhabited partly by its former inhabitants, and partly by the Macedonians, who, after the pacification of the country, settled at first at "New Pella," near the sea-shore, and afterwards removed to the upper town, where they constitute a large portion of the population, but where they seem to have no resting-place. The Macedonians, like the Suliotes, were the first to join in



the great struggle of independence, and in their efforts against the enemy they subjected the town of Naussa, the peninsula of Kassandra, and the villages of Mount Olympus to all the miseries, and to all the horrors of a barbarous and cruel war: even when their strong-holds—when Kassandra and Naussa fell into the hands of the enemy, the survivors refused to submit to the yoke of the Turk; and with a determination of spirit that knew not how to succumb, they went to other regions—not, indeed, in despair, but with the determination that

“ Their scarfs of blood-red should be redder before  
The sabre was sheathed and the battle was o’er.”

The Macedonians removed to the south of Greece, where, under the command of the terrible Karatasio and his brave associates, Gatzo and Deamandis, they espoused the cause which at that time elicited the sympathies and united the efforts of the whole Greek race. The whole of liberated Greece, from Petta to Mothone, and from Napoli and Megara to Atalante, Trikeri and Skiathos, is studded with battle-fields, where the modern Macedonians have displayed something of that courage and intrepidity which distinguished their ancestors on the banks of the Granicus. Nor have they spared sacrifices; they, too, in common with the rest, have fattened the valleys of their country with the bones of their comrades; and if the Suliot can point to the tombs of Marco Botzaris and

of Lambro Veicos with pride, the graves of Kara-Tasio, at Lepanto, and of Gatzö, at Atalante, are not less honoured or less appreciated;—they contain the remains of those wild and daring spirits at whose call the half of Macedon rose to arms.

The case of the Macedonians differs from that of the Suliotes in one very essential point. The former served their country by sea as well as by land, and without being islanders or accustomed to sea-faring life, their long boats and light mysticoes gave them, in some respects, the command over the waters of the Ægean, and for a while, rendered them the scourge of the Mediterranean. The coursaïres of Greece were by no means so patriotic as to be blind to the charms of booty, or so in love with liberty as to hate a prize; and there is something wild as well as romantic in such enterprises as the capture of Grabousa, in Crete, and the siege of Beyroot, in Syria; and we are the more interested in these miseries of the times inasmuch as the evils which beset the commerce of Europe offered a better argument for the interference of the Christian potentates than all the sufferings of Greece, or the higher motives which philanthropy or justice could urge.

After the establishment of peace, the Macedonians were induced to settle at Atalante, and in lieu of the home they lost, and the services they rendered to the cause of the nation, the government consented to remunerate them with a portion of those

lands which they had dyed with the blood of their comrades. The amount of land, when compared with the services rendered, was at best but a trifle; still to the poor and the needy it was a great deal, and had it been given promptly, it might have done something towards the object for which it was intended; but the fulfilment of the promise was deferred from day to day, and from week to week. Twelve long years have already passed, and the promised land is not yet *measured*! Is it wonderful that the veterans for whom it was intended should be driven to despair? Their case is one of unmingled injustice; but who is to be blamed for it? The nation?—it has no voice. His Majesty's ministers?—they are not responsible! The king?—

———"Kings are earth's gods,  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?"

In the course of the evening we were favoured with a visit from a chief of Kassandra, whom I had seen on a former occasion at Athens, and who was as good a subject for the pencil of the artist as any of his wild compatriots. His athletic form was set in bold relief by the glare of the fire near which he was seated, and the features of his manly countenance became more and more animated as he passed from the common topics of conversation to the stirring events of the last revolution. The hero of his theme and imagination was the cele-

brated Karatasio.\* In connexion with the heroic achievements of this chief, he gave us an account of the battle he fought against the Arabs of Ibrahim, near Navarino; and as the narrator was one of the actors in the drama, he gave the most graphic and authentic description we had as yet heard of it. The moving masses of the Arabs—the impatient Greeks, and the chief, whom he likened to a lion that had lashed himself into a rage, were all placed before us;—we almost saw them and heard them; but at the moment when he was to throw them into deadly conflict, the door opened, and a luckless visitor put an end to the narrative and our pleasure.

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\* Karatasio is combined of the Turkish epithet Kara-black and the Greek proper name Tasio. The Black or Dark Tasio was very fair, and the epithet is descriptive of his character rather than his complexion. ●

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### MARTINO—ITS KALIVIA: RETURN TO ATHENS.

LEAVING Atalante, we entered once more upon its naked, but rich plain, and continued upon it till we came to the vineyards and the saline springs, at the south-east corner of it. Beyond the springs, which are about an hour's ride from the town, and which are so copious as to turn a number of mills, the face of the country began to assume the same naked and barren appearance which we noticed all along the coast, and which, with a few exceptions, may be said to be the prevailing characteristic of the whole eastern shores of the frith. The only object of interest after leaving the springs was Proskyna—the first Albanian village in this part of the country—where we saw all the life and the beauty of the village by the side of the village fountain.

Two hours to the south of Proskyna we came to Martino, which is remarkable for its wealthy inhabitants, and interesting as having been the scene of a battle, where, in 1828 the Greeks, who were under the command of Bassos, gained a great advantage over the Turks, who had to con-

tend against the inclemency of the weather as well as the mountainous nature of the ground. We found the surrounding country exceedingly rough, and the people of the village equally rough and uninviting. Even the little Albanians who, at the request of the Demark, had brought us some refreshments, looked as cautious and as wary as the young savages of the American forests.

After leaving Martino we met with nothing interesting till we came—in about two hours—to that narrow and rocky region which separates Lake Copais from the Straits of Eubœa. The nature of the ground was such, that at first we could see neither the lake nor the sea; but the shafts of Crates, which were intended to communicate with the subterranean passage of the waters, engaged our attention, and admonished us of our approach to Lake Copais. The shafts, or perpendicular excavations into the rock, are very remarkable, and while we stood upon the brim of one of them, which had been lately cleared of its rubbish, and which, with an opening of six feet square, had a depth of ninety-six French metres, we were equally surprised with the magnitude and the boldness of an enterprise which, even in its present unfinished and abandoned state, is a matter of wonder.

We had scarcely done with the examination of the shafts when the public road brought us to a point which commanded a beautiful and extensive view of the lake; but the face of Copais was so al-

tered, so unlike the one we had seen, some two or three weeks ago from the heights of Mount Helicon, that we could scarcely credit our own eyes. The waters, which on a former occasion, and from a higher point of observation, were seen to spread in a body, had now confined themselves within the narrow channel of Cepheus, and the surface of the lake, as far as the eye could see, was transformed into a rich and luxuriant meadow, dotted and enlivened with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The mere appearance of so rich and extensive a meadow was of itself a rare spectacle, and the beauty of the picture was still farther enhanced by the boldness of its borders, by the graceful and magnificent forms of Helicon and Parnassus.

We had taken our position on the rocky heights to the south-east angle of the lake, and between the two principal channels through which the waters lose themselves into the rocks and chasms. The waters were at so low a point that they had entirely deserted the northern channel, and we were thus enabled to examine, without any obstacle, the mouth of one of those catavothras or secret channels, through which the waters of the lake find their way into the sea. The opening resembled in every respect the mouth of natural caves. There is reason, however, to believe that in latter days art was brought to the aid of nature, and the natural channels, which were first formed by the action of the water, were afterwards enlarged and

improved by the labour and the ingenuity of man. There is but little doubt that the wealth of the "rich Orchomenos" at the head of Copais, was owing to the drainage of the lake. From the earliest days of Greece to the times of Alexander the Great, the borders of Lake Copais comprehended the richest lands in Greece, and its drainage, being essential to the well-being of the people and the state, must have been a matter of great solicitude to the ancients. Unfortunately, however, the work of Crates, which appears to have been interrupted, was never resumed, and the waters of the lake have been left to aid the work of time and desolation. One channel after another has been choked up—the evil has increased with every winter, and with the progress of ages, not only a great extent of arable land, but even towns renowned for their wealth and edifices, have left behind them nothing but their names.

Out of the many channels through which formerly the waters of the Copais made their escape, there are at present but two in tolerable good order. It is through these that the waters of the lake find their way to the sea on the other side of Mount Ptown. Similar natural chasms for the escape of mountain lakes are not rare. Arcadia abounds in such, and in them we see the prototypes of Alpheus and Arethusa—but though there are many catavothras of greater length, there are none of so great a magnitude as those of the Copais—they are in-



deed as wonderful as they are useful, and it is to be hoped that the government of the country will see that these few safety-valves are not also closed; for were they to be choked up like the rest, it is difficult to conceive the amount of mischief and misery to which they might give rise—the plains of Cheronia, of Orchomenos, and of Thebes, with their sites and monuments of antiquity, must give place to one continued lake.

His Majesty's government, instigated by the representations of some speculators, was induced to sanction the schemes of a modern Crates, and authorized the draining of the lake, but after a deal of trouble and expense to the state, the project failed, and the only draining perceptible was from the national treasury.

From the Catavothra and the lost Cephesus, we went to the Partridge Fountain, on the south-east side of Mount Ptown, and from its terraces, which indicated the site of some ancient edifices, we once more hailed the sight of Parnes and Citheron. The prospect was indeed magnificent, and in addition to the mountains and the plains with which we were already familiar, the view was diversified by the bright waters of the small but beautiful lake of Hylica, which is supposed to be fed by the Copais.

From the Partridge Fountain, where we remained till sunset, we rolled down the precipitous sides of Mount Ptown, and after an hour's ride reached

the Kalivia of Martino. These farm-houses are occupied only for a small portion of the year, and as the harvest season had already passed, it was more than probable that we had come a day after the feast. We thought ourselves very fortunate when we found a few wild Albanians who had been left behind, and who promised to do their best for our accommodation. This, however, was precious little! Their straw huts were the most gloomy holes I had as yet seen, and in the absence of domestic lights—women and children—we looked more like prisoners in the hands of robbers, than like guests in the huts of peasants. Our hosts, however, wanted neither cheerfulness nor hospitality.

We found ourselves far better accommodated than we had reason to expect, and were not a little amused with their manners and simplicity. After chatting for a while round the hearth, they shook their shirts over the fire, and then, like true Benthamites, thrust the lower part of their bodies into bags for the night.

The next morning we reached Thebes about nine o'clock, and were delighted to find ourselves once more upon the carriageable road to Athens, one of the most creditable works the government has as yet executed. We spent the last night of our journey in a khan on Mount Citheron, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we issued from the pass of Daphne, and our eyes were once more greeted by

the loveliest and the brightest of prospects. To the left and right of us we had the mountains and the seas, which encircle the "green beauties of the Attic plains," while before us, and beyond the olive groves rose, against the gray masses of Mount Hymettus, the city of Athens, with its lofty Arcropolis and its glittering temples. The splendid picture which is formed by the city and the surrounding objects, has lost many of its ornaments. The statues and the altars which lined the public road have all disappeared. The temples and the shrines which peopled the streets have all yielded to the effects of time and decay :

" Save where some solitary column mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave :  
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
Colona's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;  
Save where some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass,  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,  
While strangers only not regardless pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh ' Alas !'

" Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields ;  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields ;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air ;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare :  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but nature still is fair."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### ISLAND OF TENOS.

IN the early part of autumn, 1839, we left the port of the Piræus, and touching at the island of Syra, and the city of Smyrna, went up the Dardanelles to the capital of the Sultans, and from thence to the city of Salonica, where circumstances obliged us to remain through the whole of the winter. On the 10th of May, we left the harbour of the last-mentioned city on board the *Minerva*, a Greek gulletta, and the morning after, we found ourselves on the waters of the Thermaic Gulf, with Mount Olympus and Mount Athos to the right and left. The majestic forms of the one, and the lofty peaks of the other, were partly veiled by the morning mists, and as the eye dwelt now upon the one, and then upon the other, our imaginations roved at will, now among the monasteries and the hermitages of Mount Athos, and now among the celestial abodes of gods and of heroes.

Mount Athos is still the terrestrial abode of saints and of monks; but the only gods of Mount Olympus at present are the brave klefts, whose daring

exploits are worthy a Homer. Their habits and virtues are not unlike the habits and the virtues of those celestial banditti who figure so largely in the pages of Homer; and but for the want of a great poet, they would not live and die unsung. Despite the tyranny of the Turks, and the intrigues of the Allied Powers, they have managed to exercise their sway over land and sea; and notwithstanding the many changes, Mount Olympus, from the days of Jove, the father of gods, worse than klefts, to the times of Captain Deamandis,

—— the mildest manner'd man

“That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat,”

has ever been the abode of spirits, who would rather steal than buy, and who would rather die like free-men than live like slaves.

Since 1821, and more especially since 1826, the Capitanata in these regions have been broken up, and Mount Olympus is not now what it was twenty years ago. Like his despised rival, Kissavos, his wild glens and precipitous sides have been trodden down and run over by the Türks; but despite the combined efforts of the Greek and Turkish governments against the klefts and the pirates, there are at this very moment more sinners on Mount Olympus than penitents on Mount Athos, and the waters of the neighbouring seas are still infested with pirates.

At the time we left the city of Salonica, a number of piratical mysticoes had made their appearance

in the waters of the gulf; and though we were preceded by an Austrian man-of-war, it was not without some doubt as to the propriety of our course; for though Captain Basdekis, the chief of the corsairs, was a friend of ours, we would rather see him in our parlour at Athens than meet him on the open seas of the Thermaic Gulf. Fortunately for us, Canaris, the admiral of Greece, happened to be cruising in these parts, and we were thus enabled to follow our course down the gulf, and through the Sporades without the pleasure of meeting any acquaintances. We sailed along the eastern coast of Eubœa, passed by the Cape, and through the straits of Cavo Doro, and on the morning of the third day after leaving the capital of Macedon, we found ourselves among

“ the isles of Greece,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung.”

The islands of Greece, though generally sterile, and at first sight even repulsive to the unaccustomed eye, are not without their beauties. Their graceful outlines and picturesque villages are seen through the transparent atmosphere, and appear to float not only in the waters that are beneath, but in the heavens that spread above them. The mild seas and the soft islands, present at all times of the day a beautiful sight; but never so beautiful as when the “god of gladness” gilds the trembling seas, and

throws his purple mantle over land and rock. It is then he makes a heaven of the earth he is leaving. While in the port of Tenos, where we passed the first portion of our quarantine, the island of Delos lay so near us as to seem within reach, and we spent much of our time in admiring her mild beauties. Her marble temples had mouldered into dust, and her gods had deserted her altars, but Delos was still as soft and as lovely as when she first floated above the waters of the blue Ægian.

After thirteen days of quarantine in one of the best lazarettos in Greece, we settled for the summer in the principal town of the island, which, besides being one of the few places that escaped the miseries of the last war, has also the advantage of a healthy and beautiful situation. Many of the houses at St. Nicholas are large, well-built, and provided with the comforts and the conveniences of civilization. The inhabitants, too, though far from being educated, are nevertheless humanized to a remarkable degree, and are not only polite, but friendly to strangers. The women of this place, and indeed of the whole island, are noted for their beauty, and they are so fond of their charms, that their saloons and rooms are crowded with mirrors. They want nothing but education, refinement of mind, and feeling, to make them as interesting as they are beautiful.

At present, as in former times, the people of this place are given to commercial pursuits, and had

they been situated more favourably, they might have become as wealthy as they are thrifty and enterprising; but nature has denied them a safe harbour, and the commercial pre-eminence they enjoyed previous to the revolution has, since that event, transferred itself to Syra. The people of the town and the island, however, are fruitful in inventions, and a singular circumstance bids fair to make their Tenos a new Delos.

In the early part of the revolution, and at a time when the island was crowded with visitors and fugitives from every part of Greece, a nun was informed in her dreams that in a certain place was hidden an image of the Virgin. This important piece of information being conveyed to the authorities, the excavations commenced, and after some trouble, they found amid the ruins of an ancient Greek temple, the very image which was seen by the pious nun. The report respecting the dream, and the success which had attended the excavations, spread over the island, and over the rest of Greece like wild fire. The people, and especially the enthusiasts of the land, flocked to the spot in crowds; and before the year was over, a spacious and well-proportioned church rose on one of the loveliest spots in the island!

Ever since the discovery of the image, and the miracles that followed, the sick, the blind, and the lame, have flocked hither for relief; and the clean waters of the copious fountain, the light and elastic



air, the magnificent and animating objects that spread at the foot of this sanctuary, and above all, the faith of those who suffer in body or mind in the miraculous powers of the holy image, have wrought wonders, and have filled the coffers of the establishment with the gifts of those who have been benefited, or who hoped to be benefited by the intervention of the Virgin.

Once or twice in the course of the year, the church of the Panagia has a fair; and the various articles which are brought hither as gifts by the sufferers, are turned into money. The resources of the establishment, however, instead of being left at the disposal of the inmates, are subject to a clerk and committee, who are appointed by the governor to superintend the interests of the establishment, and "the way in which the funds are employed reflects the highest credit upon all engaged in their management. Besides supporting four or five schools, they have built wharves, made roads, a lazaretto, and are preparing to erect a hospital. The charity of this establishment is felt to be an universal blessing to the poor of the island, and to those unfortunate objects who come in sickness and poverty to seek the aid of the Virgin."

In the latter part of July, I joined the Attorney-General of Syra in an excursion to the interior of Tenos, which, though of moderate extent in comparison with other islands, is in point of population second only to Eubœa. Tenos has more than thirty-three

thousand inhabitants; and besides being the most populous spot in the kingdom of Greece, it has the farther advantage of being inhabited by a class of people remarkable for their intelligence, as well as for their peaceable character. The Teniotes, even in the days of the Sultan, had only one Turk for their governor, and being virtually free, had learned the art of governing themselves.

In our way to Pyrgo, which is situated at the north-east extremity of the island, we found ourselves among a succession of rocky ridges, and passing over roads which, besides being narrow and rough, were rendered still more difficult by the stone walls, which serve the double purpose of fences and support to the terraces, which in many instances begin on the sea-shore, and continue till they reach the tops of the rugged hills. Indeed, the whole of the island is a succession of terraces, which, besides being the only means of keeping possession of the soil, that would otherwise descend, not to the next of kin, but to the next neighbour in a regular line of descent, are very useful for the protection of the fig-trees from the force of the North or Etesian winds, which sweep over these islands with such force and frequency as to prevent the growth of the fig-trees above the terraces.

In addition to the terraces, which of themselves were sufficient to attest the presence and the industry of man, we were always in sight of some of the villages or farm-houses, which are scattered all over

the island ; and which, though small, and in many cases almost inaccessible, are nevertheless a great relief to the eye of the traveller, who is sure to find a welcome, and, what is more, a comfortable bed wherever he may happen to be benighted. I lost much of the pleasure I should have otherwise enjoyed while with the peasantry, in lamenting over the reasons which brought, and which still keep so large a number of the people in so sterile an island, and that, too, when the richest provinces of Greece are depopulated, and almost deserted. A wise government would have made better use of the means ; and if a portion of the national domains which are wasting away for want of cultivation, were to be allotted to each peasant, the people of Tenos would not waste their energies in cultivating the barren rocks of their island.

Owing to the sterility of the island, a great portion of the people are obliged to seek the means of subsistence in other lands ; and there is hardly an island in the Ægian which supplies Greece and Turkey with a greater number of servants than Tenos. Their love of country, and the want of a home, seldom fails to bring them back to the island, where they spend a portion of what they bring in reclaiming some barren rock, or turning some wild ravine into a smiling oasis. Around their little homes I met with gardens which excited my envy, and from their terraces I beheld what might make

kings happy—a wide extended prospect of seas and islands, all glowing with life and splendour !

About five o'clock in the afternoon, we descended into the town of Panormo, and took up our quarters in one of the best houses in the place. Its spacious rooms opened on terraces which overlooked a great portion of the town and its gardens. The habitations of Panormo, like those of every village in the island, are thrown pell-mell, and their roofs being all terraced, they looked almost as if they were a part of the rugged hills, and the crags which encompassed them on all sides. The town, though situated at a short distance from one of the best ports in the island, is as inaccessible by sea as it is by land, and its founders seemed to have preferred security to the promises of commerce. They have succeeded in placing themselves beyond the reach of friends and foes.

Panormo is, in point of population, second to the principal town of the island ; and as they have nothing but some vineyards, fig, and mulberry plantations, one can hardly imagine how such a mass of people can manage to live ; but notwithstanding this apparent poverty, they almost fed us to death with pasties, partridges, pigeons, salads, figs, grapes, with plenty of cool water, and with as much of wine as we were disposed to drink. The wine of Panormo is noted all over the island for its delicious flavour, and is sought after by all the connoisseurs in such matters ; but the people, though

poor, prefer to drink rather than sell their *Moscato*, and accordingly they suffer little to be exported.

In the vicinity of Panormo are a number of marble quarries, which are worked by the people. The marble is of fine quality, and very abundant, but the demand for it is little, and the owners derive but a small profit from them. The narrow glen which leads from their town to this beautiful port offers the only escape from their present position. Nature has given them a port and a way to it, and they must go thither or perish. The only thing that keeps them where they are is a copious fountain, and the homes of their fathers; but they had better carry the one and the other to the sea-shore than remain where they are.

Having been detained at Panormo longer than it was our intention, and having exhausted the ordinary means of amusement, we fell into the habits of the people, whose principal occupation in the latter part of the afternoon is a stroll through the city, or a lounge by the fountain, where, to the agreeable shade of the trees, and the refreshing sound of the waters, are added the most interesting accompaniments of life—women and children. Among the women of this place I saw two, who, notwithstanding their want of education, were as beautiful specimens of humanity as an artist would wish to have for his model. One of them was the beauty of the village. She had been lately deserted

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by an errant knight,\* and as the charms of her personal beauty were softened by sorrow, she looked as sad and as lovely as the Cretan Ariadne.

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\* The knight in question was an Englishman. He acted the Don Juan, and had his Haidee a Lambro for her father: this recreant lover would not have been suffered to return to his own country to write his travels in Greece.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### \*ISLAND OF ANDROS.

AFTER some trouble, and successive disappointments, a boat was at length sent to the straits which separate the island of Tenos from that of Andros ; and we were allowed to bid adieu to Panormo, to its Lord Mayor and Justice of Peace, both of whom, I doubt not, were as glad to see us off as we were to leave them. In passing from the town to the sea-shore, we had to go over the worst portion of the island, and we found ourselves in regions where time, storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes, had all joined in the creation of a terrible chaos of rocks, crags, and caves. We wandered through their mazes, and held on to the mules as long as we could, but the paths became at length so impracticable that we had to give up all but the guide, who led us to a high crag, from whence we beheld the straits, the island of Andros, and also our little mystico, to which we had to be carried on the back of the sailors, an operation which, however novel, was by no means the most agreeable method of travelling.

The mystico left its mooring as soon as it took its cargo, and shot across to the opposite shore; but the wind, which was hardly felt while in the port, was blowing strong and stiff through the straits, and the sea rose over the boat, and washed over its decks in right merry style before it deposited its burden on the shores of Andros.

Our troubles did not end with our landing. The island appeared to be deserted, and we had to carry ourselves and our baggage for more than three or four miles before we reached the metoche, or farmhouse, of Agia Mone, where we were entertained by its poor, but hospitable Abbot. This monastic retreat is pleasantly situated at the head of a little valley, and during the latter days of the Greek revolution it became the refuge of those daring corsairs who infested the seas, and who polluted this sanctuary of religion by making it the den of thieves. They, however, reconciled the misgivings of their troubled conscience by making the saint their patron. The saint, and its sanctuary, having a share in the booty, could not be indifferent to the success of the corsairs, especially when they robbed only heretics and Turks.

After a night's rest in the dreary cell of the Abbot, we left the metoche for Idonia. The first hour of our ride was over a rocky and desolate region, but as soon as we reached the highest part of the ridge, the indications of cultivation began to be more frequent, and at length our eyes alighted upon



the beautiful valley of Corthé, which, with its white houses, green fields, groves of orange and lemon, presented a perfect contrast to the desolate regions through which we had to pass in our way to it.

We descended to this sequestered valley over a succession of stairways, and passing through the vineyards and the groves of olive trees which encompassed the farm-houses of the peasants, we climbed to the town of Idonia, *i. e.*, the home of the nightingales, and took our quarters at the Demark's, whose dwelling, besides overlooking the sweet valley which reposed at the foot of the hills, had the appearance and the luxuries of Turkish houses. Its terraces and fountains, with the trellices on which hung the rich grapes, and the lemon trees which shaded and perfumed the kiosk, and the odas, presented us with a picture which harmonized with the soft and romantic scenes by which it was encompassed.

In the latter part of the afternoon we visited the village fountain, and also some of the high towers which are attached to the principal houses, and which were of no small use during the days when the neighbouring seas were infested with pirates, but which at present serve only as accompaniments and contrasts to, the soft and mild scenes in their vicinity. The most interesting object that fell under our notice during our afternoon walk, was the female school of Mr. Cambanes, who through his school and his intelligent pupils, promises to be

a great benefactor to his native town. For though many of the inhabitants in this island are men who have seen something of the world, the people in general have been shut out of it, and even now they seem to be beyond the reach of those influences which act upon the Greeks of the more accessible portions of the country, and which will never reach them without the agency of schools and education. But while the Andriotes are, in point of education, behind the more favoured portions of Greece, they have the advantage of having preserved more of the blood and the manners of the Greek race. The fine appearance of the men, and the beauty of the women, are matters of notoriety, while amongst them are to be noticed manners and habits which are not unlike those which were common among the old Greeks; for now, as in olden times, the guest is waited upon by the lady of the house.

The day after our arrival, we left the beautiful village of Idonia for Andros, the principal town in the island; and in passing over the valley, we were surprised to find the lower portion of it covered by the heaps and ridges of sand which have been drifted upon the fields and the groves by the force of the north-east winds. This evil, we were told, is increasing with every year, and unless they should succeed to interpose some barrier, it is feared that a great portion of this beautiful valley will be reduced to a desert.

As soon as we crossed the valley, we began to

ascend the rocky ridges beyond it. On the highest part of the mountain, and about half way between Idonia and Andros, we found the monastery of Panachrandos, whose high walls and iron gates made it appear more like a castle of some feudal baron than like the humble abode of monastic religionists. The monastery of Panachrandos, like almost all the monasteries of Greece, occupies a very romantic position, and though among the crags and the clouds, and almost out of the world, it hangs over a valley so fertile and so beautiful, so bright, and so full of life, as to present no small amount of temptations and fascinations. To be in sight, and yet keep out of such a world as is spread under the walls of the monastery, is a virtue I would not be disposed to practise, and yet according to the ideas of the good fathers, who do not always keep out of the valley, there is no virtue where there is no temptation.

It being the hour of noon, we could not of course pass by without paying the good and hospitable fathers our respects; and entering the huge and massive gates of their castle, we sought the Abbot, whose rooms opened upon the valley, and hung over the gardens and the vineyards, where a number of the inmates were at the time employed in training the olive trees. The good Abbot, who was an excellent specimen of his order, and who had seen something of the world before he renounced its pleasures, gave us a hearty welcome, and volun-

teered to show us the beauties and the curiosities of the monastery. At the close of our ramble, in the course of which we saw nothing worth noticing, save and except the domes and the turrets of the church in the centre of the establishment, he seated us under the plane-tree which spread its magnificent branches over the vestibule and the fountain at the head of the esplanade. To the sweet whispers of the plane-tree, and the murmurs of the fountain, he added the delights of a little *cheese* and *wine*, and the still greater delights of his interesting conversation.

The island of Andros, it would appear, is remarkable for the great number of monasteries, and the equally great number of monks; many of whom sought fortune and fame out of the island, and when overtaken by age or the blessings of the Turkish government, returned to their native island, and spent their days and their wealth with their friends. To this circumstance we are to attribute a great portion of that good breeding and affability which characterises the people of Andros.

In the latter part of the afternoon we rolled down the rocky sides of the mountain, and passing through the valley, sought the town of Andros, which is pleasantly situated on a low bluff, and between two coves or bays. Its position at the head of the valley is highly favourable, but its port, like that of Corthe, is exposed to the north winds, and during the Etesian winds, every communication is interrupted for weeks. The people, sensible of this

want, have lately made some efforts towards the formation of a safe port, and the establishment of an inland line of communication with Tenos over the straits, but these projects, though of the utmost importance to the interests of the island, have not received from the government the countenance which they deserved, a circumstance which becomes the more aggravated, when it is recollected that the island of Andros is more heavily taxed now than in the days of the Turks.

The town of Andros and its suburbs are hemmed in by the seas and the valleys, while the hills and the mountains to the rear of both form an appropriate back-ground to the picture. Here, as in Corthe, the valleys on each side of the town are encroached upon by the sand; but the evil here is hardly perceptible, and the assemblage of seas, castles, hills, mountains, green fields, and groves of olive and lemon, interspersed with the habitations of man, form a picture as rich as it is varied, and well worthy

“The clime of the East, the land of the sun.”

The northern and more sterile portion of the island is inhabited by Albanians, whose lines have fallen in stony places, and whose condition is miserable indeed; but in different parts of the two valleys, and more especially, in the town and the suburbs of Andros, are to be found those who are the proprietors of the landed estates, and who call themselves

Archons or nobles. The nobles of Andros, like the nobles of other lands, have been employed for the last three hundred years in quarreling with each other; and they have been so far successful as to divide the people into two factions, each of whom consider it its duty to undermine the power and the influence of the opposite party. At the time of our arrival, the Demark and the Justice of Peace were in open war; and as the object of each was was to draw to his side my friend and travelling companion, we were sought after and courted, not only by these dignitaries, but also by their friends and partizans, who lavished upon us the rich oranges and luscious citrons of their island.

To these were added other attentions, invitations to dinner, and picnics in the summer-seats and gardens of the Archons; where, to the charms of their delicious groves, were added the fascinations of female society, of bright eyes and golden locks. But these social interviews, though very pleasant in some respects, were rather disagreeable in others; for the Andreotes, who are the most noted bon vivants of Greece, cannot bear the sight of a guest who cannot gormandize; eat and drink he must, otherwise he will surely give offence. I at first thought that these attentions were meant only for the benefit of the Attorney General, but I afterwards ascertained that the practice of pressing their guests to eat is a *πάρσιον ἔθος* with them.

Four or five days was the utmost we intended to

give to the island of Andros, but the north winds obliged us to prolong our visit to twenty-two days; and while my travelling companion employed himself in attending to his official duties, I spent my leisure moments in the Orphan Asylum, and in the society of Theophelos Caires, whose virtues, learning, and patriotism, render him one of the most noted individuals in Greece.

This distinguished person was born in the island of Andros, and though he belonged to one of the first families in the place, the law of primogeniture placed him with the poor orphans of the land. His intelligence, however, and love of learning, enlisted in his behalf the generosity of a wealthy and benevolent uncle, and he was enabled to complete his studies in the universities of Europe. On his return to his native country, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, first in the College of Smyrna, and afterwards in that of Aivalee, where he distinguished himself for his erudition, his simplicity, and his eloquence.

With the opening of the revolution, the college of Aivalee was given to the flames, and while most of its professors and pupils lost their lives, Caires sought the shores of his native island, and on his arrival there he found himself amid the stirring scenes of the Greek revolution. Caires being naturally pacific in his disposition, and rather feeble in health, had apparently neither the taste nor the strength for such matters; but under the garb of a

professor and a monk was hid the moral courage of a hero, and contrary even to the expectations of those who knew him, he plunged into the storm which was then raging, with all the ardour and all the enthusiasm of a man whose soul was penetrated with the sufferings of his country.

From the island of Andros he went to Ipsara, where he raised the standard of revolt, and from thence passed to Mount Olympus, Mount Ossa and Pelion, and lighted on their tops the beacon of liberty. He found no difficulty in revolutionizing Macedon and Thessaly; but here he was involved in the smoke and the flames of this conflagration, and exposed himself to fatigues and perils, incident indeed to such enterprises, but requiring the hardihood of klefts inured to toils, marches and countermarches, assaults and retreats. The reverses which overtook these advanced posts of the Greek patriots, obliged them to fall back, and march, during the most inclement season of the year, through the mountainous regions of Thessaly, Epirus, and Acarnania, without provisions, and with a host of Turks after them. It was during these perils, and while suffering from the wounds which he had received, on Mount Olympus, that Caires displayed the virtues of a true hero, and acquired the esteem and the love of his wild and brave companions, who felt animated and encouraged by his noble devotion to the cause of his country.



After his return from this perilous expedition, he took part in the deliberations of those who had the lead in the affairs of the nation, and made himself as noted in the assemblies as he had been in the camp. His fervid eloquence and devoted patriotism became the theme of general admiration, and on the arrival of Count Capodistrias, he was invited to welcome the President of Greece by a public speech. His effort on that occasion is still remembered by the Greeks, and the more so, as with the prophetic eye of a seer he saw the rock on which the unfortunate President was shipwrecked a few years afterwards.

After the arrival of Capodistrias the ultimate independence of Greece was no longer a problem; and while many of the Greeks began to look after the spoils of office, Caires, who considered the revolution as only the first step of the national regeneration, was impressed with the importance of a moral reform through the education of the young; and as soon as the struggle ceased, he conceived the plan of establishing an Orphan Asylum in his native island, and he at once purchased the spot on which it now stands. But the enterprise was easier conceived than executed. It required something else besides enthusiasm, and just at that time the Greeks were as poor as the man who conceived the plan. But Caires, though poor, was rich in energy. He sought in Europe what he could not find in Greece, and after an absence of four years

he came back with means sufficient to commence his labours.

He has built a seminary calculated to accommodate one hundred boarders; and on a plan so simple and so economical, as to be in every respect befitting the condition of Greece. His object was to confine himself to the education of orphans, and though the fame of his school and that of his own reputation have forced upon him the sons of the wealthy, he has adhered to his original plan, and his *Orphan Asylum*, where the sons of the poor and the rich are not only taught, but educated, in all the austere and manly virtues which would become the citizens of a free nation, and which are the distinguishing characteristics of its humble and gifted founder.

Endowed by nature with a large share of intelligence, and with the rare gift of communicating to others his own ideas and feelings, he has succeeded in drawing around him, in addition to one hundred pupils, who are under his immediate care, some three or four hundred persons, of every age and condition, and who, like his younger pupils, are under the genial influence of his feelings and mind. His school and lecture rooms are worthy the better days of Greece; but the progress of the institution, and the growing influence of its founder, who, it is feared, cannot raise *new* without breaking up *old* institutions, have already excited the apprehensions of those whose great object in life is to keep things

and men, too, in "statu quo;" and Caires, who recognizes nothing but what carries the stamp of "truth," may yet suffer the fate of the old philosopher. The Church and State are on the look out, and it is already whispered that Caires, like the divine Socrates, "is corrupting the youth by teaching new gods."\*

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\* A few months after our visit to Andros, Caires was charged with apostacy and proselytism, and though previous to his banishment from the country he was brought to Athens, neither the Church nor State authorities dared give him a hearing. The charges against this distinguished person were not without foundation—we fear they were all true; but Caires was entitled to the rights and the privileges of a freeman; and the violence which was offered to his person was justly considered as the most daring insult to the laws of the country and the liberties of the people!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### ISLAND OF ÆGINA.

A CHANCE trip of the Greek steamer Maximilian gave me an opportunity of paying a visit, in company with Mr. Benjamin, to the island of Ægina, which is in sight of Athens, and which adds in no small degree to the beauty of the Saronic Gulf. As we sailed out of the Piræus, to the right of us we had the gray rocks of the "unconquered Salamis," and to the left the mild shores and plain of Attica, while the interior of our boat presented a scene altogether a-la-Grec!—a *melée* of men, women, and children, reduced to a *common level* by the heavy rolling of the sea. My attention was particularly attracted by one of the unfortunates, who, besides being my next neighbour, was a lady remarkable for the novelty of her costume and the splendid style of her beauty. Though on the deck of a steamer, and in the midst of an indiscriminate crowd, she looked as if she had just stepped out of a Turkish harem or an eastern bath. Her form was wrapt in a loose robe; her feet, thrust in a pair of small embroidered slippers; her tresses,

though confined by a light kerchief, were wooing the "Ægean winds." Her beautifully formed arm was partially exposed; with her small hands she played with her locks, and her large dark eyes gave light and life to "her Attic forehead and Phydian nose;" while the air of grace and ease which marked her motions threw around her person and her face the mildness and the softness of her native clime. In short, she was one of those oriental beauties, about whom we often read, but with whom we seldom meet.

An hour's paddling brought us to the port of Ægina, and we were landed on its fine quay, which owes its origin to the enterprise and the benevolence of Dr. Howe. There being, however, no public house in the place, we were obliged to seek private lodgings, and this was neither a pleasant nor an easy task; for since the removal of the provisional government to Napoli, the principal town of this beautiful island has gone to ruins, and its habitations, with some few exceptions, are in a state of progressive dilapidation. Fortunately, the Demark and the schoolmaster of the place were pleased to be interested in our behalf, and after repeated attempts we at length succeeded in finding a crazy-looking dwelling, the interior of which served as a repository for our baggage, while the open terrace to the rear of it afforded us an excellent bed-room. This arrangement we found very pleasant, and though it doubtless proved a disappointment to the

various tribes of vermin which inhabited the interior, we were allowed to enjoy a quiet rest. The night was calm, and the full moon was in the clear blue heavens, shedding light and beauty upon the isles and the seas of Greece.

Early the next morning we started for the temple on the other side of the island, and after a pleasant ride of two hours, we reached this interesting remnant of antiquity. The temple is situated on the apex of a hill, and while it adds to the beauty of the scene of which it forms a part, it commands one of the loveliest prospects in the island. The mild seas, and the islands by which it is dotted, with the varied coast and the soft plain of Attica, are all in sight, but the object which fills the eye is the temple itself. Despite the effects of time and earthquakes, twenty-four of its columns are still left standing, and though robbed of its ornaments, the symmetry and the beauty of its outlines remain, from a distant view, unimpaired; and if so beautiful and so imposing while shorn of half its beauty, how much more so would it have been if the alto relievos which surmounted its tympanum had been left to repose where the hand of the artist had placed them; and where they were not, as they now are, in contrast with the gloom of "northern climes abhorred," but in unison with the earth and the heavens which spread beneath and above them.

Though the alto relievos of this shrine have been carried by the hands of the spoiler to the Glypto-

theek of Munich, the columns of the temple are still standing; and while in the shrine of departed gods, and under the shadow of its mournful columns, I felt as if the whole "diapason of melancholy" awoke in my heart at the thought of this wasting stream of time. The mild heavens, against which the still standing columns were painted, and the waves of the blue seas that heaved and rolled against the hills, look as fresh and as glowing as "on creation's dawn;" but the nations that worshipped here "were gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were."

On our return to the town, and just half way between it and the temple of the Panhellenian Jupiter, we noticed a high conical hill, and on the top of it all the accompaniments of a town. The church, with its dome and tower bells, occupied the highest point of this rocky crag, while the habitations and the towers of the walls crowned the tops of the less ambitious of the peaks, or hung for very life on the steep sides of the precipitous rock. The sight was not only beautiful, but exceedingly interesting; and our curiosity was the more excited when we found out, that the city which rose in the centre of "old Ægina's rock," and which by its position and accompaniments makes so fair a show, was deserted, and left to the cormorants and the owls.

The fear of the corsairs which infested these regions obliged the people of the island to build their houses on this rocky eminence; but while above

the reach of the pirates, whose mysticoes sailed at their feet, their rocky home was invaded by the plague, and the people were driven to the plains, from whence they have never returned. Once a year they visit the church, and keep up their associations with a place which seems to be still endeared to them, and which in their eyes is nearer to heaven, but for the rest of the year they continue in their farm-houses, which are scattered all over the island, and add to its beauties the additional feature of comfort and security.

The island of Ægina, like almost all the islands of the Saronic Gulf, is exceedingly mountainous, and therefore a great portion of it is wild and uncultivated. In our way, however, to and from the temple, we found more of cultivation than we had reason to expect; and though the land in general is poor, and the want of water great, still the island is considered very productive, and peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of fruit trees. The olive and fig, the vine and the almond, attain here their perfection, and they constitute the main support of a poor people, who, though ignorant, are nevertheless intelligent, fond of country life, industrious and hospitable.

We returned to the town early enough to examine its vicinities, and pay a visit to the Orphan Asylum of Capodistrias, which, during the days of want and misery, gave employment and means of subsistence to hundreds of perishing persons, and which offered



a home to those orphans who were left without the love and the fostering care of mothers and fathers. The Orphan Asylum of Ægina was indeed as great a blessing to the island as it was an honour to the benevolence of its founder, but the blow which put an end to the life of Capodistrias, subjected also this useful institution to fatal changes. At first it was neglected, then changed to a military school, and at length deserted. The present government, by transferring the Military Academy of the Evelpides, *i. e.*, hopeful, to the Piræus, has prejudiced both the interests of the school and the prosperity of the island.

While in the silent halls of the Orphan Asylum, we could not but express our regret at seeing one of the best and most extensive edifices in Greece in a state of ruin and desolation. Our sorrow was the greater when we recalled to mind the policy of those who, for ends best known to themselves, left an institution ready formed to their hands, and peculiarly fitted by its position for the education of the young cadets; and while, on one hand, they exposed the pupils to the contaminated atmosphere of the capital, on the other, they subjected the treasury of poor Greece to an additional and unnecessary expenditure of more than one hundred thousand dollars!

Leaving the Orphan Asylum, and passing through the town, we went in search of Neophetus Ducas. We found his little house near the sea-shore, and himself in the midst of a few friends enjoying the

sunset, which at the time was shedding its mild rays over the glowing seas and purple mountains of the Saronic Gulf. The venerable Ducas himself was bent upon his staff, and absorbed in the enjoyment of the resplendent scene of land and of water which was spread before him. Beyond the narrow seas, which run into a thousand inlets, or lost themselves among deep bays and behind high promontories, rose the "Morea hills," and presented to the eye a lovely Mediterranean landscape. The high crags of the Isthmus, and the precipitous, yet soft sides of Methana, the seas and the islands, were glowing in the rays of the setting sun.

This splendid scene was quite in keeping with the object of our visit. The venerable patriot, like the resplendent orb of day, had nearly run his earthly career, and his useful life was drawing to a mild and serene close. He, too, had shone over his beautiful Greece. He, too, had shed the light of his genius and the genial warmth of his mind over her mountains, her seas, and her valleys; and having helped to dispel the noxious exhalations of tyranny, he was now lingering over the mild scenes he had adorned.

Neophetus Ducas, who has made himself remarkable by his virtues and exalted devotion to the cause of his country, was born at Metzova, a small town of Epirus, in 1772, and having received the rudiments of his education in the schools of his native country, he then repaired to Bucharest, where

he finished his more advanced studies under the instruction of the well known Lambros Photiades, and where he distinguished himself as an able philologist.

Having resolved to devote himself to the interests of his country, he adopted the monastic life, and a few months afterwards he was invited by the Greek merchants at Vienna to become the pastor of their church. It was during his residence in the capital of Austria, and while occupied with the discharge of his parochial duties, that he devoted himself with zeal and assiduity to the study of the Greek classics. It was at this period of his life that he translated into the modern Greek language the History of Thucydides, edited the Ten Orators, with copious annotations, and published an original work in the form of Letters, the object of which was to impress upon the minds of the Greeks the importance of establishing schools throughout Greece, and the necessity of united efforts.

From Vienna he returned to Bucharest, and took charge of the Academy where he was educated; but notwithstanding his devotion to the interest of the institution and his pupils, his liberal views gave offence to the authorities, and he was obliged to remove to Brassova, where he continued to devote himself to his favourite pursuits—the study and propagation of the Greek classics. Indeed, whatever the place of his residence, or the nature of his occupation, the objects to which he attached him-

self with all the energy of his soul was the regeneration, and with it the emancipation of his country from the double yoke of ignorance and tyranny. To this great and laudable end he devoted his fervent prayers, and the highest aspirations of his mind and heart.

He was among those noble few, who, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, conceived the idea of liberating their country. He was an active member of the Secret Society which matured the plan of the Greek revolution, and participated in all the anxieties, and in all the stirring incidents which preceded, and which followed, the opening of that sanguinary drama. And in 1831, when the troubles were half over, he was invited by Count Capodistrias to aid in the completion of this great work by his acceptance of the Department of Public Instruction. At this time the path of Capodistrias was beset with difficulties, from a bitter and fierce opposition; and scarcely had Ducas reached his post of duty, and the scene of his anticipated usefulness, when the career of the unfortunate President was untimely closed, and the good Ducas found himself among the shoals and reefs of political changes. But these reverses, which would have cooled the enthusiasm, and disconcerted the plans of an ordinary mind, were only calculated to urge Ducas to new efforts and new sacrifices. His ardour received a new impetus; and amid the changes which have rocked the land, and unsettled the feelings and the

views of men high in power, Ducas continues to pursue the even tenor of his useful occupation, and in the course of the last eight years he has edited and published the works of Homer, of Euripides, of Sophocles, and of Theocritus, to all of which he appended copious annotations.

In addition to the time and labour necessary for the preparation of his various and voluminous works, he devoted a large share of his fortune towards their publication, and also towards the education of indigent students. The editions of his Greek classics have been given away to the scholars, and the schools of Greece, with a liberality worthy the man, and there are few schools in Greece or European Turkey that have not been visited by the benevolence and the generosity of this singular old man. A kind Providence having been pleased to prolong his life, he has outlived his fortune, and is now obliged to depend for his support upon the bounty of the Greek government. His pension is but a pittance, and yet he cannot deny himself the pleasure of indulging in acts of benevolence. Though pressed by poverty and old age, he is still employed in preparing for publication the works of Pindar, and in teaching the Greek classics to the poor school-boys of Ægina.

Among the Greeks of the day, there are many who have spent, and who still spend, great sums of money for the welfare of their country; but there are few who, like Ducas, have devoted a long life, and whose love of country has survived their for-

tune and their ambition. Unlike many of his compatriots, who, like the moths, have gone to the capital of the kingdom to fly and play around the smiles of royalty, he retired to the lonely, but beautiful island of Ægina, where, with a characteristic indifference to the promises of fortune, and the dazzling temptations of ambition, he leads the life which becomes the dignity of a Christian and a philosopher. With nothing to engross his mind or feelings but his books and his hens, which, like the bird of Jove, have been taught to lay their eggs on his lap, he has all the simplicity, the dignity, the goodness, and the moral greatness which characterized some of the ancient sages. His life and character are not unlike the mild beauties of his own Greece; we love to dwell upon them while the sun lasts, and love to dream of them when shrouded in darkness.













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